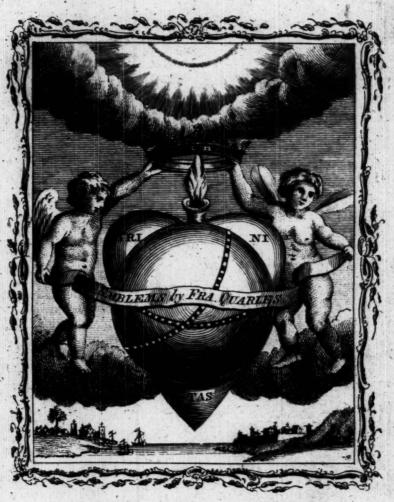


Reader, this Book shall teach the pious Heart
To soar from Earth, and better Views impart;
Flaming with Zeal to rise to Heav'n above,
And make the Tri-une God the Object of its Love.



Reader, this Book shall teach the pious Heart
To soar from Earth, and better Views impart;
Flaming with Zeal to rise to Heav'n above,
And make the Tri-une God the Object of its Love.

147/df20 2UARLES

EMBLEMS,

DIVINE AND MORAL:

TOGETHER WITH

HIEROGLYPHICS

OF THE

LIFE OF MAN.

WRITTEN BY THE CELEBRATED .

FRANCIS QUARLES.

HÆCLAUS, HIC APEX SAPIENTI ÆEST, EA VIVENTEM APPETERE QUÆ MORIENTI FORENT APPETENDA.

This is true Praise, this lifts our Wisdom high; Always to live, as we would wish to die.

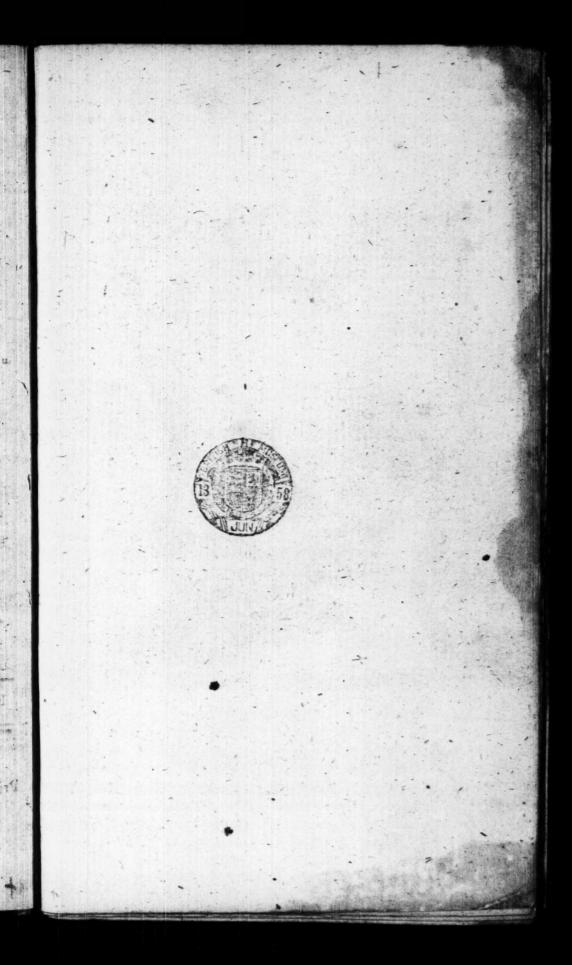
NEW EDITION, REVISED and CORRECTED.

Embellished with near 100 elegant COPPER-PLATES.

LONDON:

Printed for ALEX. Hoge, No. 16, Pater-Nofter-Row.

のフェダ A Company of the market was the THE STATE OF THE STATE OF THE SENSE OF THE S and the second of the second o The second of the second of the second A STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF STATE OF STA NEW TOTATON, R. NORTHER CORNELLO. Embellished with near too on gone Carrenter ares. LONDON Printed for Arre House, No 16, 2, see Nother Env.





Dum Coelum aspicio Solum despicio.

While to high Heav'n our fervent Thoughts arise,
The Soul all Earthly Treasures can despise.

## THE EDITOR'S

## PREFACE.

MR. FRANCIS QUARLES' Emblems first printed about the Year 1630, have been long esteemed, and much admired by the sober, virtuous and pious in every Denomination. There is not a single Circumstance in human Life to which some Part of them does not allude; the Explanations of the Figures are in easy agreeable Verse; to each of them is added a striking Quotation from one of the Fathers of the Church, and the Whole is briefly summed up in a general Inference.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART is also an excellent Performance; for it unfolds all the Springs of Action in the human Mind, and points out what are the Prineiples upon which the Generality of Mankind act; a Subject that can never be too much attended to.

This excellent Work has been long out of Print, which occasioned its being sold at an exorbitant Price; to the great loss of many worthy Persons who would have been glad to purchase it. With respect to the present Edition, it exceeds all that ever went before; the Cuts are engraved at a vast Expence, all the Latin Mottos are translated, so that it will be found one of the most agreeable Works that can be offered to the Public; especially to the rising Generation. Here they will meet with no distracting Controversy; no Doubts concerning Religion; but Entertainment and Improvement go Hand in Hand together.

It is hoped that this Edition will meet with that reception which the merit and utility of such an original work demands: and which is not only calculated

to convey the most important lessons of instruction into youthful minds, but to convey them in the most pleafant and entertaining manner; by hieroglyphics, or figurative figns and fymbols of divine, facred, and Supernatural things: by which mode of communicating knowledge, the fancy is charmed, the invention is exercised, the mind informed, and the heart im-

proved.

THE peculiar excellency of this Piece, (a fair and elegant copy of which is now printed,) is, that it contains a fort of wisdom in which young and old, learned and unlearned, are equally concerned; and without which, the greatest philosopher is an arrant fool. For, however highly we may effeem human arts and sciences in their proper place, it will ever be true, that " the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

VARIOUS and elaborate means are purfued, in order to furnish the minds of ouryouth with fabulous knowledge, and to fill them with the frivolous tales of heathenish science; the very persection of which deferves but little, if any praise. And it is, no doubt, a fad proof of universal degeneracy, that the Metamorphofes of an Ovid are preferred, in our schools, to the facred Realities of Moses and the Prophets; and that a young person is taught to be as much affected with the recital of the difmal fate of Phaëton's fifters, as by that of Isaac, or of a greater than Isaac, when offered up a facrifice to the God of heaven.

LET us, however, hope for better times and better. things; when every human science shall be made fubservient to divine; when the invaluable knowledge of the facred writings shall have its due place and due honor; and when QUARLES' EMBLEMS shall, at least, be preferred to the comparative nonfense of

the Pantheon and Ovid's Epistles.

THE EDITOR To

### TO THE READER.

AN EMBLEM is but a filent parable: let not the tender eye check, to see the allusion to our bleffed SAVIOUR figured in these types. In holy scripture he is sometimes called a sower, sometimes a fisher, sometimes a physician; and why not presented so, as well to the eye as to the ear? Before the knowledge of letters, GOD was known by Hieroglyphics. And indeed what are the heavens, the earth, nay, every creature, but Hieroglyphics and Emblems of his glory? I have no more to say: I wish thee as much pleasure in the reading, as I had in writing. Farewell, Reader.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

To my much honoused, and no less truly beloved Friend,

### EDWARD BENLOWES, Esq.

My dear Friend,

f

R

YOU have put the theorbo into my hand, and I have played: you gave the mufician the first encouragement; the music returneth to you for patronage. Had it been a light air, no doubt but it had taken the most, and, among them, the worst; but being a grave strain, my hopes are, that it will please the best, and, among them, you. Toyish airs please trivial ears; they kis the fancy, and betray it. They cry Hail, sirst; and after, Crucify: let daws delight to immerd themselves in dung, whilst eagles scorn so poor a game as slies. Sir, you have art and candour; let the one judge, let the other excuse

Your most affectionate Friend, FRA. QUARLES. ons

Y fathers back'd, by holy writ led on, B Thou flew'sta way to heav'n by Halicon: The Muses' font is consecrate by thee, And Poefy baptiz'd Divinity. Blest foul, that here embark's : thou fail'st apace, Tis hard to fay, mov'd more by wit or grace, Each muse so plies her oar: but O the sail Is fill'd from heav'n with a diviner gale: When poets prove divines, why should not I Approve in verse this divine poetry? Let this suffice to license thee the press: I must no more, nor could the truth say less. Sic approbavit RIC. LOVE, Procan. Cant-

Tot Flores QUARLES, quot Paradisus habet. Lectori bene male-volo.

Qui legit ex Horto hôc Flores, Qui carpit, uterque Jure potest Violas dicere, jure Rosas:

Non è Parnasso VIOLAM, Festive ROSETO Carpit Apollo, magis quæ fit amæna, ROSAM.

Quot Versus VIOLAS legis; & quem verba locutum Credis, verba dedit: Nam dedit ille ROSAS.

Utque Ego non dicam hæc VIOLAS suavissima; Tute Ipfe facis VIOLAS, Livide, fi violas.

Nam velut è VIOLIS sibi fugit Aranea virus : Vertis at in succos Hasque ROSASque tuos.

Quas violas Musas, VIOLAS puto, quasque recusas Dente tuo rosas, has, reor, esse ROSAS.

Sic rosus, facis esse ROSAS, dum, Zoile, rodis: Sic facies has VIOLAS, Livide, dum violas.

Brent Hall, 1634.

EDW. BENLOWES. FIRST

## FIRST BOOK.

#### THE INVOCATION.

R Ouse thee, my soul, and drain thee from the dregs Of vulgar thoughts: screw up the heighten'd pegs Of thy sublime theorbo four notes higher, And higher yet, that so the shrill-mouth'd choir Of fwift-wing'd feraphims may come and join, And make thy concert more than half divine. Invoke no muse; let Heav'n be thine Apollo; And let his facred influences hallow Thy high-bred strains. Let his full beams inspire Thy ravish'd brains with more heroic fire: Snatch thee a quill from the spread eagle's wing, And, like the morning lark, mount up and fing: Cast off these dangling plummets, that so clog Thy lab'ring heart, which gropes in this dark fog Of dungeon earth; let flesh and blood forbear To ftop thy flight, till this base world appear A thin blue landscape: let thy pinions soar So high a pitch, that men may feem no more Than pismires, crawling on this mole-hill earth, Thy ear untroubled with their frantic mirth; Let not the frailty of thy flesh disturb Thy new-concluded peace; let reason curb Thy hot-mouth'd passion; and let heav'n's fire season The freth conceits of thy corrected reason. Disdain to warm thee at lust's smoaky fires. Scorn, fcorn to feed on they old boat defires: Come, come, my foul, hoise up thy higher fails. The wind blows fair; shall we still creep like snails, That glide their ways with their own native flimes? No, we must fly like eagles; and our rhymes Must mount to heav'n, and reach th' Olympic ear; Our heav'n-blown fire must seek no other sphere, Thou

Thou great Theanthropos, that giv'st and ground'st Thy gifts in dust, and from our dunghill crown it Reflecting honour, taking, by retail, What thou half giv'n in grols, from lapled, frail, And finful man: that drink it full draughts, wherein Thy children's leprous fingers, fourf'd with fin, Have paddled; cleanfe, O cleanfe my crafty four From fecret crimes, and let my thoughts controul My thoughts: O teach me floutly to deny Myfelf, that I may be no longer I: Enrich my fancy, clarify my thoughts, and control Refine my drofs; O wink at human faults; And, through the flender current of my quill, Convey thy current, whose clear threams may fill The hearts of men with love, their tongues with praise: Crown me with glory, take who lift the bays.

car, which the a sin this cark ma-

## JAMES 1. 14.

Every man is tempted, when he is drawn growy by his own luft, and entired.

SERPENT.

EVE.

Serp. TOt eat? not take? not touch? not cast an eye Upon the fruit of this fair tree? And why? Why eat'st thou not what Heav'n ordain'd for food? Or canst thou think that bad which Heav'n call'd good? Why was it made, if not to be enjoy'd? Neglect of favours makes a favour void: Bleffings unus'd, pervert into a waste, As well as furfeits; woman, do but talte! See how the laden boughs make filent fuit To be enjoy'd; look how their bending fruit Meet thee half way: observe but how they crouch To kiss thy hand; coy woman, do but touch: DU.

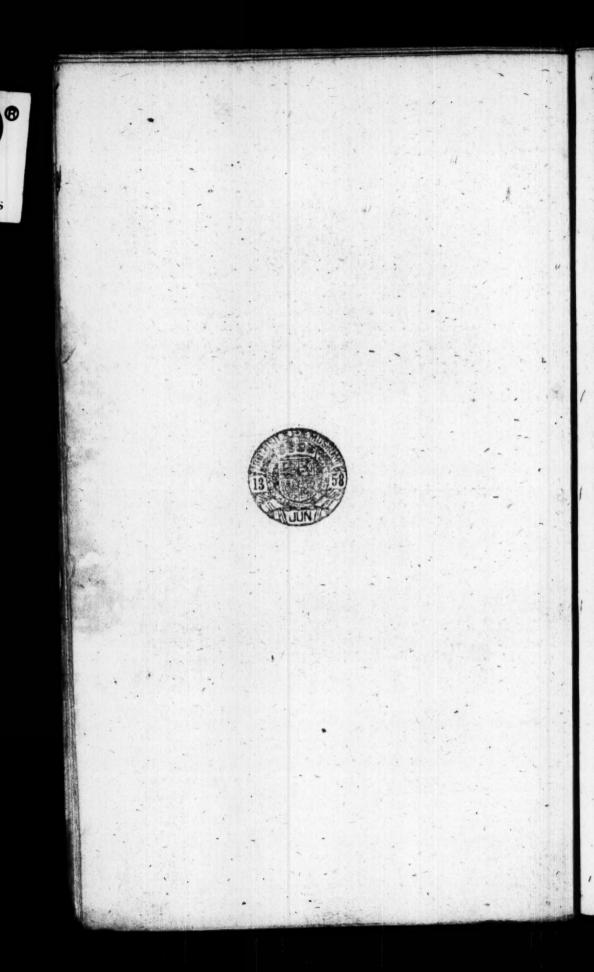
Mark



Totus Mundus in Maligno (Maliligno) positus est.

Thus all the Ills that Man sustains on Earth,

From this bad Tree first drew their satal Birth.



Mark what a pure vermilion blush has dy'd
Their swelling cheeks; and how for shame they hide
Their palsy heads, to see themselves stand by
Neglected: Woman, do but cast an eye.
What bounteous Heav'n ordain'd for use, refuse not:
Come, pull and cat: y'abuse the thing ye use not.

Eve. Wisest of beasts, our great Creator did Reserve this tree, and this alone forbid; The rest are freely ours, which doubtless are As pleasing to the taste; to th' eye as fair: But touching this, his strict commands are such, 'Tis death to taste, no less than death to touch.

Serp. Pish; death's a fable: did not Heav'n inspire Your equal elements with living fire,
Blown from the spring of life? Is not that breath.
Immortal? Come; ye are as free from death.
As he that made you. Can the slames expire.
Which he has kindled? Can ye quench his fire?
Did not the great Creator's voice proclaim.
Whate'er he made (from the blue spangled frame.
To the poor leaf that trembles) very good?
Bles'd he not both the seeder and the food?
Tell, tell me, then, what danger can accrue.
From such blest food, to such half gods as you?
Curb needless fears, and let no fond conceit.
Abuse your freedom: woman, take and eat.

Eve. 'Tis true, we are immortal; death is yet Unborn, and, till rebellion make it debt, Undue; I know the fruit is good, until Prefumptuous disobedience make it ill. The lips that open to this fruit's a portal

To let in death, and make immortal mortal. [not. Serp. You cannot die; come, woman, taste, and fear Eve. Shall Eve transgress? I dare not, O I dare not. Serp. Afraid? Why draw'st thou back thy tim'rous Harm only falls on such as fear a harm. [arm? Heav'n

Heav'n knows and fears the virtue of this tree:
'Twill make you perfect gods as well as He.
Stretch forth thy hand, and let thy fondness never
Fear death: do, pull, and eat, and live for ever.

Eve. 'Tis but an apple; and it is as good.
To do, as to defire. Fruit's thade for food:
I'll pull, and taste, and tempt my Adam too.
To know the secrets of this dainty. Serp. Do.

#### S. CHRYS. fup. Matth.

He forced him not: he touched him not: only faid, Cast thyself down; that we may know, that who foever obeyeth the devil, casteth himself down: for the devil may suggest, compel he cannot.

#### S. BERN. in Ser.

It is the devil's part to suggest: ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so often we overcome him: as often as we overcome him, so often we bring joy to the angels, and glory to God; who opposeth us, that we may contend and assisted us, that we may conquer.

## EPIG. L. Control (and once)

Preferring that open is also beauth of the state of the state open is also beauth as points. The let in death, and make inversaries monak.

Unlucky parliament! wherein, at last,
Both houses are agreed, and firmly past
An act of death confirm'd by higher powers;
O had it had but such success as ours!

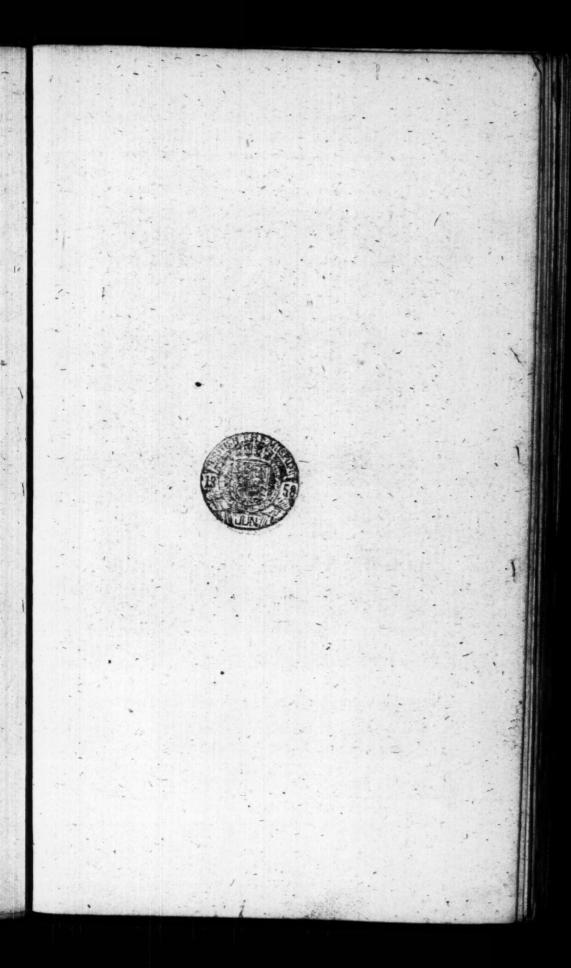
of a caprotable; some worker, taffe, ord frage

feant Heava

Lor. Shall For trainignels? I deremon O I day not,

Carrent a espi as doct ma chall

zoron'enti ett long terfit a ent alW. Mare JAMES.





Sic Malum cecidit unicum in omne Malum.

Thus Sin conceiv'd, her Race still multiplies,

From One foul deed what num'rous Ills arise!

## Now glereny remedite: hall begins to hawn ?-

## When the man in the same of the begins to pawn.

Then when luft bath conceived, it bringeth forth fin; and fin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

The white mouth divater dery usures the Bore Ament, lament; look, look, what thou half done: Lament the world's, lament thing own effare:

Look, look, by doing, how they are undone; Lament thy fall, lament the change of Rate:

Thy faith is broken, and thy freedom gune,

Sec, fee too foon, what thou lament's roo late.

thou that wert fo many men, nay, all Abridg'd in one! how has thy desp'rate fall Destroy'd thy unborn feed, destroy'd thyself withal!

Thy office, now scheene thy thange, thy wonder Uxorious Adam, whom thy Maker made of ablance Equal to angels that excel in pow'rier boot to'll

What half thou done? O why half thou obey'd lod a Thy own defruction? Like a new-cropt flow's

How does the glory of thy beauty fade

How are thy fortunes blafted in an hour!

How art thousew'd, that had the pow'r to quell The spite of new-fall'n angels, baffle hell,

And vie with those that stood, and vanquish those that a most just from the month loss that men thould loss that

3.

realism which stan cour vel find bot See how the world whafe chafte and pregnant wemb Of late conceived, and brought forth nothing ill) Is now degenerated, and become the source than some

A base adulteress, whose false births do fill The earth with monfters, monfters that do tourn of And rage about, and make a trade to kill:

Now

Now glutt'ny paunches; lust begins to spawn; Wrath takes revenge, and avarice a pawn; Pale envy pines, pride swells, and floth begins to yawn.

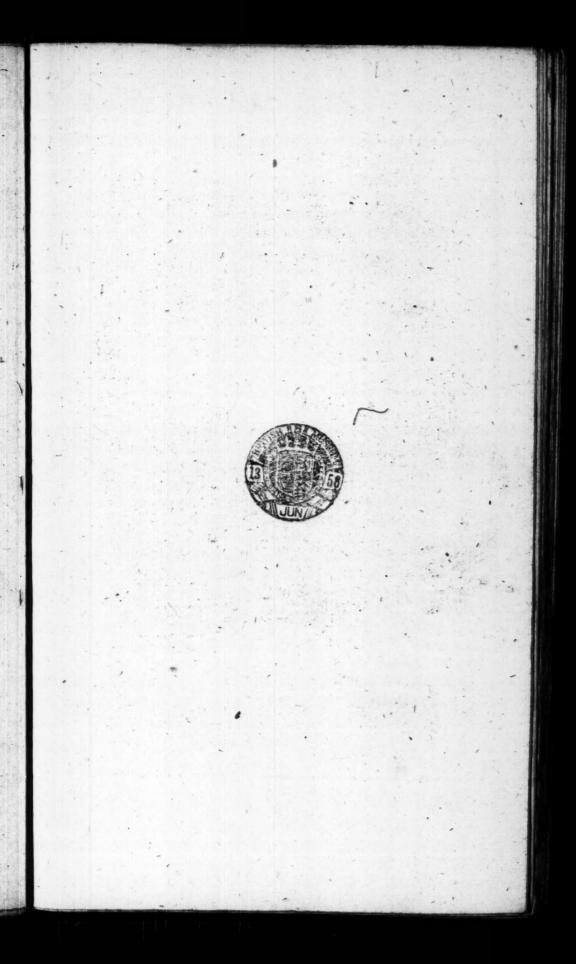
The air that whisper'd, now begins to roar; And bluft'ring Boreas blows the boiling tide; The white-mouth'd water now usurps the shore. And scorns the pow'r of her tridental guide; The fire now burns, that did but warm before, And rules her ruler with refulless pride: Fire, water, earth, and air, that first were made To be fubdu'd, fee how they now invade; They rule whom once they ferv'd, command where once Tobey'd.

Behold, that nakedness, that late bewray'd Thy glory, now's become thy shame, thy wonder; Behold, those trees, whose various fruits were made For food, now turn'd a shade to shrowd thee under; Behold, that voice (which thou hast disobey'd), That late was music, now affrights like thunder:

Poor man! are not thy joints grown fore with sha-To view th' effect of thy bold undertaking, [king That in one hour didst mar what Heav'n fix days was who wen to a wit making?

#### S. AUGUST. lib. i. de Lib. Arbit.

It is a most just punishment, that man should lose that freedom which man sould not use, yet had power to keep. if he would; and that he who had knowledge to do what was right, and did not, should be deprived of the knowledge of what was right: and that he who would not do righteously when he had the power Should lose the power. to do it when he had the will. oguH rage about, and make a trade to will





Ut potiar, patior, patieris, non potieris.

My Suffrings with Enjoyment shall be crownid.

Without Enjoyment shall thy Pains abound.

#### Hugo de Anima.

They are justly punished, that abuse lawful things; but they are most justly punished, that use unlawful things; thus Lucifer fell from heaven; thus Adam lost his paradiss. EPIG. 2.

See how these fruitful kernels, being cast Upon the earth, how thick they spring! how fast! A full-ear'd crop and thriving, rank and proud; Prepost'rous man first fow'd, and then he plough'd. er: Tho P-DOUGHT

#### PROV. xiv. 13.

Even in laughter the heart is forrowful, and the end of that mirth is heavinefs.

Las! fond child, How are thy thoughts beguil'd To hope for honey from a nest of wasps? Thou may'st as well

Go seek for ease in hell,

Or sprightly nectar from the mouths of asps.

The world's a hive, The world's a hive,
From whence thou can'ft derive
No good, but what thy foul's vexation brings: Put case thou meet the state of overstand Some petti-petti-fweet, Each drop is guarded with a thousand stings.

Why doft thou make These murm'ring troops for sake The fafe protection of their waxen homes? Their hive contains No fweet that's worth thy pains; There's nothing here, alas! but empty combs. Vol. I.

For trash and toys, And grief-engend'ring joys,

What torment feems too sharp for flesh and blood!

What bitter pills, Compos'd of real ills,

Men swallow down, to purchase one false good!

The dainties here,
Are least what they appear;
Though sweet in hopes, yet in fruition sour:
The fruit that's yellow,
Is found not always mellow;

The fairest tulip's not the sweetest flow'r.

Fond youth, give o'er,
And vex thy foul no more
In feeking what were better far unfound;
Alas! thy gains
Are only prefent pains
To gather fcorpions for a future wound.

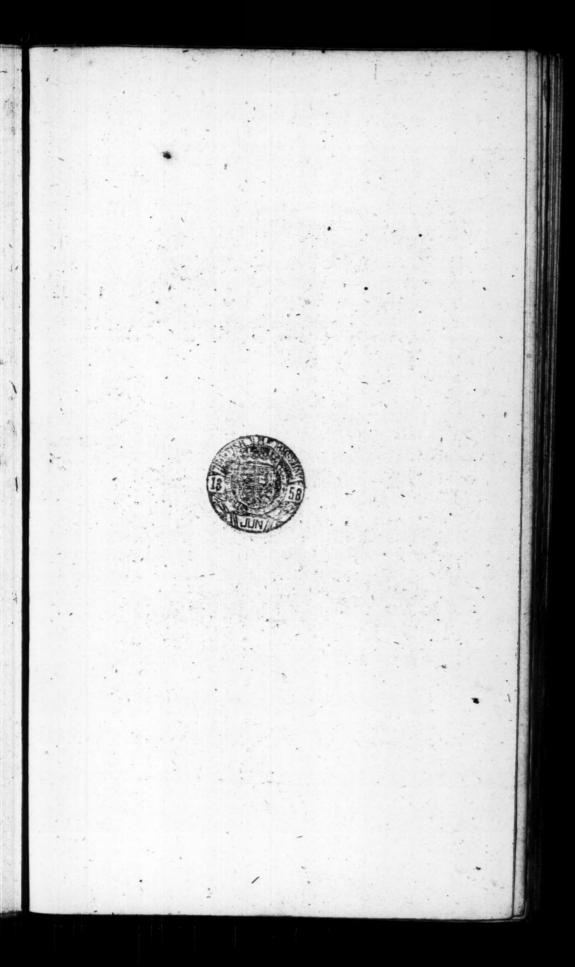
What's earth? or in it,
That longer than a minute,
Can lend a free delight that can endure?
O who would droil\*,
Or delve in such a soil,
Where gain's uncertain, and the pain is sure?

#### S. AUGUST.

Sweetness in temporal matters is deceitful: it is a labour and a perpetual fear; it is a dangerous pleasure, whose beginning is without providence, and whose end is not without repentance.

\* Droil, i. e. drudge.

HUGO.





Quis levior? cui plus ponderi addit Amor.

Which is the lightest in the Scale of Fate?

That where fond Cupid still is adding Weight.

S. AU

#### HUGO.

Luxury is an enticing pleasure, a bastard mirth, which hath honey in her mouth, gall in her heart, and a sting in her tail.

EPIG. 3. What, Cupid, are thy thafts already made? And feeking honey to fet up thy trade, True emblem of thy sweets! Thy bees do bring Honey in their mouths, but in their tails a fling.

## PSALM Ixit. 29.

To be laid in the balance, it is altogether lighter than Boile from vanity

OUT in another weight: 'tis yet too light: And yet, fond Cupid, put another in; And yet another: still there's under-weight: Put in another hundred: put again;

Add world to world; then heap a thousand more To that; then, to renew thy wasted store, Take up more worlds on trust, to draw thy balance

Put in the flesh, with all her loads of pleasure; Put in great Mammon's endless inventory; Put in the pond rous acts of mighty Cæfar: Put in the greater weight of Sweden's glory: Add Scipio's gauntlet; put in Plato's gowif: Put Circe's charms, put in the triple crown. Thy balance will not draw; thy balance will not down.

Lord! what a world is this, which day and night Men feek with fo much toil, with fo much trouble? Which, weigh'd in equal scales, is found so light, So poorly overbalanc'd with a bubble! Good Good God! that frantic mortals should destroy Their higher hopes, and place their idle joy Upon such airy trash, upon so light a toy!

Thou bold impostor, how hast thou befool'd

The tribe of man with counterseit desire!

How has the breath of thy false bellows cool'd

Heav'n's freeborn stame, and kindled bastard fire!

How hast thou vented dross instead of treasure,

And cheated men with thy falseweights and measure,

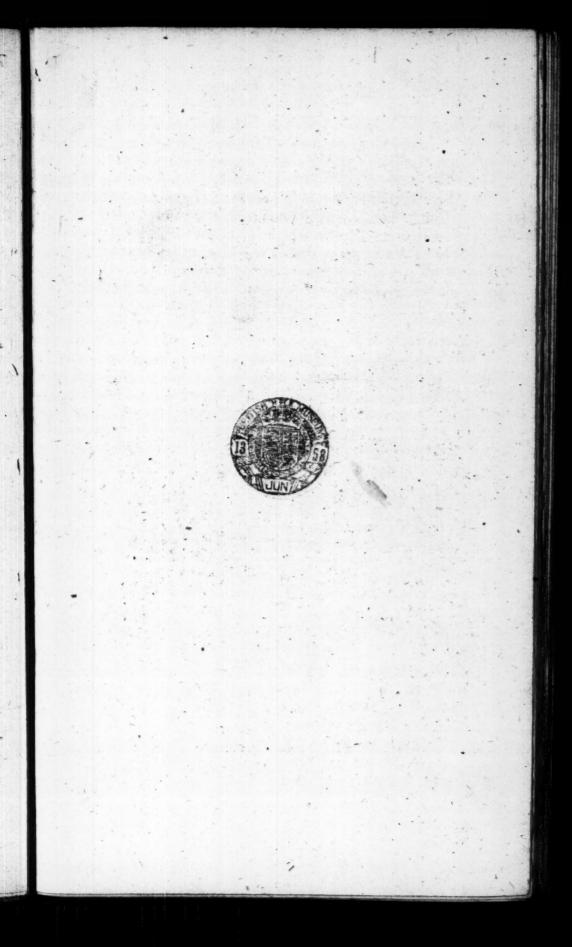
Proclaiming bad for good; and gilding death with

[pleasure]

The world's a crafty strumpet, most affecting
And closely following those that most reject her;
But seeming careless, nicely disrespecting
And coyly flying those that most affect her:
If then be free, she's strange; if strange, she's free;
Flee, and she follows; follow, and she'll slee:
Than she there's none more coy, there's none more
[fond than she.

O what a crocodilian world is this,
Compos'd of treach'ries, and infinaring wiles!
She clothes destruction in a formal kiss,
And lodges death in her destructive smiles;
She hugs the soul she hates; and there does prove
The very'st tyrant, where she vows to love;
And is a serpent most, when most she seems a dove.

Thrice happy he, whose nobler thoughts despise
To make an object of so easy gains;
Thrice happy he, who scorns so poor a prize
Should be the crown of his heroic pains:
Thrice happy be, that ne'er was born to try
Her frowns or smiles: or, being born, did lie
In his sad nurse's arms an hour or two, and die!
S. AU





His vertitur Orhis.

Thus in perpetual Course the Ball is seen, Lash'd on in wanton Sport by Lust and Spleen.

#### S. AUGUST. lib. Confest.

O you that dote upon this world, for what victory do ye fight? Your hopes can be crowned with no greater reward than the world can give; and what is the world, but a brittle thing full of dangers, wherein we travel from lesser to greater perils? O let all her vain, light, momentary glory, perish with herself, and let us be conversant with more eternal things. Alas! this world is miserable; life is short, and death is sure.

## EPIG. 4. and thing to small to

My foul, what's lighter than a feather? Wind.
Than wind? The fire. And what, than fire? The mind.

What's lighter than the mind? A thought. Than thought?

This bubble world. What, than this bubble?

Nought. I nom lo amond off the bubble?

# I deal season military see passion then; I it that and roge begin to enter, I we the circumst approxime ago Dog the centre;

### The fashion of this world passeth away.

ONE are those golden days, wherein
Pale conscience started not at ugly sin:
When good old Saturn's peaceful throne
Was unusurped by his beardless fon:

When jealous Ops ne'er fear'd th' abuse Of her chaste bed, or breach of nuptial truce:

When just Astræa pois'd her scales
In mortal hearts, whose absence earth bewails:

When froth-born Venus and her brat, With all that fpurious brood young Jove begat, In horrid shapes were yet unknown:

Those halcyon days, that golden age is gone.

B-C3

There

There was no client then to wait.
The leifure of his long-tail'd advocate;
The talion law was in request,

And chanc'ry courts were kept in ev'ry breaft:
Abused statutes had no tenters.

And men could deal secure without indentures:

There was no peeping hole to clear

The wittal's eye from his incarnate fear;

There were no luftful cinders then
To broil the carbonado'd hearts of men:

The rofy cheeks did then proclaim

A shame of guilt, but not a guilt of shame:

There was no whining foul to flart and which had a shade of the shade of the

At Cupid's twang, or curfe his flaming dart;

The boy had then but callow wings,
And fell Erinnys' fcorpions had no ftings:

The better-acted world did move
Upon the fixed poles of truth and love.

Love effenc'd in the hearts of men!

Then reason rul'd, there was no passion then; Till lust and rage began to enter,

Love the circumf'rence was, and love the centre;

Until the wanton days of Jove, The simple world was all compos'd of love;

But Jove grew fleshly, false, unjust;

Inferior beauty fill'd his veins with luft:

And cucquean + Juno's fury hurl'd
Fierce balls of rape into th' incestuous world:

Astræa fled, and love return'd

ciod t

From earth, earth boil'd with luft, with rage it burn'd,

And ever fince the world hath been Kept going with the scourge of lust and spleen:

\* Wittal, i. e. a cuckold.

† Cuequean, i. e. whorish.

S. A.M.

-M Aoigin Hapes were yet unknown:
hole haleyen days, 4bat golden age is gone.

H-C 3





In Cruce tuta quies.

A Crofs alone is what you get at best;
The Crofs at last must give you Reace and Rest.

#### S. AMBROSE.

Lust is a Sharp spur to vice, which always putteth the affections into a faife gallop.

#### Firm HUGO and thornal painting to A

Lust is an immoderate wantonness of the slesh, a sweet poison, a cruel positione; a pernicious poison, which weakeneth the body of man, and effeminateth the strength of an heroic mind.

## S. AUGUST: Tem sel

Envy is the hatred of another's felicity: in respect of superiors, because they are not equal to them; in respect of inferiors, lest he should be equal to them; in respect of equals, because they are equal to them; through envy proceeded the fall of the world, and death of Christ.

#### haus ban a EPIG. struggett graduald on T

What, Cupid, must the world be last d so soon?
But made at morning, and be whipt at noon?
'Tis like the wag that plays with Venus' doves,
The more 'tis lash'd, the more perverse it proves.

### Of all that said canegaty bur each van go

## ECCLES. ii. 17.

All is vanity and vexation of Spirit.

HOW is the anxious foul of man befool'd.

In his defire,

That thinks an hectic fever may be cool'd.

In flames of fire?
Or hopes to rake full heaps of burnish'd gold

A whining lover may as well request it on the

l.rue

To melt in gentle tears, as woo the world for reft.

Let

AMAROSE

Let wit, and all her study'd plots effect The best they can;

Let smiling fortune prosper and perfect What wit began;

Let earth advise with both, and so project A happy man; and ham to most all all the same

Let wit or fawning fortune vie their best; He may be breft 10 JA

With all that earth can give; but earth can give no There is made as large to the first of the second of Leet.

Whose gold is double with a careful hand. His cares are double;

The pleasure, honour, wealth of sea and land Bring but a trouble;

The world itself, and all the world's command, Is but a bubble.

The strong delires of man's insatiate breast May stand possest

Of all that earth can give; but earth can give no . The same of the

trief to compate were thouse it his.

The world's a feeming par'dife, but her own And man's tormenter;

Appearing fix'd, yet but a rolling stone Without a tenter; " of sland its addition!

It is a vast circumference, where none Can find a centre. Washed Hall alle washed a

Of more than earth can earth make none poffest; And he that least now as well and

Regards this restless world, shall in this world find that the gould tents, as two the world for reft.

True

5.

True rest consists not in the oft revying \* Of wordly dross;

Earth's miry purchase is not worth the buying;
Her gain is loss;

Her rest but giddy toil, if not relying

Upon her cross.

How worldlings droil + for trouble! That fond breast
That is possess

Of earth without a cross, has earth without a rest.

#### CASS. in Pf.

The cross is the invincible sanctuary of the humbles the dejection of the proud, the victory of Christ, the destruction of the devil, the confirmation of the faithful, the death of the unbelievers, the life of the just.

#### DAMASCEN.

The trofs of Christ is the key of paradise; the rotak man's staff; the convert's convoy; the upright man's perfection; the soul and body's health; the prevention of all evil, and the procurer of all good.

#### EPIG. 6.

Worldlings, whose whimpering folly holds the losses Of honour, pleasure, health, and wealth such crosses, Look here, and tell me what your arms engross: When the best end of what he hug's a cross.

out that up not less or an all the many.

Revying, a term used at cards.

#### VII.

#### т Рет. v. 8.

Be fober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

1

WHY dost thou suffer lustful sloth to creep
(Dull Cyprian lad!) into thy wanton brows?
Is this a time to pay thine idle vows
At Morpheus' shrine? Is this a time to steep
Thy brains in wasteful slumbers? up, and rouse
Thy leaden spirit: Is this a time to sleep?
Adjourn thy sanguine dreams, awake, arise,

Call in thy thoughts; and let them all advise, Had'st thou as many heads as thou hast wounded eyes.

Look, look, what horrid furies do await
Thy flatt'ring flumbers! If thy drowfy head
But chance to nod, thou fall'st into a bed
Of fulph'rous flames, whose torments want a date.
Fond boy, be wife: let not thy thoughts be fed
With Phrygian wisdom; fools are wife too late:
Beware betimes; and let thy reason sever [never;
Those gates which passion clos'd; wake now or

For if thou nod's, thou fall's, and, falling, fall's for [ever.

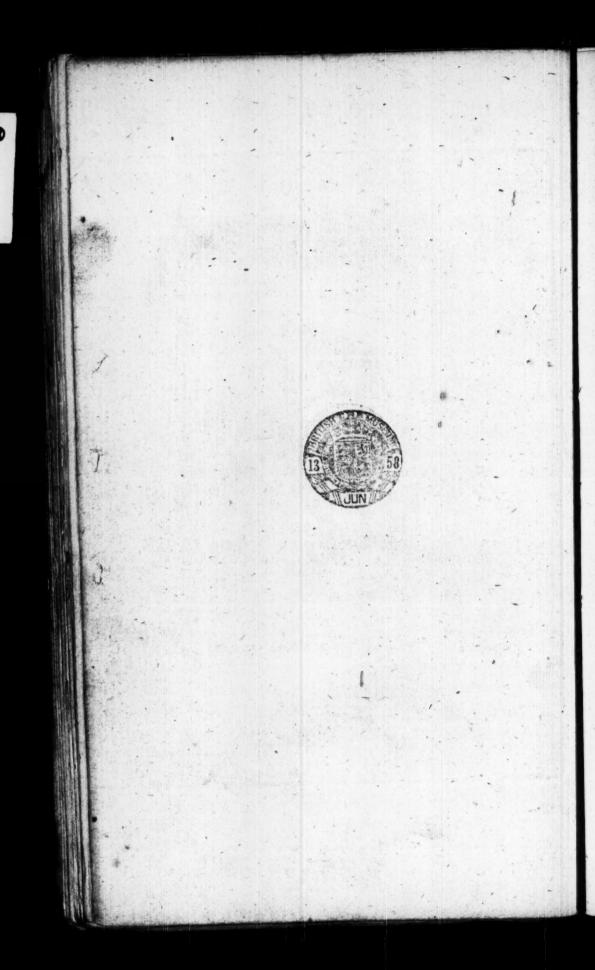
Mark, how the ready hands of death prepare:
His bow is bent, and he hath notch'd his dart;
He aims, he levels at thy flumb'ring heart:
The wound is posting; O be wife, beware.
What, has the voice of danger lost the art
To raise the spirit of neglected care?

Well



Latet Hossis, et Otia ducis?

The Foe lies close in wait; and canst thou keep
Thy Station here, and thus securely sleep?



BOOK I.

Well, sleep thy fill, and take thy soft reposes;
But know, withal, sweet tastes have four closes;
And he repents in thorns, that sleeps in beds of roses.

4

Yet, fluggard, wake, and gull thy foul no more
With earth's false pleasure, and the world's delight,
Whose fruit is fair, and pleasing to the sight,
But sour in taste, false as the putrid core:
Thy slaring glass is gems at her half light.
She makes thee seeming rich, but truly poor:
She boasts a kernel, and bestows a shell;
Performs an inch of her fair-promis'd ell:
Her words protest a heav'n; her works produce an [hell.

5.

O thou, the fountain of whose better part
Is earth'd and gravell'd up with vain desire:
That daily wallow'st in the fleshly mire
And base pollution of a lustful heart,
That feel'st no passion, but in wanton fire,
And own'st no torment but in Cupid's dart;
Behold thy type: thou sitt'st upon this ball
Of earth, secure; while death, that slings at all,
Stands arm'd to strike thee down, where slames attends

#### S. BERN.

Security is no-where: neither in heaven, nor in paradife, much less in the world: in heaven, the angels fell from the divine presence; in Paradise, Adam fell from his place of pleasure; in the world, Judas fell from the school of our Saviour.

HUGO.

#### HUGO.

I eat secure, I drink secure, I sleep secure, even as tha I had passed the day of death, avoided the day of judgment, and escaped the torments of hell-sire: I play and laugh, as though I were already triumphing in the kingdom of heaven.

## EPIG. 7.

Get up, my foul; redeem thy flavish eyes
From drowfy bondage: O beware; be wife:
Thy foe's before thee; thou must fight, or fly.
Life lies most open in a closed eye.

### soften above and in the many was the will

#### LUKE vi. 25.

Woe be to you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and

THE world's a popular difease, that reigns
Within the froward heart and frantic brains
Of poor distemper'd mortals, oft arising
From ill digestion, through th' unequal poising
Of ill-weigh'd elements, whose light directs
Malignant humours to malign effects:
One raves and labours with a boiling liver;
Rends hair by handfulls, cursing Cupid's quiver:
Another, with a bloody flux of oaths,
Vows deep revenge: one deats; the other loathes:
One frisks and sings, and cries, A slaggon more
To drench dry cares, and make the welkin roar:
Another droops: the sun-shipe makes him sad;
Heav'n cannot please: one's mope'd; the other's mad;

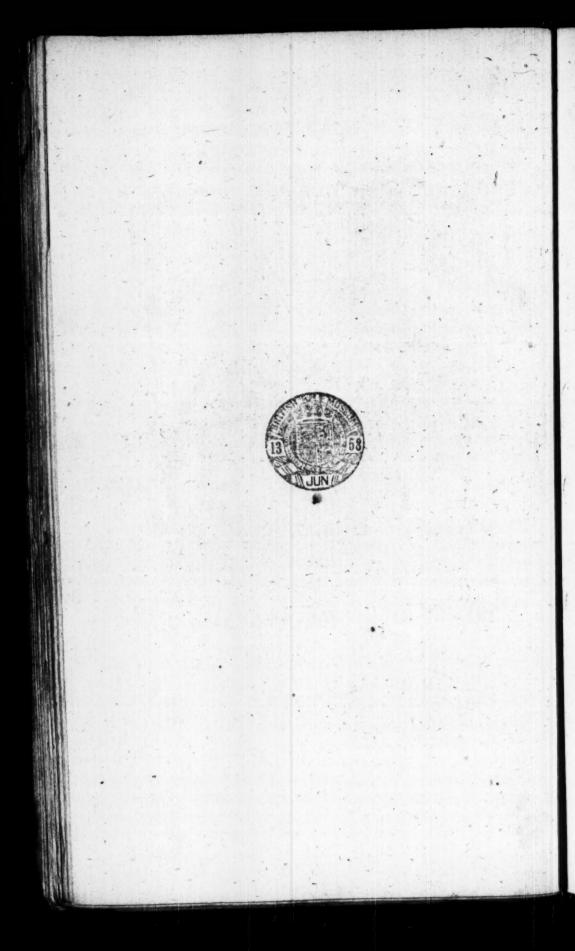
<sup>·</sup> Welkin, an old word for fky.

B.I. Emb. 8.

Et rifu necat.

Tis thus the World her Votaries beguiles

With fair appearances; and kills with Smiles...



One hugs his gold; another lets it fly: He knowing not, for whom; nor t'other, why. One spends his day in plots, his night in play; Another fleeps and flugs both night and day: One laughs at this thing; t'other cries for that; But neither one nor t'other knows for what: Wonder of wonders! what we ought t'evitet, As our disease, we hug as our delight: 'Tis held a symptom of approaching danger, When disacquainted sense becomes a stranger, And takes no knowledge of an old difeafe; But when a noifom grief begins to please The unrelisting sense, it is a fear That death has parly'd, and compounded there: As when the dreadful Thund'rer's awful hand Pours forth a vial on th'infected land, At first th'affrighted mortals quake and fear; And ev'ry noise is thought the Thunderer: But when the frequent foul-departing bell Has pav'd their ears with her familiar knell, It is reputed but a nine day's wonder, They neither fear the Thund'rer, nor his thunder. So when the world (a worfe disease!) began To fmart for fin, poor new-created man Could feek for shelter, and his gen'rous fon Knew by his wages what his hands had done: But bold fac'd mortals in our blushless times Can fing and smile, and make a sport of crimes, Transgress of custom, and rebel in ease: We false-joy'd fools can triumph in disease, And (as the careless pilgrim, being bit By the Tarantula, begins a fit Of life-concluding laughter) waste our breath In lavish pleasure, till we laugh to death.

Evite, i. c. to fhun, or avoid.

### : va i aH U GO. along aid apart of O

What profit is there in vain-glory, momentary mirth, the world's power, the flesh's pleasure, full riches, noble descent, and great desires? Where is their laughter? where is their mirth? where their insolence? their arrogance? From how much joy, to how much sadness! After how much mirth, how much misery! From how great glory are they fallen, to how great torment! What bath fallen to them, may befal thee, because thou art a man: thou art of earth; thou livest of earth; thou shall return to earth. Death expecteth thee every where: be wise, therefore, and expect death every-where.

## : sind shall EPIG. 8.

What ails the fool to laugh? Does formething please His vain conceit? Or is't a mere disease? Fool, giggle on, and waste thy wanton breath; Thy morning laughter breeds an evining death.

## religion of the parties and bottomeral

## de sid ten des literal a sid test neither de la sid de l

The world paffeth away, and all the lufts thereof.

the moone what his

PRAW near, brave sparks, whose spirits scorn to Your hallow'd tapers but at honour's slame; You, whose heroic actions take delight

To varnish over a new painted name;

Whose high-bred thoughts disdain to take their flight But on th' Icarian wings of babbling same; Behold, how tottiring are your high-built stories

Of earth, whereon you trust the ground-work of your glories.

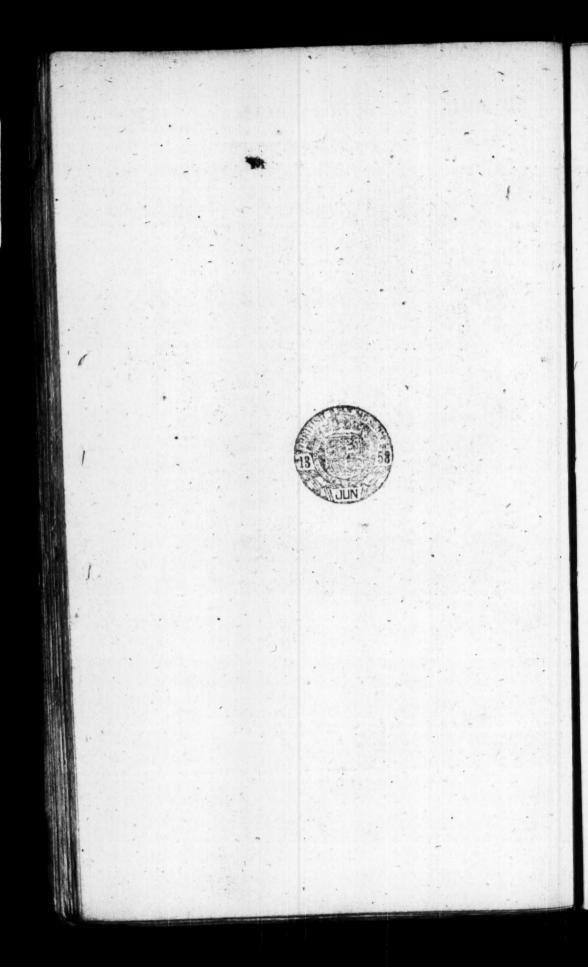
And

B.I. Emb. 9.

Frustra quis stabilem figat in Orbe Gradum.

This changing World no lasting Joys can give.

The slippry Ground your Footsteps will deceive.



2.

And you, more brain-fick lovers, that can prize A wanton fmile before eternal joys;

That know no heaven but in your mistres' eyes;
That feel no pleasure but what sense enjoys:
That can, like crown-distemper'd fools, despise
True riches, and like babies whine for toys:

Think ye the pageants of your hopes are able
To fland secure on earth, when earth itself's unstable?

3.

Come, dunghill worldlings, you that root like swine, And cast up golden trenches where ye come:

Whose only pleasure is to undermine,

And view the feerets of your mother's womb: Come, bring your faint pouch'd in his leathern shrine,

And summon all your griping angels home; Behold your world, the bank of all your store, The world ye so admire, the world ye so adore.

4

A feeble world, whose hot-mouth'd pleasures tire Before the race; before the start, retreat;

A faithless world, whose false delights expire Before the term of half their promis'd date:

A fickle world, not worth the least desire,
Where ev'ry chance proclaims a change of state:
A feeble, faithless, fickle world, wherein
Each motion proves a vice; and ev'ry act a sin.

5.

The beauty, that of late was in her flow'r,
Is now a ruin, not to raise a lust:
He that was lately drench'd in Danaë's show'r,
Is master now of neither good nor trust;

D 2.

Whofe

Whose honour late was mann'd with princely pow'r, His glory now lies bury'd in the dust;

O who would trust this world, or prize what's in it, That gives and takes, and chops and changes ev'ry minute!

6.

Nor length of days, nor folid strength of brain, Can find a place wherein to rest secure: The world is various, and the earth is vain,

There's nothing certain here, there's nothing fure:

We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain, And what's our only grief's our only cure:

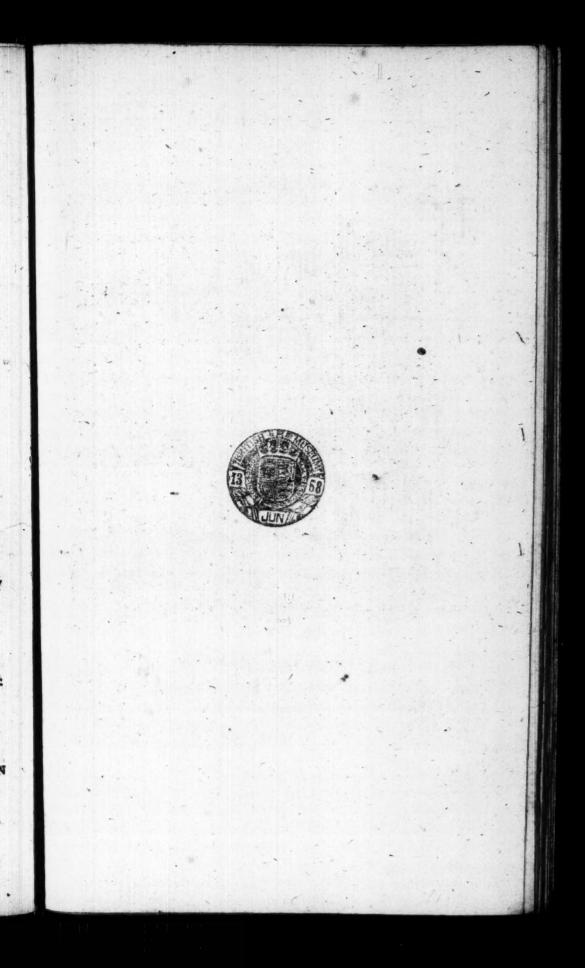
The world's a torment; he that would endeavour To find the way to rest, must seek the way to leave [her.

#### S. GREG. in Hom.

Behold, the world is withered in itself, yet flourisheth in our hearts; every-where death, every-where grief, every-where desolation: on every side, we are smitten; on every side, filled with bitterness; and yet, with the blind mind of carnal desire, we love her bitterness: it slieth, and we follow it; it falleth, yet we slick to it: and because we cannot enjoy it falling, we fall with it, and enjoy it fallen.

#### EPIG. 9.

If Fortune fail, or envious Time but spurn,
The world turns round, and with the world we turn:
When Fortune sees, and Lynx-ey'd. Time is blind,
I'll trust thy joys, O world; till then, the wind.





Utriusque Crepundia Merces.

The Sum of all that thus their Strength employs
On either side, are Folly's glitt'ring Toys.

#### X.

#### JOHN VIII 44.

Ye are of your father the devil, and the lufts of your father ye will do.

Here's your right ground: was gently o'er this Tis a short cast; y'are quickly at the jack.

Rub, tub an inch or two; two crowns to one

On this bowl's fide; blow, wind; 'tis fairly thrown: The next bowl's worfe that comes; come, bowl away;

Mammon, you know the ground; untutor'd, play: Your last was gone; a yard of strength, well spar'd,

Had touch'd the block; your hand is still too hard,

Brave pastime, readers; to consume that day,

Which, without pastime, flies too swift away!

See how they labour; as if day and night

Were both too short to serve their loofe delight: See how their curved bodies wreath, and fcrew

Such antic fhapes as Proteus never knew:

One raps an oath, another deals a curfe;

He never better bowl'd; this, never worfe:

One rubs his itchless elbow, shrugs and laughs:

The other bends his beetle brows, and chafes:

Sometimes they whoop, fometimes their Stygian cries Send their black Santo's to the blufhing fkies:

Thus mingling humours in a mad confusion,

They make bad premifes, and worfe conclusion:

But where's a palm that Fortune's hand allows

To bless the victor's honourable brows?

Come, reader, come; I'll light thine eye the way 1

To view the prize, the while the gamesters play:

Close by the jack, behold, jill Fortune flands

To wave the game; fee in her partial hands

The glorious garland's held in open show,

To chear the lads, and crown the conqu'ror's brow.

The world's the jack; the gamesters that contend, Are Cupid, Mammon: that judicious fiend,

That gives the ground, is Satan: and the bowls

Are finful thoughts; the prize, a crown for fools.

Who breathes that bowls not? What bold tongue can Without a blush, he has not bowl'd to-day? [fay,

It is the trade of man, and ev'ry finner

Has play'd his rubbers : every foul's a winner.

The vulgar proverb's croft, he hardly can Be a good bowler and an honest man.

Good God! turn thou my Brasil thoughts anew;
New-sole my bowls, and make their bias true.
I'll cease the game, till fairer ground be given;
Nor wish to win, until the mark be heav'n.

#### S. BERNARD. Lib. de Consid.

O you sons of Adam, you covetous generations, what have ye to do with earthly riches, which are neither true, nor yours? Gold and filver are real earth, red and white, which the only error of man makes, or rather reputes, precious: in short, if they be yours, carry them with you.

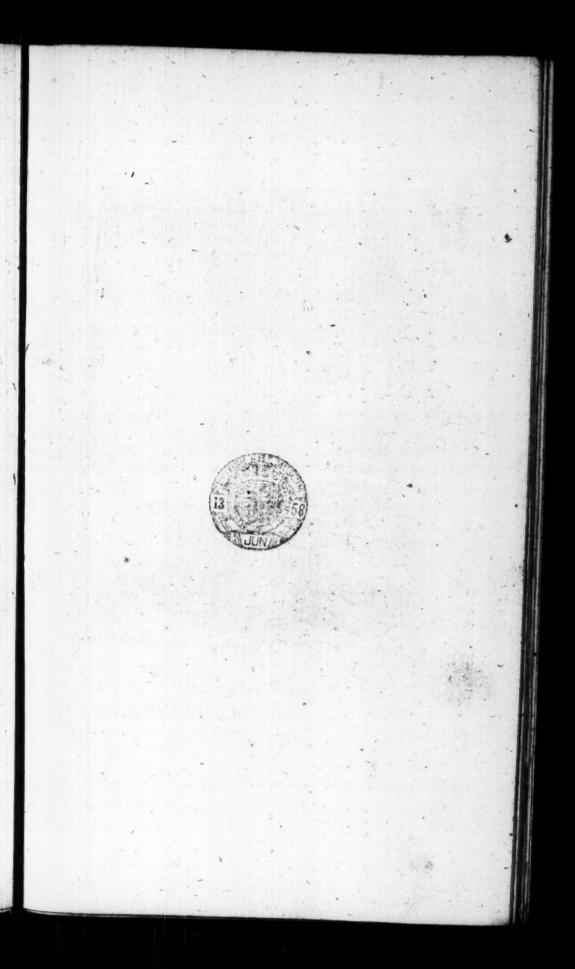
#### S. HIERON. in Ep.

O lust, thou infernal fire, whose fuel is gluttony; whose flame is pride; whose sparkles are wanton words; whose smoke is infamy; whose ashes are uncleanness; whose end ishell.

#### EPIG. 10.

Mammon, well follow'd: Cupid; bravely led;
Both touchers; equal fortune makes a dead:
No reed can measure where the conquest lies;
Take my advice; compound, and share the prize.

EPHRS.



Mundus in Exitium ruit.

Their ill-tim'd Speed admits of no Delay: Thus to Destruction runs the World away.

#### XI.

#### EPHES. ii. 2.

Ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the air.

.

Whither will this mad-brain world, at last,
Be driv'n? Where will her restless wheels arWhy hurries on her ill-match'd pair so fast? [rive?
O whither means her surious groom to drive?
What, will her rambling fits be never past?
For ever ranging? Never once retrieve?
Will carth's perpetual progress ne'er expire?

Her teem continuing in their fresh career: And yet they never rest, and yet they never tire.

Sol's hot-mouth'd steeds, whose nostrils vomit slame,.

And brasen lungs belch forth quotidian fire;

Their twelve hours talk performed grow slift and

Their twelve hours talk perform'd, grow stiff and And their immortal spirits faint and tire: [lame,

At th'azure mountain's foot their labours claim

The privilege of rest, where they retire

To quench their burning fetlocks, and go steep

Their flaming nostrils in the western deep, And 'fresh their tir'd souls with strength-restoring [sleep.

But these prodigious hackneys, basely got
'Twixt men and devils, made for race or slight,
Can drag the idle world, expecting not

The bed of rest, but travel with delight;

Who, never weighing way nor weather, trot
Thro' dust and dirt, and droil both night and day;
Thus droil these fiends incarnate, whose free pains
Are sed with dropsies and venereal blains:

No need to use the whip; but strength to rule the reins.

Poor.

Poor captive world! how has thy lightness giv'n A just occasion to thy foes' illusion!

O, how art thou betray'd; thus fairly driv'n, In feeming triumph, to thy own confusion!

How is the empty universe bereav'n

Of all true joys, by one false joy's delusion!
So I have seen an unblown virgin fed
With sugar'd words so full, that she is led
A fair attended bride to a false bankrupt's bed.

Pull, gracious Lord! Let not thine arm forfake
The world impounded in her own devices:
Think of that pleasure that thou once did'st take
Amongst the lilies and sweet beds of spices.

Hale strongly, thou whose hand has pow'r to slack

The fwift-foot fury of ten thousand vices:

Let not that dust-devouring dragon boast,

His craft has won what Judah's Lion lost;

Remember what is crav'd; recount the price it cost.

ISIDOR, Lib. i. de Summo Bono.

By how much the nearer Satan perceiveth the world to an end, by so much the more siercely he troubleth it with persecution; that, knowing himself to be damned, he may get company in his damnation.

CYPRIAN. in Ep.

Broad and spacious is the road to infernal life; there are inticements and death-bringing pleasures. There the devil flattereth, that he may deceive; smileth, that he may endamage; allureth, that he may destroy.

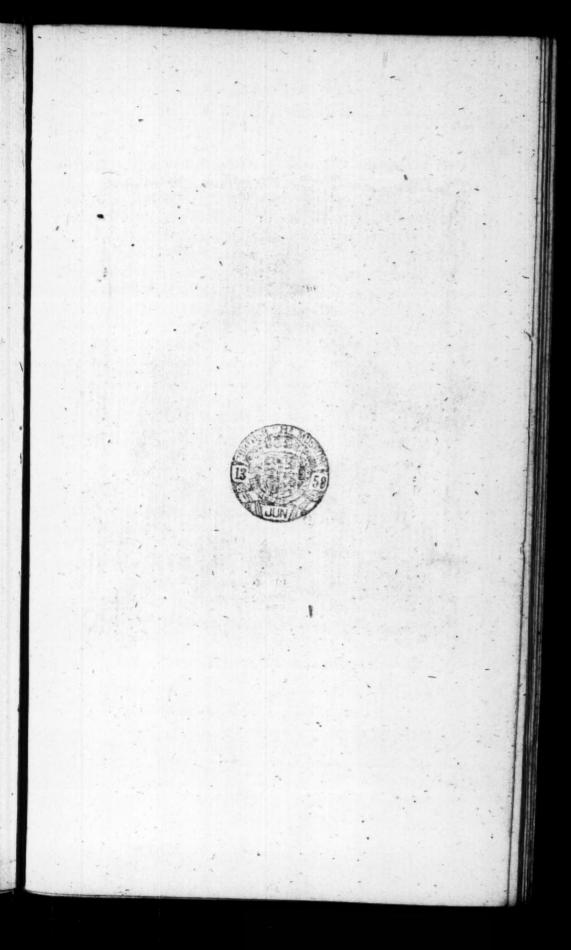
EPIG. 11.

Nay, foft and fair, good world; post not too fast;
Thy journey's end requires not half this haste.

Unless that arm thou so disdain'st, reprives \* thee,
Alas, thou needs must go; the devil drives thee.

<sup>\*</sup> Reprives, i. e. curbs, restrains; from the French, reprimer.

ISAIAH



8



Inopem me copia fecit.

What are the Riches which the World can grant! Plenty like this, alas! has made me want.

#### XII.

ISAIAH IXVI. II.

Ye may suck, but not be satisfied with the breast of her consolation.

WHAT, never fill'd? Be thy lips screw'd so fast To th'earth's full breast? for shame, funseize thee;

Thou tak'st a surfeit where thou should'st but taste,
And mak'st too much not half enough to please thee.
Ah, fool, forbear; thou swallowest at one breath
Both food and poison down; thou draw'st both milk
[and death.

The ub'rous breafts, when fairly drawn, repair The thriving infant with their milky flood; But, being overstrain'd, return at last

Unwholesome gulps compos'd of wind and blood.

A mod'rate use doth both repast and please:

Who strains beyond a mean, draws in and gulps dif-[ease.

But, O that mean, whose good the least abuse
Makes bad, is too, too hard to be directed:
Can thorns bring grapes, or crabs a pleasing juice?
There's nothing wholesom, wherethewhole's infected.
Unseize thy lips: earth's milk's a ripen'd core,
That drops from her disease, that matters from her
[fore.

Think'st thou that paunch, that burlies out thy coat,
Is thriving fat; or flesh, that seems so brawny?
Thy paunch is dropfy'd, and thy cheeks are bloat;
Thy lips are white, and thy complexion tawny;
Thy skin's a bladder blown with watry tumors:
Thy flesh a trembling bog, a quagmire full of humors.

And

And thou, whose thriveless hands are ever straining Earth's fluent breasts into an empty sieve,

That always hast, yet always are complaining,
And whin'st for more than earth hath pow'r to give;

Whose treasure slows and slees away as fast;

That ever haft, and haft, yet hast not what thou hast.

Go chuse a substance, fool, that will remain Within the limits of thy leaking measure; Or else go seek an urn that will retain The liquid body of thy slipp'ry treasure:

Alas! how poorly are thy labours crown'd! Thy liquor's never fweet, nor yet thy vessel found.

What less than fool is man to prog and plot,
And lavish out the cream of all his care,
To gain poor seeming goods, which, being got,
Make firm possession but a thoroughfare;

Or, if they stay, they furrow thoughts the deeper; And, being kept with care, they lose their careful [keeper!

#### S. GREG. Hom. iii. fecund. Parte Ezech.

If we give more to the flesh than we ought, we nourish an enemy; if we give not to her necessity what we ought, we destroy a citizen: the slesh is to be satisfied so far as suffices to our good; who soever alloweth so much to her as to make her proud, knoweth not how to be satisfied: to be satisfied, is a great art; lest, by the satiety of the slesh, we break forth into the iniquity of her folly.

#### HUGO de Anima.

The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

EPIG.





Da mihi Fræna Timor; da mihi Calcar Amor.

Bridle my worldly Zeal. \_ For Things above,

Grant me the Spur of Hearts, Calestial Love.

#### base de Pd G. 12. dor me ob as of J

What makes thee, fool, fo fat? Fool, thee fo bare? Ye fuck the felf-same milk, the felf-same air: No mean betwixt all paunch, and skin and bone? The mean's a virtue, and the world has none.

#### I holen Gree becking with Hard lard.

## JOHN W. 19. The Taged I

Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil.

LORD, when we leave the world, and come to thee,
How dull, how flug are we!
How backward! how prepost rous is the motion

Our thoughts are millfores, and our fouls a

Our thoughts are millstones, and our fouls are lead, and our defires are dead:

Our vows are fairly promis'd faintly paid; and roll

Our better work (if any good) attends has fish wolf

In whose performance one poor worldly scoff.

Foils us, or beats us off.

If thy sharp scourge find out some secret fault, We grumble or revolt;

And if thy gentle hand forbear, we stray,

Or idly lose the way.

Is the road fair? we loiter; clogg'd with mire:

We stick, or else retire:

A lamb appears a lion; and we fear,

Each bush we see's a bear.

When our dull fouls direct our thoughts to thee, As flow as fnails are we:

But at the earth we dart our wing'd desire, We burn, we burn like fire.

Like

ins

Like as the am'rous needle joys to bend To her magnetic friend:

Or as the greedy lover's eye-balls fly

At his fair mistress' eye:

So, so we cling to earth; we fly and puff, Yet fly not fast enough.

If pleasure beckon with her balmy hand, Her beck's a strong command:

If honour calls us with a courtly breath,

An hour's delay is death: If profit's golden-finger'd charm enveigles,

We clip more swift than eagles:

A decided to the decident of the

And the general back of many plant back

A hanb appears a lour and wa the

When our dall fouls disch our thought our

is the road thirt walder

Let Auster weep, or bluftr'ing Boreas roar, Till eyes or lungs be fore:

Let Neptune swell, until his dropsy sides Burst into broken tides:

Nor threat'ning rocks, nor winds, nor waves, nor fire, Can curb our fierce desire:

Nor fire, nor rocks, can stop our furious minds, Nor waves, nor winds:

How fast and fearless do our footsteeps flee! The light-foot roebuck's not fo fwift as we.

end final as wol

We burn, we burn late hits.

S. AU-

### S. AUGUST. fup. Pfal. lxiv.

Two several lovers built two several vities: the love of God buildeth at Jorusalem; the love of the world buildeth a Babylon! let every one inquire of himself, what he loveth; and he shall resolve himself, of whence he is a vitizen.

## S. AUGUST. lib. iii. Confest.

All things are driven by their own weight, and tend to their own centre: my weight is love; by that I am driven whithersoever I am driven.

### Ibidem.

Lord, he tweeth thee lefs, that loveth any thing with thee, which he leveth not for thee.

## EPIG. 12.

haidentak sabdyi n

Lord, scourge my as, if the should make no haste; And curb my stag, if he should sly too fast: If he be over-swift, or she prove idle, Let Love lend him a spur; Fear, her a bridle.

I seir blocker'd crimes, and fin fecure;
Let those have night, that bloth to he men know
The beleness they never binds to he man know
Let those have night, that leve to have a man,
And soll it ignorance's layout
Let those, whose eyes, like cools, abhor the light,
Let those have night, that love the night;

Vos. I.

E

PSALM

### S. AUGUST. VIX PEL

## PSALM XIN 3 .... In the same land of

Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death.

Will't ne'er be morning? Will that promis'd
Ne'er break, and clear those clouds of night?
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day,
Whose conqu'ring ray
May chase these fogs; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

How long! how long shall these benighted eyes Languish in shades, like feeble flies

Our fouls of sprightful action? When, when will day
Begin to dawn, whose new-born ray

May gild the weathercocks of our devotion,
And give our unfould fouls new motion?

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day an equipol too.

These horrid mists; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Let those have night, that slily love t'immure

Their cloister'd crimes, and sin secure;

Let those have night, that blush to let men know

The baseness they ne'er blush to do;

Let those have night, that love to have a nap,

And loll in ignorance's lap;

Let those, whose eyes, like owls, abhor the light, Let those have night, that love the night:

Sweet

B.I. Emb. 14.



Phosphere redde Diem.

O chace the gloomy Shades of Night away, Sweet Phosphor, to our Sphere return the Day.



Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;
How sad delay
Afflicts dull hopes I Sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Alas! my light-in-vain-expecting eyes

Can find no objects, but what rife

From this poor mortal blaze, a dying spark

Of Vulcan's forge, whose flames are dark,

A dang'rous, dull blue-burning light,

As melancholy as the night:

Here's all the suns that glister in the sphere

Of earth: Ah me! what comfort's here?

Sweet Phosphor, bring the day;

Haste, haste away,

Heav'n's loit'ring lamp; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

Blow, Ignorance: O thou, whose idle knee
Rocks earth into a lethargy,
And with thy sooty fingers nast bedight.\*
The world's fair cheek, blow, blow thy spite;
Since thou hast pust our greater taper; do
Puss on, and out the lesser too:
If e'er that breath-exiled slame return,
Thou hast not blown, as it will burn:
Sweet Phosphor, bring the day:
Light will repay
The wrongs of night; sweet Phosphor, bring the day.

# Bedigbe, i. e. besmear'd.

### S. AUG. in Joh. Ser. xix.

God is all to thee: if thou be bungry, he is bread; if thirfly, he is water; if darkness, he is light; if naked, he is a robe of immortality.

#### ALANUS de Conq. Nat.

God is a light that is never darkened; an unwearied life that cannot die; a fountain always flowing; a garden of life; a feminary of wisdom; a radical beginning of all goodness.

# EPIG. 14.

sil sella la

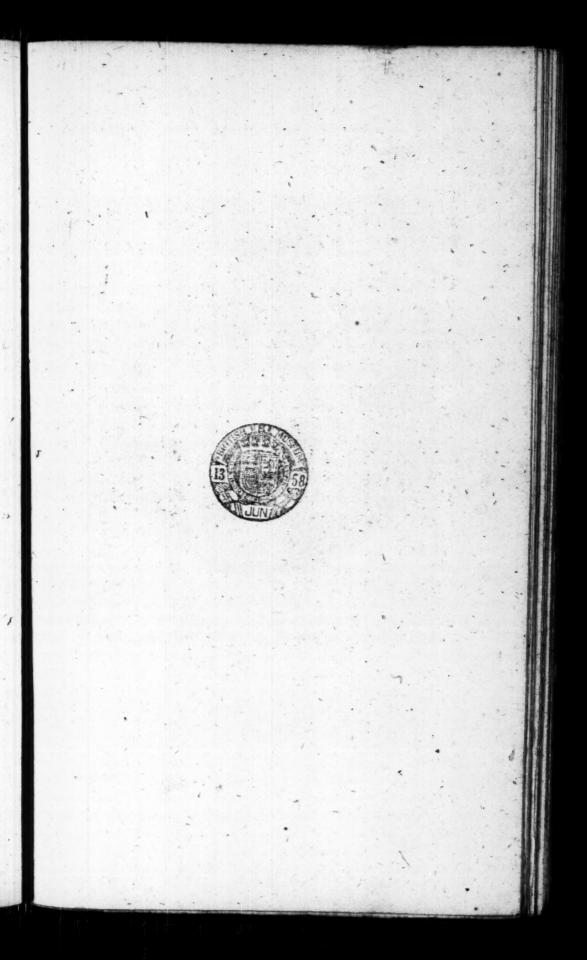
My foul, if ignorance puff out this light, She'll do a favour that intends a spite: 'T seems dark abroad; but, take this light away, Thy windows will discover break o' day.

Deflete in a little of

Pull on and but the left river:

isight will repay I de wrones of night, sweet ilhot

Photolical perceptions of particles of a finite of a contract of the contract





Debilitata Fides; Terras Aftrea reliquit.

Faith now is weakend: of Calestial Birth

Divine Astraa, quits the groaning Earth.

#### Fast fweet embafisder, that hurder beare --What are in harmon VXs foul or fighs or fine,

#### See bow she flucters with her sidle winter e el mol vel que tRepro kine 12 ile en egulw oll

Sente-conquising faith is now grown blind The devil is come unto you, having great power, because be knoweth that he bath but a foort time.

ORD, canft thou fee and fuffer Is thy hand Still bound to the peace? Shall earth's black mon-A full poffession of thy wasted land? betto farch take O, will thy flum bring wengeance never wake, Till full-age'd law wellfling cufton thake ! A

The pillars of thy right by falls command? Thown. Unlock thy clouds, great Thund'ter, and come Behold whole temples wear thy facred crown;

Redrefs, redrefs our wrongs, revenge thy

See how the bold ulurper mounts the feat Of royal majesty; how overstrawing

Perils with pleasure, pointing ev'ry threat With bug-bear death, by torments overawing.
Thy frighted subjects; or by favours drawing.
Their tempted hearts to his unjust retreat:

Lord, can't thou be to mild, and he to bold?

Or can thy flocks be thriving, when the fold Is govern'd by the fox? Lord, can't thou see, and

That swift-wing'd advocate, that did commence Our welcome fuits before the King of kings,

Graven'il, i. c. difficultiefe, made to knock ander, fic.

L'hat

That sweet embassador, that hurries hence
What airs th' harmonious soul or fighs or fins,
See how she stutters with her idle wings;
Her wings are clipt, and eyes put out by sense;
Sense-conqu'ring faith is now grown blind and
And basely craven'd, that in times of old sold,
Did conquer heav'n itself, do what th' Almighty could.

Behold, how double fraud does fcourge and tear
Astræa's wounded sides, plough'd up, and rent
With knotted cords, whose sury has no ear;
See how she stands a pris'ner to be sent
A slave into eternal banishment,

I know not whither; O, I know not where:

Her patent must be cancel'd in disgrace;

And sweet-lip'd fraud, with her divided face,

Must act Astræa's part, must take Astræa's place.

Faith's pinion's clipt, and fair Aftræa gone!

Quick-feeing Faith now blind, and Justice see:

Has Justice now found wings! And has Faith none!

What do we here? Who would not wish to be
Dissolv'd from earth, and with Astræa slee

From this blind dungeon to that sun-bright throne!

Lord, is thy sceptre lost, or laid aside!

Is hell broke loose, and all her siends unty'd?

Lord, rise, and rouse, and rule, and crush their surious [pride.

A 3 + 34 come to to before the King of kings,

<sup>\*</sup> Croven'd, i. e. dishearten'd, made to knock under, &c...

#### PETER RAV. in Matth.

The devil is the author of evil, the fountain of wickedness, the adversary of truth, the corrupter of the world, man's perpetual enemy; he planteth snares, diggeth ditches, spurreth bodies, he goadeth souls, he suggesteth thoughts, belcheth anger, exposeth virtues to batred, maketh vices beloved, soweth errors, nourisheth contention, disturbeth peace, and scattereth affection.

#### MACAR.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and be crucified with those that are crucified, that we may be glorified with those that are glorified.

#### SAVANAR.

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

#### EPIG. 15.

official!

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My foul, fit thou a patient looker on;
Judge not the play, before the play is done;
Her plot has many changes: every day.
Speaks a new scene; the last act crowns the play.

ms

### Man THE BATTE

# SECONDBOOK. nefer the adderfury of tracts the corruption of the according

#### Prairie bodies, bare I'm Kara ell fuggiftet the often

You that walk in the light of your own fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled, ye shall lie down in forrow.

O, filly Cupid, fnuff and trim The falle, the feeble light, with in tall And make her felf-confuming flames more bright ; Methinks the burns too dim, was was tad sent Is this that sprightly fire,

Whose more than facred beams inspire The ravish'd hearts of men, and so inflame desire?

if he victory, ne crown. 2.

See, boy, how thy unthrifty blaze Consumes, how fast she wanes;

She spends herself, and her, whose wealth maintains Her weak, her idle rays.

Cannot thy luftful blatt, a port in about M

Which gave it lutte, make it hat ? 11 10 Tro han ? What heart can long be pleas'd, where pleasure spends

Go, wanton, place thy pale-face'd light Where never-breaking day Intends to visit mortals, or display Thy fullen shades of night:

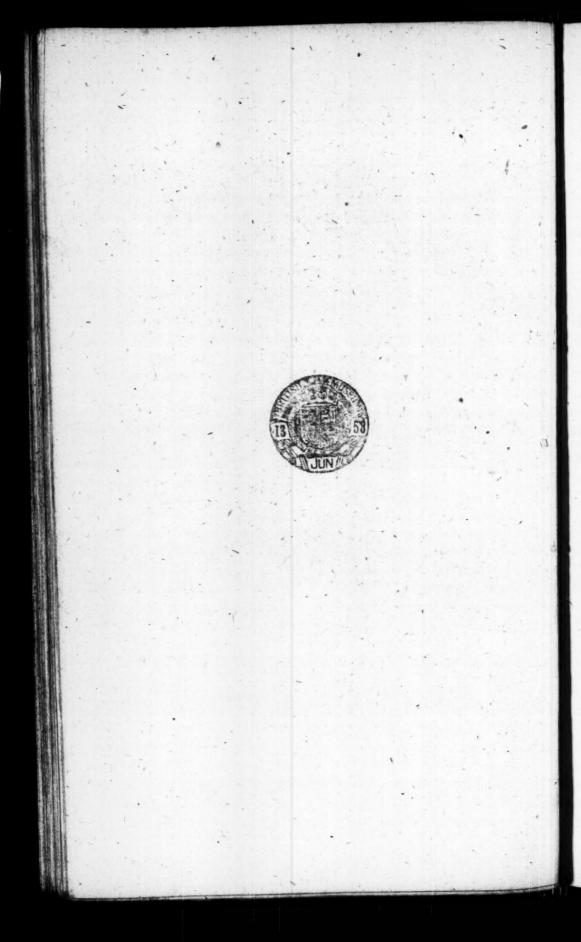
Thy torch will burn more clear In night's un-Titan'd hemisphere; appear. Heav'n's scornful flames and thine can never co-In



Sic Lumine Lumen ademptum.

So shines the Sun in native Splendow bright,

Thy feeble Ray eclipsing with his Light.



4.

In vain thy busy hands address
Their labour to display
Thy easy blaze within the verge of day;
The greater drowns the less!
If heav'n's bright glory shine,
Thy glimm'ring sparks must needs resign;
Puff out heav'n's glory, then, or heav'n will work out

5.

Go, Cupid's rammish pander, go,
Whose dull, whose low desire
Can find sufficient warmth from nature's fire;
Spend borrow'd breath, and blow,
Blow wind made strong with spite:
When thou hast puff'd the greater light,
Thy lesser spark may shine, and warm the new-made [night.

6

Deluded mortals, tell me, when
Your daring breath has blown
Heav'n's taper out, and you have spent your own,
What fire shall warm you then?
Ah, fools! perpetual night
Shall haunt your souls with Stygian fright,
Where they shall boil in stames, but stames shall bring
[no light.

.zdgil oa?

# S. AUGUST, and The nisv ul

The sufficiency of my merit, is, to know that my merit is not sufficient.

#### S. GREG. Mor. xxv.

By how much the less man seeth himself, by so much the less he displeaseth himself; and by how much the more he feeth the light of grace, by so much the mire he disdaineth the light of nature.

# S. GREG. Mor.

The light of the understanding, humility hindleth, and tride coverethweld has dissent a world have a still daily growth show below wold

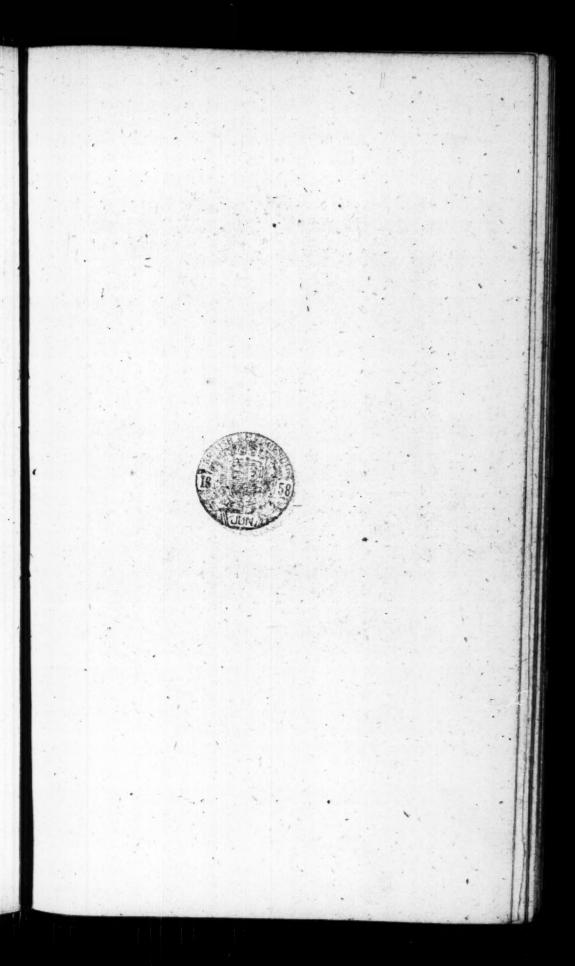
# siam wan ada masw EPIG. rans shadi with I vd'i.

. When thou haft pull'd the greater light,

AL, Jouls I perpetual night

Thou blow'st heav'n's fire, the whilst thou go'st about, Rebellious fool, in vain, to blow it out:
Thy folly adds confusion to thy death;
Heav'n's fire confounds, when family with folly's breath.

Shell haunt what with Stygien fright, 'V note they boil in dames, but flames thall in its





Donec totum expleat Orbom.

Nor cease his Cares, till this low World's vast round,
Within his vain, the eager Grasp be found,

We fack, we rarfack to the ptmost fands. Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands; We travel fee and & il, vig. 8, 4, 2, 2 down.

There is no end of all his labour, neither is his eye fatisfied,

HOW our widen'd arms can overfiretched to Their own dimensions! Howour hands can reach Beyond their distance! How our yielding breath To Can shrink to be more full, and full possest Of this inferior orb.! How earth refine d
Can cling to fordid earth! How kind to kind! We gape, we grafp, we gripe, add store to store; Enough requires too much; too much craves more; We charge our fouls to fore beyond their flint.

That we recoil or burit: the buly mint sobast wove Of our laborious thoughts is ever going, on violing of And coining new defires; defires not knowing. Where next to pitch; but, like the boundless ocean, Gain, and gain ground, and grow more ffrong by mo-The pale-face'd lady of the black-ey'd light tion. First tips her horned brows with easy light, Whose curious train of spangled nymphs attire Her next night's glory with increasing fire; Each ev'ning adds more luftre, and adorns The growing beauty of her grasping horns: She fucks and draws her brother's golden ftore, Until her glutted orb can fuck no more. Ev'n fo the vulture of insatiate minds Still wants, and wanting feeks, and feeking finds, New fuel to increase her rav'nous fire. The grave is sooner cloy'd than men's desire: We cross the seas, and 'midst her waves we burn, Transporting lives, perchance, that ne'er return;

We fack, we ranfack to the utmost fands Of native kingdoms, and of foreign lands; We travel sea and soil, we pry, we prowl, We progress, and we prog from pole to pole; We fpend our mid-day fweat, our mid-night oil, We tire the night in thought, the day in toil: We make art servile, and the trade gentile (Yet both corrupted with ingenious guile), To compals earth, and, with her empty flore, To fill our arms, and grasp one handfull more; Thus feeking reft, our labours never ceafe, But, as our years, our hot defires increase; Thus we, poor little worlds! with blood and fweat, In vain attempt to comprehend the great: Thus, in our gain, become we gainful losers; And what's inclosed, incloses the inclosers. Now, reader, close thy book, and then advise; Be wifely worldly, be not worldly wife; Let not thy nobler thoughts be always raking The world's base dunghill; vermin's took by taking ! Take heed thou trust not the deceitful lap Of wanton Delilah; the world's a trap.

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Until her glatter as bone for

Sch wants, teed wenteng series, seri New fuel to infreste ner cavity. The grave is more clock if

HUGO

Sterneks and

#### HUGO de Anima.

Tell me, where be those now, that so lately loved and hugged the world? Nothing remaineth of them but dust and worms: observe what those men are; what those men were: they were like thee; they did eat, drink, laugh, and led merry days; and in a moment slipt into hell. Here, their sless is food for worms; there, their souls are fuel for sire, till they shall be rejoined in an unhappy sellowship, and cast into eternal torments; where they that were once companions in sin, shall be hereafter partners in punishment.

## EPIG. 2.

Gripe, Cupid, and gripe still, until that wind, That's pent before, find secret vent behind: And when th'ast done, hark here, I tell thee what, Before I'll trust thy armfull, I'll trust that.

#### III.

### Job xviii. 8.

He is cast into a net by his own feet, and walketh upon a snare.

L

Hat! nets and quiver too? what need there all
These sly devices to betray poor men?
Die they not fast enough, when thousands fall
Before thy dart? what need these engines, then?
Attend they not, and answer to thy call,
Like nightly coveys, where thou list and when?
What needs a stratagem, where strength can sway?
Or what needs strength compel, where none gain[say?
Or what needs stratagem or strength, where hearts

2.

Sobey ?

Husband thy sleights: it is but vain to waste

Honey on those that will be catch'd with gall;

Thou canst not, ah! thou canst not bid so fast

As men obey: thou art more slow to call

Than they to come; thou canst not make such haste

To strike, as they, being struck, make haste to fall.

Go save thy nets for that rebellious heart

That scorns thy pow'r, and has obtain'd the art

T'avoid thy slying shaft, to quench thy firy dart.

3.

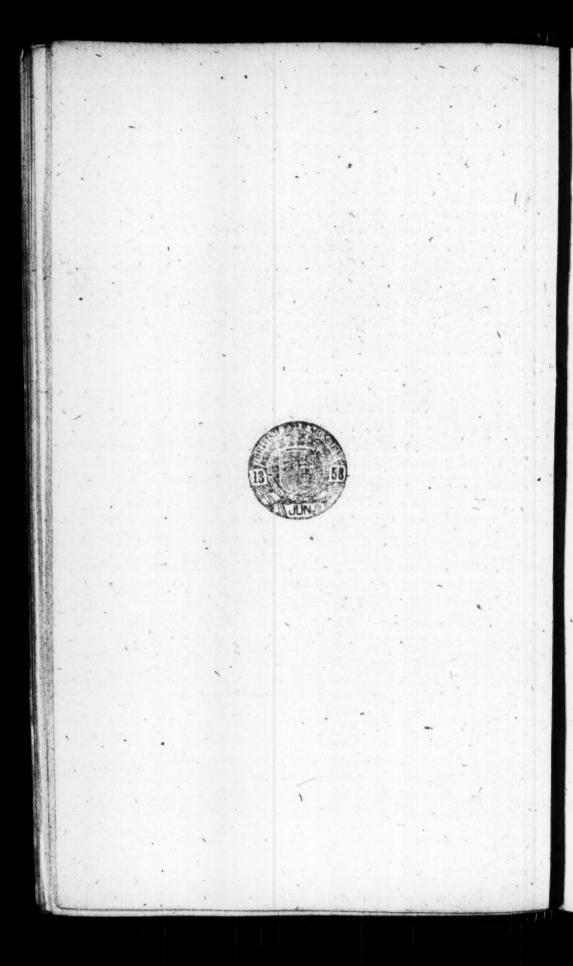
Lost mortal! how is thy destruction sure, Between two bawds, and both without remorse! The



Non amat Iste; sed hamat Amor.

His pure Affection this will fail to prove:

But he's entangled in the Snares of Love.



The one's a line, the other is a lure;

This, to intice thy foul; that, to enforce: Way-laid by both, how canst thou stand secure?

That draws; this wooes thee to th'eternal curse.

O charming tyrant! how hast thou befool'd

And 'slav'd poor man, that would not, if he could,

Avoid thy line, thy lure; nay, could not, if he would!

4

Alas! thy sweet perfidious voice betrays

His wanton ears with thy Syrenian baits; Thou wrapp'st his eyes in mists, then boldly lays

Thy Lethal gins before their crystal gates; Thou lock'st up ev'ry sense with thy false keys,

All willing pris'ners to thy close deceits:

His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be; His eye most blind, where most it ought to see;

And when his heart's most bound, then thinks himself

5.

Thou grand impostor! how hast thou obtain'd

The wardship of the world! Are all men turn'd

Ideots and lunatics? Are all retain'd

Beneath thy fervile bands? Is none return'd

To his forgotten self? Has none regained

His fenses? Are their fenses all adjourn'd?

What, none dismiss'd thy court? Will no plump Bribe thy false fifts to make a glad decree, [see T'unfool whom thou hast fool'd, and set thy pris'ners

[free ?

The general of the yeard had Identify and Identify and Jones Are all forces Beccarb the fervile beauty II is a To his forgotten felf? Had a control Institution for their forces of the straight forces of the

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#### S. BERN. in Ser.

In this world is much treachery, little truth; here, all th ngs are traps; here, every thing is befet with snares; here, souls are endangered, bodies are afflicted; here, all things are vanity and vexation of spirit.

# EPIG. 3.

Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please Thou canst not fail to take such fish as these; Thy thriving sport will ne'er be spent: no need To fear, when ev'ry cork's a world, thou'lt speed.



.



Quam grave Servitium est quod levis Esca parit.

Great must the Slavry be, where to your share

Such slight Refreshment falls, to ease your Care.

#### IV.

#### HOSEA XIII. 3.

They shall be as the chaff that is driven with a whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney.

Lint-hearted Stoics, you, whole marble eyes Contemn a wrinkle, and whose souls despite To follow nature's too affected fathion, Or travel in the regent walk of passion; Whose rigid hearts disdain to thrink at fears,. Or play at fast and loose, with smiles and tears; Come, burst your spleens with laughter to behold A new-found vanity, which days of old Ne'er knew: a vanity, that has befet The world, and made more flaves than Mahomet: That has condemn'd us to the servile yoke Of flavery, and made us flaves to smoke. But flay, why tax I thus our modern times, For new-born follies, and for new-born crimes? Are we sole guilty, and the first age free? No, they were fmok'd and flav'd as well as we: ffure, What's fweet-lipthonor's blaft but smoke? What's trea-But very smoke? And what more smoke than pleasure? Alas! they're all but shadows, fumes, and blasts; That vanishes, this fades, the other wastes. The reftless merchant, he that loves to steep His brains in wealth, and lays his foul to fleep In bags of bullion, fees th' immortal crown, And fain would mount, but ingots keep him down: He brags to-day, perchance, and begs to-morrow: He lent but now, wants credit now to borrow; Blow. Blow winds, the treasure's gone, the merchant's broke; A flave to filver's but a flave to smoke. Behold the glory-vying child of fame, That from deep wounds fucks fuch an honor'd name; That thinks no purchase worth the style of good, But what is fold for fweat, and feal'd with blood; That for a point, a blaft of empty breath, Undaunted gazes in the face of death; Whose dear-bought bubble, fill'd with vain renown, Breaks with a filip, or a gen'ral's frown: His stroke-got honor staggers with a stroke; A flave to honor is a flave to fmoke. And that fond fool, who wastes his idle days In loofe delights and sports about the blaze Of Cupid's candle; he that daily spies Twin babies in his mistress' Gemini's, Whereto his fad devotion does impart The sweet burnt-offering of a bleeding heart. See, how his wings are findg'd in Cyprian fire, Whose flames consume with youth, in age expire: The world's a bubble; all the pleasures in it, Like morning vapors, vanish in a minute: The vapors vanish, and the bubble's broke; A flave to pleasure, is a flave to smoke. Now, Stoic, cease thy laughter, and repast Thy pickled cheeks with tears, and weep as fa2.

#### S. HIERON.

That rich man is great, who thinketh not himself great because he is rich: the proud man (who is the poor man) braggeth outwardly, but beggeth inwardly: he is blown up, but not full.

## PET. RAV.

Vexation and anguish accompany riches and honor: the pomp of the world, and the favor of the people, are but smoke, and a blast suddenly vanishing: which if they commonly please, commonly bring repentance; and, for a minute of joy, they bring an age of sorrow.

# EPIG. 4.

Cupid, thy diet's strange: it dulls, it rouses; It cools, it heats; it binds, and then it looses: Dull-sprightly-cold-hot sool, if e'er it winds thee Into a looseness once, take heed, it binds thee.

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### PROV. xxiii. 25.

Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches make themselves wings, they slie away as an eagle.

The least delight:
The favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st:
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heav'n; fond earth, thou boast'st; false world, thou

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales.

Of endless treasure;

Thy bounty offers easy sales

Of lasting pleasure;

Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails;

And swear'st to ease her:

There's none can want where thou supply'st:

There's none can give where thou deny'st.

Alas! fond world, thou boast'st; salseworld, thou ly'st.

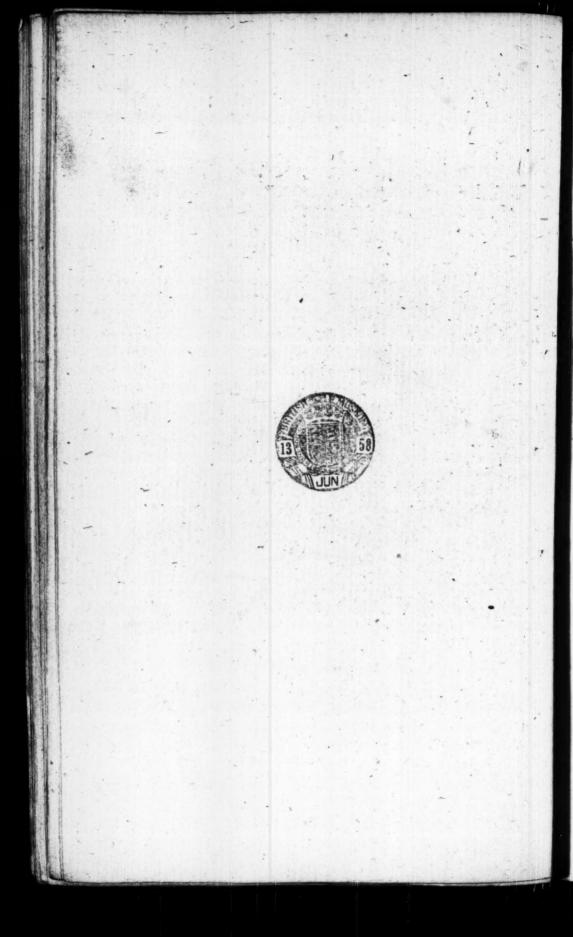
What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:



Non Omne quod hic micat Aurum est.

What Treasures here do Mammon's Sons behold!

Yet know, that all which glitters is not Gold.



Thy cunning can but pack the cards,

Thou canst not play:

Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;

If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st;

Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint;
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man, that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou doat'st; vain earth, thou

What mean dull fouls, in this high measure,

To haberdash

In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure

Is dross and trash;

The height of whose inchanting pleasure

Is but a flash?

Are these the goods that thou supply'st

Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?

Can these bring cordial peace? False world, thou ly'st.

\* Vy'ft, a word used at cards; i. e. to challenge.

#### PET. BLES.

The world is deceitful: her end is doubtful; her conclusion horrible; her judge is terrible; and her punishment is intolerable.

#### S. AUGUST. Lib. Confess.

The vain glory of this world is a deceitful sweetness, a fruitless labour, a perpetual fear, a dangerous honor: her beginning is without providence, and her end not without repentance.

# Wain earth I that fallely there completely With man; voin man . 2 16 E B I S.

Mor wouth, not pleifure:

World, thou'rt a traitor; thou hast stamp'd thy base. And chymic metal with great Cæsar's face, And with thy bastard bullion thou hast barter'd For wares of price; how justly drawn and quarter'd?

Is drofs and reads;

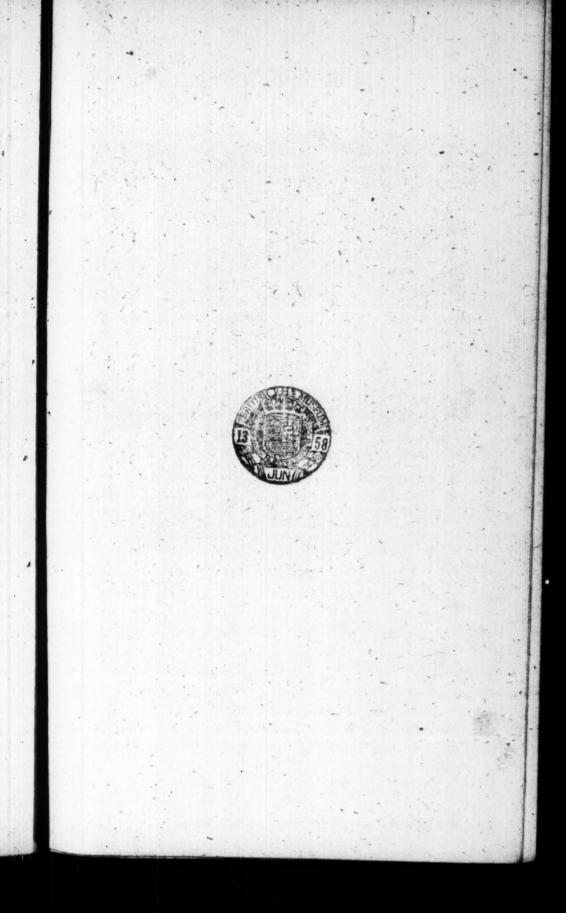
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The half half who lockand as T

Are theft the goods that they repaired: Us mortals with i Are their the high lift. Can tack bring cordial peace? I ... world.



B.II. Emb.6:



Sic decipit Orbis.

Look not upon this World; for Things appear In false proportion: All's deceifful here.

The Tray-bane Telen, IV the Oaken of Love.

### Jos vi. 31.

Let not him that is deceived, trust in vanity; for vanity.

Shall be his recompence:

B Elieve her not, her glass diffuses
False portraitures: thou canst espy
No true reflection: she abuses
Her-mis-inform'd beholder's eye;
Her crystal's falsely steel'd; it scatters
Deceitful beams; believe her not, she slatters.

This flaring mirror represents

No right proportion, view, or feature:
Her very looks are compliments;
They make thee fairer, goodlier, greater:
The skilful gloss of her reflection
But paints the context of thy coarse complexion.

Were thy dimension but a stride,
Nay, wert thou stature'd but a span,
Such as the long-bill'd troops defy'd,
A very fragment of a man!
She'll make thee Mimas, which you will,
The Jove-slain tyrant, or th' sonic hill.

Had furfeits, or th' ungracious star,
Conspir'd to make one common place
Of all deformities that are
Within the volume of thy face,

She'd lend the favor should outmove The Troy-bane Helen, or the Queen of Love.

Were thy confume'd estate as poor
As Laz'rus or afflicted Job's:
She'll change thy wants to seeming store,
And turn thy rags to purple robes;
She'll make thy hide-bound slank appear
As plump as theirs that feast it all the year.

Look off, let not thy optics be
Abus'd: thou feeft not what thou should'st:
Thyself's the object thou should'st see,
But 'tis thy shadow thou behold'st:
And shadows thrive the more in stature,

The nearer we approach the light of nature.

Where heav'n's bright beams look more direct,
The shadow shrinks as they grow stronger.
But when they glance their fair aspect,
The bold-face'd shade grows larger, longer:
And when their lamp begins to fall,
Th' increasing shadows lengthen most of all.

The foul that seeks the noon of grace,
Shrinks in; but swells, if grace retreat.
As Heav'n lifts up, or veils his face,
Our self-esteems grow less or great.
The least is greatest; and who shall
Appear the greatest, are the least of all.

#### HUGO Libi de Anima.

In vain he lifteth up the eye of his heart to behold his God, who is not first rightly advised to behold himself: first, thou must see the visible things of theself, before thou canst be prepared to know the invisible things of God; for if thou canst not apprehend the things within thee, thou canst not comprehend the things above thee: the best looking-glass, wherein to see thy God, is, perfectly to see thyself.

# EPTG. 6.

I to world's a leap, whoselvet shadmen's grain

Be not deceiv'd, great fool: there is no loss. In being small; great bulks but swell with dross. Man is Heav'n's master-piece: if it appear. More great, the value's less; if less, more dear.

Vehilially the crish can got of the this can add;

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Conference the value of the state of the first of the first of the state of the sta

#### U G:O .IIV de A.

## DEUTERONOMY XXX. 19.

I have set before thee life and death, bleffing and cursing; therefore chuse life, that thou and thy seed may live.

#### n f erminican for

THE world's a floor, whose swelling heaps retain
The mingled wages of the ploughman's toil;
The world's a heap, whose yet unwinnow'd grain
Is lodg'd with chaff, and bury'd in her soil:
All things are mixt, the useful with the vain;
The good with bad, the noble with the vile:
The world's an ark, wherein things pure and gross.
Present their lossful gain, and gainful loss,
Where ev'ry dram of gold contains a pound of dross,

#### 2.

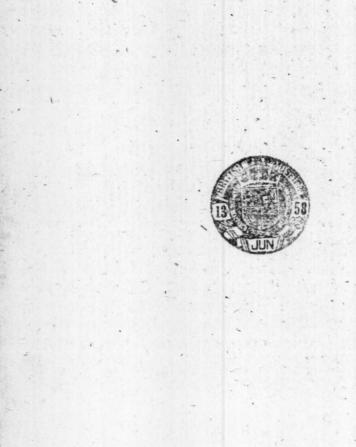
This furnish'd ark presents the greedy view
With all that earth can give, or Heav'n can add;
Here lasting joys; here pleasures hourly new,
And hourly fading, may be wish'd and had:
All points of honor, counterfeit and true,
Salute thy soul, and wealth both good and bad:
Here may'st thou open wide the two-leav'd door
Of all thy wishes, to receive that store,
Which, being empty most, does overslow the more.

3

Come then, my foul, approach this royal burfe,
And see what wares our great exchange retains;
Come, come; here's that shall make a firm divorce
Betwixt thy wants and thee, if want complains;
No



His takes the Worst, and That the Best secures: That must be Best which evermore endures.



No need to fit in council with thy purse, [pains: Here's nothing good shall cost more price than But, O my soul, take heed; if thou rely Upon thy saithless optics, thou wilt buy Too blind a bargain: know, sools only trade by th'eye.

4.

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve, that does alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran:

But thou, my foul, let thy brave thoughts disdain

So coarse a purchase; O be thou a fan

To purge the chaff, and keep the winnow'd grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixt de-

Thou art Heav'n's tasker; and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

the deat is regiment of the beat.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemish'd ways;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self number'd days:
No need to care for wealth's or fame's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's bays.
Lord, if thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me skill
To dress and chuse the corn, take those the chaff that
[will.

6. AU-

#### S. AUGUST. Lib. 1. de Doct. Christi.

Temporal things more ravish in the expectation, than in fruition: but things eternal, more in the fruition than expectation.

#### Ibidem.

The life of man is the middle between angels and beasts: if man takes pleasure in carnal things, he is compared to beasts; but if he delight in spiritual things, he is suited with angels.

## EPIG. 7.

Art thou a child? Thou wilt not then be fed
But like a child, and with the children's bread; and
But thou art fed with corn, or chaff undrest;
My soul, thou savour'st too much of the beast.

Let grace conduct thee to the

And wildow block a b loyl's abblem

Whose date determines the fill-trambes as a no need to care for wealth's or famely increase. No Read to Care for wealth's or famely increase. Not blars his palm, mor big't repulted best all ord, if the gracious boards place at his fill and defines, out to the fill of acts and cleak the count take the care was a count take the feet or the county.

No matter, then, how most of one





Hac animant Pueros Cymbala; at illa Viros.

This pleases Children; \_ That the Man enjoys:

Tis Wisdom to despise such idle Toys.

# the sciop's thousand is white and looks as lair

# PHILIPPIANS iii. 19, 20.

's a feat the 's faithe; when what heavil'd

They mind earthly things: but our conversation is in heaven.

# Venus. Divine Cupid.

sodi butel last boy, and Mars forted thee Ven. WHat means this prevish babe? Whish, lul-What ails my babe, what ails my babe to Will nothing still it? Will it neither be [cry? Pleas'd with the nurse's breast, nor mother's knee? What ails my bird? What moves my froward boy To make fuch whimp'ring faces ? Peace, my joy: Will nothing do ? Come, come, this peevish brat, Thus cry and brawl, and cannot tell for what? Come, bus and friends, my lamb; whish, lullaby, What ails my babe, what ails my babe to cry? Peace, peace, my dear; alas thy early years Had never faults to merit half these tears; Come, fmile upon me: let thy mother fpy Thy father's image in her baby's eye Husband these guilty drops against the rage Of harder fortunes, and the gripes of age; Thine eye's not ripe for tears : whish, lullaby; What ails my babe, my fweet-face'd babe to cry? Look, look, what's here! A dainty, golden thing : See how the dancing bells turn round and ring, To please my bantling! Here's a knack will breed. An hundred kiffes: here's a knack indeed.

nag 3

As Pelop's shoulder, or a milk-white pair: Here's right the father's smile; when Mars beguil'd Sick Venus of her heart, just thus he smile'd.

#### DIVINE CUPID.

Well may they smile alike; thy base-bred boy And his base fire had both one cause, a toy: How well their subjects and their smiles agree! Thy Cupid finds a toy, and Mars found thee: False queen of beauty, queen of false delights, Thy knee prefents an emblem, that invites Man to himself, whose self-transported heart (O'erwhelm'd with native forrows, and the smart Of purchas'd griefs) lies whining night and day, Not knowing why, till heavy-heel'd delay, The dull-brow'd pander of despair, lays by His leaden bulkins, and presents his eye With antic trifles, which th' indulgent earth Makes proper objects of man's childish mirth. These be the coin that pass, the sweets that please; There's nothing good, there's nothing great but these: These be the pipes that base-born minds dance after, And turn immod'rate tears to lavish laughter; Whilst heav'rdy raptures pass without regard; Their strings are harsh, and their high strains unheard: The ploughman's whiftle, or the trivial flute, Find more respect than great Apollo's lute. We'll look to Heav'n, and trust to higher joys: Let swine love husks, and children whine for toys.

#### S. BERN.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not conceived from the creature, but received from the Creator, which (being once passes thereof) none can take from thee: whereto all pleasure being compared is torment, all joy is grief, sweet things are bitter, all glory is baseness, and all delectable things are despicable.

#### And made to man the Brade Brade go

Joy, in a changeable subject, must necessarily change as the subject changeth.

The bland and fouls of fwame, and hope the heatist

#### EPIG. 8.

specification (registration) back (registration) back (registration) back (registration) in this production of Jense Registration of the second contract of the

When he had soft chailes, that lately form e

Like Loose of Renkey were, like could of burde

Per agent to the of the intention), i. o. a period drope door

We willing spirit is control of

I may I long i be and a clock bon a beautiful

Ale where and pear port-cullist that ador-

i aunt cucine n' es estima, cil

asteg velor L'yes ov river l'alby gates

Peace, childish Cupid, peace: thy finger'd eye
But cries for what, in time, will make thee cry.
But are thy peevish wranglings thus appear'd?
Well may'st thou cry, that art so poorly pleas'd.

ABITINE LONG

### JIX.

# ISAIAH X. 3.

What will ye do in the day of your visitation? to whom
will ye flie for help? and where will ye leave your
glory?

Is this that jolly God, whose Cyprian bow
Has shot so many slaming darts,
And made so many wounded beauties go
Sadly perplex'd with whimp'ring hearts?
Is this that sov'reign deity, that brings
The slavish world in awe, and stings
The blund'ring souls of swains, and stops the hearts
[of kings?]

What Circæan charm, what Hecatæan spite
Has thus abus'd the god of love?
Great Jove was vanquish'd by his greater might;
(And who is stronger-arm'd than Jove?)
Or has our lustful god perform'd a rape,
And (fearing Argus' eyes) would 'scape
The view of jealous earth, in this prodigious shape?

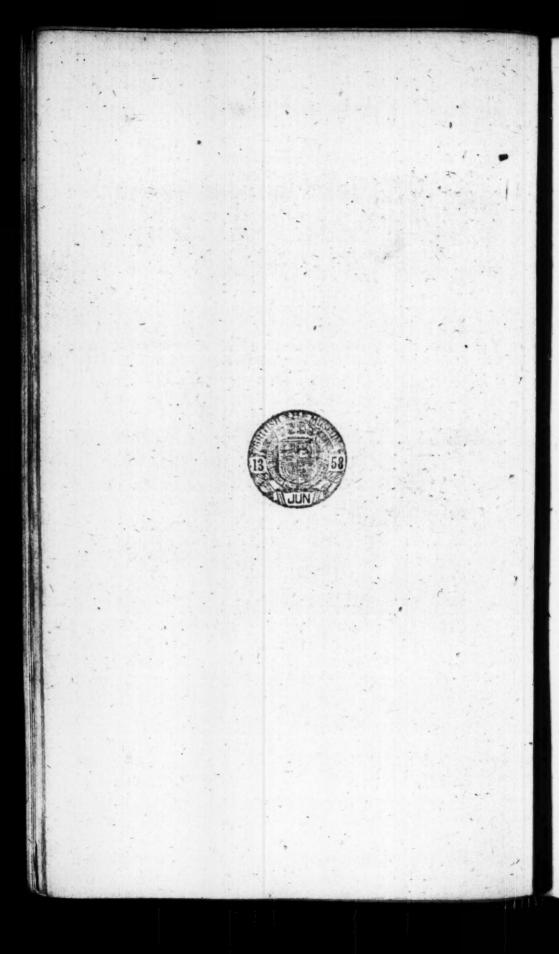
Where be those rosy cheeks, that lately scorn'd'
The malice of injurious fates?
Ah! where's that pearl port-cullis \* that adorn'd
Those dainty two-leav'd ruby gates?
Where be those killing eyes that so controll'd
The world, and locks that did infold [gold?
Like knots of slaming wire, like curls of burnish'd.

<sup>\*</sup> Port-cullis (a term of fortification), i. e. a grate dropt down, to flop a gate-way.



Venturum exhorresco Diem.

So has my Time pass'd unperceiv'd away; I shun the Light, and dread a coming Day.



4.

No, no, 'twas neither Hecatæan spite,
Nor charm below, nor pow'r above;
'Twas neither Circe's spell, nor Stygian sprite,
That thus transform'd our god of love;
'Twas owl-ey'd lust (more potent far than they)

Whose eyes and actions hate the day:
Whom all the world observe, whom all the world
Tobey.

See, how the latter trumpet's dreadful blaft
Affrights flout Mars his trembling fon!
See, how he flartles! how he flands aghaft,
And fcrambles from his melting throne!

Hark, how the direful hand of vengeance tears.

The fwelt ring clouds, whilft heav n appears.

A circle fill'd with flame, and centre'd with his fears!

This is that day, whose oft report hath worn
Neglected tongues of prophets bare;
The faithless subject of the worldlings scorn,
The sum of men and angels pray'r:
This, this the day, whose all-discerning light
Ransacks the secret dens of night
And severs good from bad; true joys from false de[light.

You grov'ling worldlings, you, whose wisdom trades
Where light ne'er shot his golden ray,
That hide your actions in Cimmerian shades,
How will your eyes endure this day!
Hills will be dead, and mountains will not hear;
There be no caves, no corners there [fear.
To shade your souls from fire, to shield your hearts from

HUGO.

.7419 77

# HUGO.

O the extreme loathfomeness of fleshly lust, which not only effeminates the mind, but enerves the body; which not only distaineth the soul, but disguiseth the person! It is ushered with fury and wantonness: it is accompanied with filtbinefs and uncleanness; and it is followed with grief and repentance.

### See, kow the larger fromper's dreatful blad EPIG. o. Aveil arguna

What ! fweet-face'd Cupid, have thy baftard treasure, Thy boafted honors, and thy bold-face'd pleasure, Perplex'd thee now ! I told thee long ago, To what they'd bring thee, fool : to wit, to wee.

Negle Red tongues of prophitis beres I no trickless district of the sear distriction, I be not of numeral damples and the Plan tak alle day, whole old-onforming light Randackeicher ogret dere til gil be And levers good from bad a true to a from felle de-

This is that they, whole off report heth word

You gove is a worldings, you wind, we don stalled Where lie at ne'er that his golden in

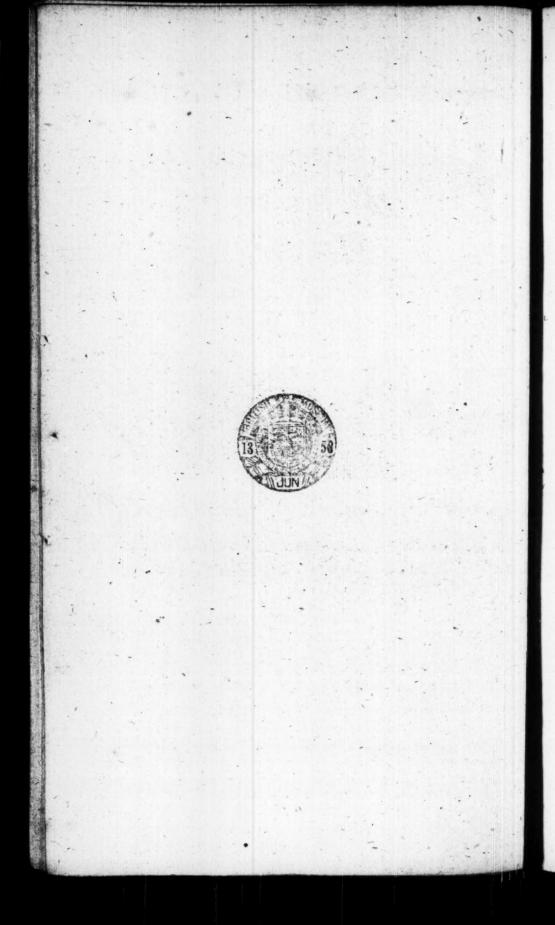
all raines. Unismiss to brobin self I Here will your ever codine cital dair Hills of the dead, and mountains will see bear;

There be no caves, no col acre chire min in administration, collecter on Aurum

B.H. Emb. 10.

Timit: inane eft.

Can Nothing then in this fair Orb be found! Strike it and prove; \_ it's empty, by it's Sound.



Bet if forme that ring oldt

the founds; 'tis wold and will;

I determ in ion of worth 10

She is empty, and void, and waste.

Would se fo bate, to bead

Post house earth one goes! What gentless on il

SHE's empty: hark, she sounds, there's nothing there
But noise to fill thy ear;
Thy vain inquiry can at length but find
A blast of murm'ring wind:
It is a cask, that seems as full as fair,
But merely tunn'd with air:
Fond youth, go build thy hopes on better grounds:
The soul that vainly sounds
Her joys upon this world, but feeds on empty sounds.

2.

She's empty: hark, she sounds: there's nothing in't,

The spark-engend'ring flint

Shall sooner melt, and hardest raunce \* shall first

Dissolve, and quench thy thirst;

Ere this false world shall still thy stormy breast

With smooth-face'd calms of rest.

Thou may'st as well expect meridian light

From shades of black-mouth'd night,

As in this empty world to find a full delight.

Raunce; i. e. a dry, mouldy cruft of bread.

3.

She's empty: hark, she sounds; 'tis void and vast;

What if some flatt'ring blast

Of flatuous honor should perchance be there,

And whisper in thine ear?

It is but wind, and blows but where it list,

And vanisheth like mist.

Poor honor earth can give! What gen'rous mind

Would be so base, to bind

Her heav'n-bred soul a slave to serve a blast of wind?

She's empty: hark, fhe founds: 'tis but a ball
For fools to play withal:
The painted film but of a stronger bubble,
That's line'd with silken trouble:
It is a world, whose work and recreation
Is vanity and vexation;
A hag, repair'd with vice-complexion'd paint,
A quest house of complaint:
It is a saint, a fiend; worse fiend, when most a saint.

She's empty: hark, she sounds': 'tis vain and void,

What's here to be enjoy'd

But grief and sickness, and large bills of sorrow,

Drawn now, and cross'd to-morrow?

Or what are men, but puffs of dying breath,

Reviv'd with living death?

Fond lad, O build thy hopes on surer grounds

Than what dull slesh propounds:

Trust not this hollow world'; she's empty: hark, she

[founds.]

S. CHRYS.

### S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heb.

Contemn riches, and thou shalt be rich; contemn glory, and thou shalt be glorious; contemn injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; contemn rest, and thou shalt gain rest; contemn earth, and thou shalt sind heaven.

### HUGO Lib. de Vanit, Mundi.

The world is a vanity, which affordeth neither heauty to the amorous, nor reward to the laborious, nor encouragement to the industrious.

nd nes rome a besong tubli allan (). Literary, one west to have seen alland

I said the class country to the T

Or can't thou hope to emphisal distributed like a Lake professors Crefic, and full fur a lake a Tea bound-flave aldressors trade as a large and force and the same and the same and a large. And active also shall contain the same and a large and a large at the same same and a large and a large and a large as a same the same power and a large and a large

Thankling dish middly eigervanned ship. High feed, and Liedow-Phinton-ip also Solidaren, feld eingeschilden verein.

With alle cale, feed Opprain last

Airs Mer affiguric hudors of A

# EPIG. 10.

This house is to be lett for life or years;
Her rent is forrow, and her income tears;
Cupid, 't has long stood void; her bills make known,
She must be dearly lett; or let alone.

Vol. I. MATTH.

#### XI.

#### MATTH. vii. 14.

Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Repost rous fool, thou stroul'st \* amis; Thou err'ft; that's not the way, 'tis this. Thy hopes, instructed by thine eye, Make thee appear more near than I; My floor is not so flat, so fine, And has more obvious rubs than thine : 'Tis true, my way is hard and strait, And leads me through a thorny gate, Whose rankling pricks are sharp and fell The common way to heav'n's by hell. 'Tis true, thy path is short and fair, And free from rubs: Ah! fcol, beware, The fafest road's not always ev'n; The way to hell's a feeming heav'n. Think'st thou the crown of glory's had With idle ease, fond Cyprian lad? Think'ft thou that mirth, and vain delights, High feed, and shadow-short'ning nights, Soft knees, full bags and beds of down, Are proper prologues to a crown? Or canst thou hope to come and view, Like prosp'rous Cæsar, and subdue? The bond-flave usurer will trudge; In spite of gouts, will turn a drudge, And serve his foul-condemning purse, T' increase it with the widow's curse :

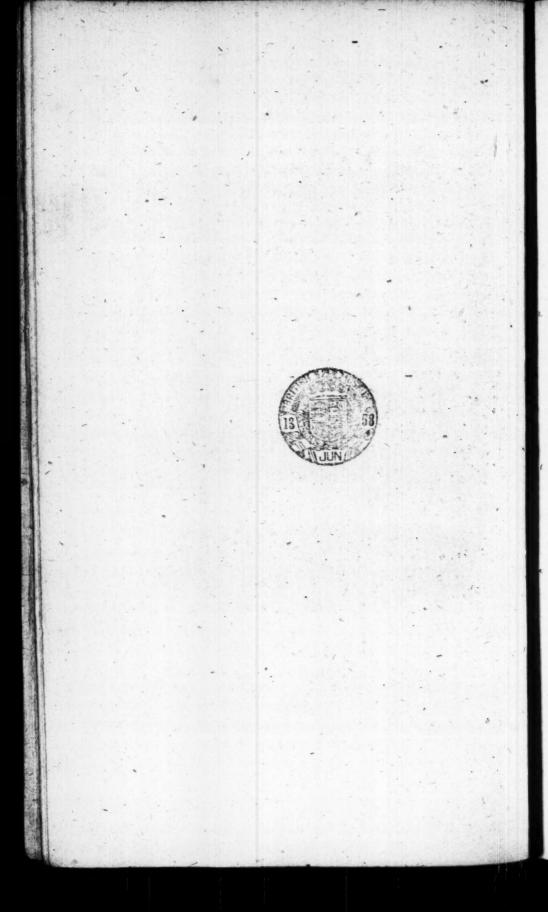
\* Troul # i. e. roll a ball.



Erras: hac itur ad illam.

No, tis not thus; \_thy Ball like thee will stray:

Attend in time, and learn the better Way.



#### Book II. EMBLEMS

And shall the crown of glory stand Not worth the waving of an hand? The fleshly wanton, to obtain His minute-luft, will count it gain To lose his freedom, his estate, Upon fo dear, fo fweet a rate: Shall pleasures thus be priz'd, and must Heav'n's palm be cheaper than a lust? The true-bred spark, to hoise his name Upon the waxen wings of fame, Will fight undaunted in a flood. That's rais'd with brackish drops and blood: And shall the promis'd crown of life Be thought a toy, not worth a strife? An easy good brings easy gains; But things of price are bought with pains. The pleasing way is not the right: He that would conquer heav'n, must fight.

one virthes, where I have and live in.

# S. HIERON. in Ep.

No labor is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at.

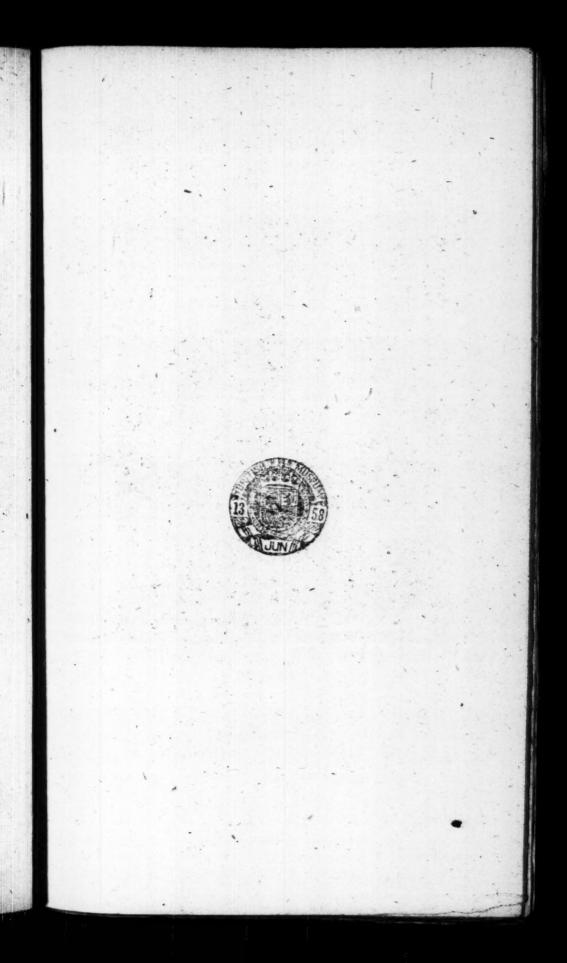
#### S. GREG. Lib. viii. Mor.

The valour of a just man is, to conquer the sless, to contradict his own will, to quench the delights of the present life, to love and endure the miseries of this world for the reward of a better, to contemn the flatteries of prosperity, and inwardly to overcome the fears of adversity.

# EPIG. reserved boog they at

And thalf the profits's crown 18 to Be thought a voy, nor we had foll

O Capid, if thy smoother way were right,
I should mistrust this crown were counterfeit.
The way's not easy, where the prize is great:
I hope no virtues, where I smell no sweat.





In Cruce Stat Securus Amor.

Tis thus alone, Security we prove;
While on the blefsed Crofs we rest our Love.

#### XII.

#### Alena E a simu GALAT. vi. 14.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.

A N nothing fettle my uncertain breaft, And fix my rambling love? Can my affections find out nothing best, But still and still remove? Has earth no mercy? Will no ark of rest Receive my reftless dove? Is there no good, than which there's nothing high'r, To bless my full define With joys that never change; with joys that ne'er expire?

I wanted wealth; and, at my dear request, Earth lent a quick supply; I wanted mirth, to charm my fullen breaft; And who more brisk than I?

I wanted fame, to glorify the reft; My fame flew eagle-high: My joy not fully ripe, but all decay'd,

Wealth vanish'd like a shade My mirth began to flag, my fame began to fade.

The world's an ocean, hurry'd to and fro With ev'ry blaft of paffion: Her luftfull streams, when either ebb or flow, Are tides of man's vexation:

H 3

They

They alter daily, and they daily grow The worse by alteration:

The earth's a cask full-tunn'd, yet wanting measure; · Her precious wine is pleasure;

Her yest \* is honor's puff; her lees + are worldly trea-Ture.

My trust is in the cross: let beauty flag Her loofe, her wanton fail; Let count'nance-gilding honor cease to brag In courtly terms, and vail; Let ditch-bred wealth henceforth forget to wag

Her base, though golden, tail;

False beauty's conquest is but real loss,

And wealth but golden drofs; Best honor's but a blast: my trust is in the cross.

My trust is in the cross; there lies my rest: My fast, my fole delight:

Let cold mouth'd Boreas, or the hot-mouth'd Last, Blow till they burst with spite;

Let earth and hell conspire their worst, their best; And join their twisted might;

Let show'rs of thunderbolts dart round and wound me, And troops of fiends furround me,

All this may well confront; all this shall ne'er confound me.

S. AUG.

<sup>\*</sup> Yest, or yeast; i. e. tarm, used for fermentation of liquors.

<sup>+</sup> Lees, the fettlement, or dregs at bottom. 113 2 1104 54 T

#### S. AUGUST.

Christ's cross is the christ-cross of all cur happiness; it delivers us from all blindness of error, and enriches our darkness with light; it restoreth the troubled soul to rest; it bringeth strangers to God's acquaintance; it maketh remote foreigners near neighbours; it cutteth off discord; concludeth a league of everlasting peace; and is the bounteous author of all good.

#### S. BERN. in Ser. de Refur.

We find glory in the cross; to us that are saved, it is the power of God, and the fullness of all virtues.

# E P I G. 12.

Of the me fact, that the car itsel and Stor our itsel and

Thereis an abstractly risk do day buch

The flander delegate brance a quickly while Discharge Layer being a second to the Discharge will be second to the Discharge will be second to the Layer brance to the Sale Sale Control of the Sale Control of the Layer brance is the second to the Layer brance in the Layer brance is the Layer brance in the Layer brance in the Layer brance is the Layer brance in the Layer branch bran

Of Stygran darkness, Lound in adiabet chains, And expect week tertures weeke than Tetras causs

Personal my value, thereted my food of digment

I follow'd rest; rest sled, and soon for sook me:
I ran from grief; grief ran, and overtook me.
What shall I do? Lest I be too much tost
On worldly crosses, Lord, let me be cross.

25 1/ 1

#### XIII.

#### PROV. XXVI. 11.

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

I am wounded! and my wounds do fmart Beyond my patience, or great Chiron's art; I yield, I yield the day, the palm is thine; [mine. Thy bow's more true, thy shaft's more fierce, than Hold, hold, O hold thy conqu'ring hand. What need To fend more darts? the first has done the deed: Oft have we flruggled, when our equal arms Shot equal shafts, inflicted equal harms; But this exceeds, and, with her flaming head, Twy-fork'd with death, has ftruck my conscience dead. But must I die? ah me! if that were all, Then, then I'd stroke my bleeding wounds, and call This dart a cordial, and with joy endure These harsh ingredients, where my grief's my cure. But fomething whispers in my dying ear, There is an After-day; which day I fear. The slender debt to nature's quickly paid, Discharge'd perchance with greater ease than made; But if that pale-face'd serjeant make arrest, Ten thousand actions would (whereof the least Is more than all this lower world can bail) Be enter'd, and condemn me to the jail Of Stygian darkness, bound in red-hot chains,

And gripe'd with tortures worse than Titian pains.

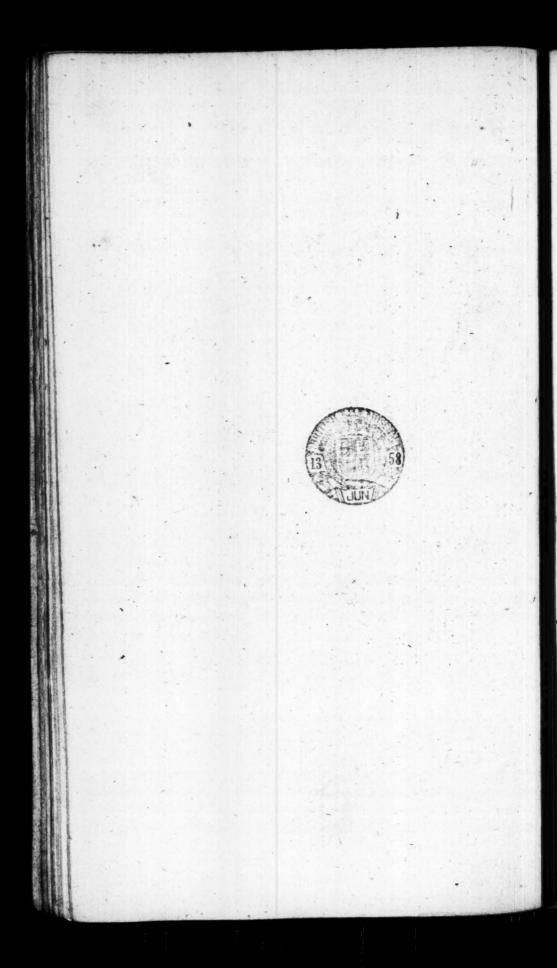
Farewel my vain, farewel my loose delights; Farewel my rambling days, my rev'ling nights;

Twas.



Post Vulnera Dæmon.

So when the fatal Wound has piercid thy Heart, Th'insulting Fiend will aggravate the Smart.



'Twas you betray'd me first; and when ye found My foul at 'vantage, gave my foul the wound: Farewel my bullion gods, whose sov'reign looks So often catch'd me with their golden hooks: Go seek another slave; ye all must go; I cannot serve my God and bullion too. Farewel false honor; you whose airy wings Did mount my foul above the thrones of kings; Then flatter'd me, took pet, and, in difdain, Nipt my green buds; then kick'd me down again: Farewel my bow; farewel my Cyprian quiver; Farewel dear world, farewel dear world for ever. O, but this most delicious world, how sweet Her pleasures relish ! Ah ! how jump + they meet. The grasping soul, and, with their sprightly fire, Revive and raife, and roule the wrapt defire! For ever? O, to part so long! what, never Meet more? another year, and then for ever: Too quick refolves do refolution wrong; What, part so soon, to be divorce'd so long? Things to be done, are long to be debated; Heav'n is not day'd. Repentance is not dated.

<sup>\*</sup> Bullion ; i. e. gold or filver in the male r put for riches.

<sup>†</sup> Jump; i. e. fit, or tally with.

ns

# S. AUGUST. lib. de Util. agen. Poen.

Go up, my foul, into the tribunal of thy conscience: there set thy guilty self before thyself: hide not thyself behind thyself, lest God bring thee forth before thyself.

#### S. AUGUST. in Solliog.

In vain is that washing, where the next sin defileth: he hath ill repented, whose sins are repeated: that stomach is the warfe for vomiting, that licketh up his vomit.

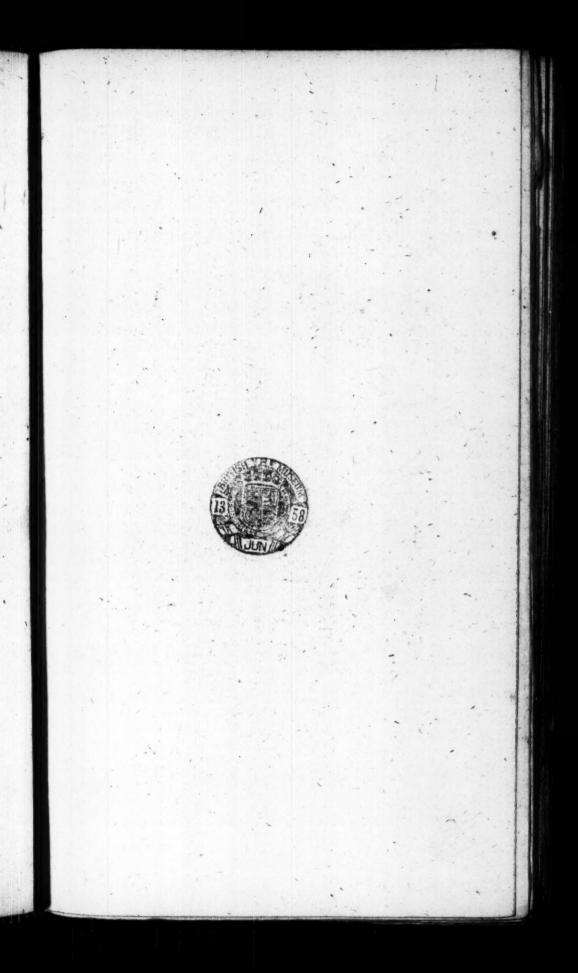
#### ANSELM.

God bath promised pardon to him that repenteth; but be bath not promised repentance to him that sinneth.

### EPIG. 13.

Brain-wounded Cupid, had this hafty dart, As it has prick'd thy fancy, pierce'd thy heart, 'T had been thy friend: O how hath it deceiv'd thee! For had this dart but kill'd, this dart had fav'd thee.

the good of the or will walle.





Post lapsum fortius asto.

Ev'n while I fall, I rise again, to prove I firmer stand when rais'd by heavinly Love.

#### XIV.

# PROV. XXIV. 16.

A just man falleth seven times, and rifeth again; but the wicked shall fall into mischief.

TIS but a foil at best, and that's the most
Your skill can boast:
My slipp'ry footing fail'd me; and you tript,
Just as I slipt:
My wanton weakness did herself betray
With too much play!
I was too bold; he never yet stood sure,
That stands secure:
Who ever trusted to his native strength,
But sell at length?
The title's craz'd; the tenure is not good.
That claims by th' evidence of slesh and blood.

Boast not thy skill; the righteous man falls oft,
Yet falls but soft:
There may be dirt to mire him, but no stones
To crush his bones:
What if he staggers? may, put case he be
Foil'd on his knee?
That very knee will bend to heav'n, and woo
For mercy too.
The true-bred gamester ups afresh, and then
Falls to't again;
Whereas the leaden-hearted coward lies,
And yields his conquer'd life, or craven'd; dies.

<sup>\*</sup> Craz'd; i. e. weak.

<sup>†</sup> Graven'd; i. e. conquer'd.

3.

Boast not thy conquest; thou that ev'ry hour Fall'st ten times low'r;
Nay, hast not pow'r to rise, if not, in case,
To fall more base:
Thou wallow'st, where I slip; and thou dost tumble,
Where I but stumble:
Thou glory'st in thy slav'ry's dirty badges,
And fall'st for wages:
Sour grief and sad repentance scours and clears
My stains with tears;
Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure \*

Thy falling keeps thy falling still in ure \*; But when I slip, I stand the more secure.

Lord, what a nothing is this little span,

We call a MAN!

What fenny trash maintains the smoth ring fires

Of his desires!

How slight and short are his resolves at longest!

How weak at strongest!

O, if a sinner, held by that fast hand,

Can hardly stand;

Good God! in what a desp'rate case are they,

That have no stay!

Man's state implies a necessary curse:

[worse.

When not himself, he's mad; when most himself, he's

" Ure; i. e ule.

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And Modis his conquest's life, or convente & diet.

-MA Care in a walk.

### S. AMBROS. in Ser. ad Vincula.

Peter flood more firmly after he had lamented his fall, than before he fell; insomuch that he found more grace, than he loft grace.

# S. CHRYS. in Ep. ad Heliod. Monach.

It is no such heinous matter to fall afflicted, as, being down, to lie dejected. It is no danger for a soldier to receive a wound in battle, but, after the wound received, through despair of recovery, to refuse a remedy; for we often see wounded champions wear the palm at last, and, after fight, crowned with victory.

# EPIG. 14.

Triumph not, Cupid, his mischance doth shew Thy trade; doth once, what thou doft always do: Brag not too foon; has thy prevailing hand Foil'd him? ah fool, th'haft taught him how to fland.

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#### XV.

JER. XXXII. 40.

I will put my fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from me.

O, now the foul's sublime'd; her four defires Are recalcine'd \* in heav'n's well-temper'd fires: The heart restore'd and purge'd from drosfy nature. Now finds the freedom of a new-born creature: It lives another life, it breathes new breath; It neither fears nor feels the fting of death: Like as the idle vagrant (having none) That boldly + 'dopts each house he views, his own; Makes ev'ry pulse his chequer 1; and, at pleasure, Walks forth, and taxes all the world, like Cæsar; At length, by virtue of a just command, His fides are lent to a feverer hand; Whereon his pass, not fully understood, Is taxed in a manuscript of blood; Thus past from town to town; until he come A fore repentant to his native home: Ev'n so the rambling heart, that idly roves From crimes to fin, and uncontroul'd removes From luft to luft, when wanton flesh invites From old worn pleasures to new choice delights; At length, corrected by the filial rod Of his offended, but his gracious God, And lash'd from fins to fighs; and, by degrees, From fighs to vows, from vows to bended knees; From bended knees to a true pensive breast; From thence to torments not by tongue exprest;

<sup>\*</sup> Recalcine'd: to calcine, is, with chymifts, to burn to a cinder.

<sup>+ &#</sup>x27;Dopts; i. e. adopts, or makes his own.

<sup>1</sup> Chequer; i. e. exchequer, or treasury.



Patet Ætheri ; clauditur Orbi.

Open to Heav'n, the Heart scorns Earthly Pride; Open to Heav'n, 'tis shut to all beside.



Returns; and (from his finful felf exil'd) Finds a glad father, he a welcome child: O then it lives; O then it lives involv'd In fecret raptures; pants to be disfolv'd: The royal off-spring of a second birth, Sets ope' to heav'n, and thuts the door to earth: If love-fick Jove commanded clouds should hap To rain fuch show'rs as quicken'd Danaë's lap: Or dogs (far kinder than their purple master) Should lick his fores; he laughs, nor weeps the faster. If earth (heav'n's rival) dart her idle ray; To heav'n, 'tis wax, - and to the world, 'tis clay: If earth present delights, it scorns to draw; But, like the jet \* unrubb'd, disdains that straw. No hope deceives it, and no doubt divides it; No grief diffurbs it, and no error guides it; No good contemns it, and no virtue blames it; No guilt condemns it, and no folly shames it; No floth befots it, and no lust enthralls it; No fcorn afflicts it, and no passion galls it: It is a cark'net + of immortal life; An ark of peace; the lifts of facred firife; A purer piece of endless transitory; A shrine of grace, a little throne of glory: A heav'n born off-spring of a new-born birth; An earthly heav'n; an ounce of heav'nly earth.

<sup>\*</sup> Jet; i. e. black amber : which, rubb'd, has an attractive quality.

<sup>†</sup> A cark'net ; i. e. a necklace.

# S. AUG. de Spir. & Anima.

O happy heart, where piety affecteth, where humility fubjecteth, where repentance correcteth, where obedience directeth, where perseverance persecteth, where power protecteth, where devotion projecteth, where charity connecteth.

### S. GREG.

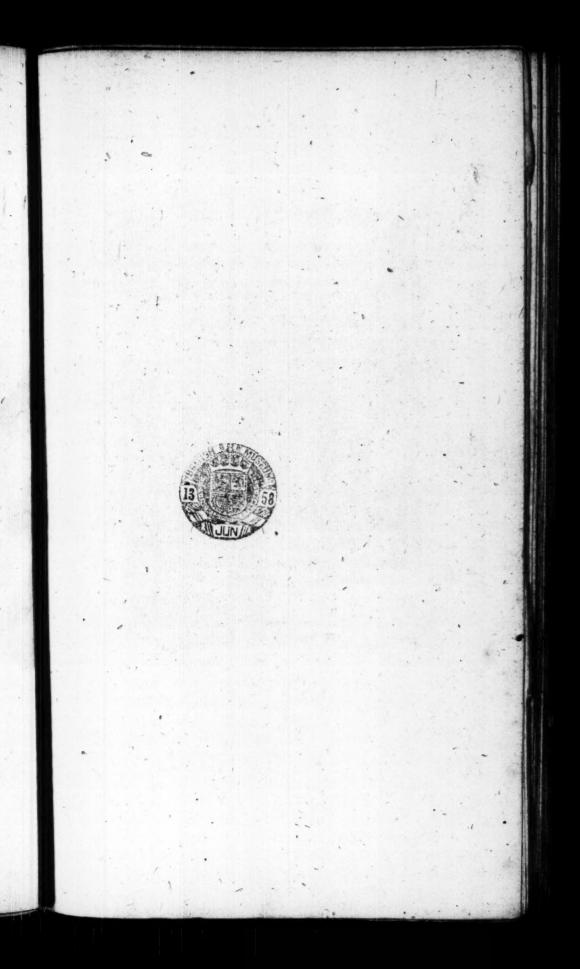
Which way soever the heart turneth itself (if carefully), it shall commonly observe, that in those very things we lose God, in those very things we shall find God: it shall find the heat of his power, in the consideration of those things, in the love of which things he was most cold; and by what things it fell, perverted, by those things it is raised, converted.

# EPIG. 15.

An carrely beay in:

My heart! But wherefore do I call thee so? I have renounce'd my int'rest long ago:
When thou wert false and slesshly, I was thine;
Mine wert thou never, till thou wert not mine.

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Pfalm.38.9.
On Thee, O Lord, is fix'd my whole Desire;
To Thee my Groans ascend, my Pray'rs aspire.

# THE

# THIRD BOOK.

### THE ENTERTAINMENT.

ALL you, whose better thoughts are newly born,
And (rebaptize'd with holy fire) can form
The world's base trash, whose necks distain to bear
Th' imperious yoke of Satan; whose chaste ear
No wanton songs of syrens can surprise
With false delight; whose more-than-eagle eyes
Can view the glorious stames of gold, and gaze
On glitt'ring beams of honor, and not daze \*;
Whose souls can spurn at pleasure, and deny
The loose suggestions of the stein; draw nigh.

And you, whose am'rous, whose select desires, Would feel the warmth of those transcendent fires, Which (like the rising sun) put out the light Of Venus'-star, and turn her day to night; You that would love, and have your passions crown'd With greater happiness than can be found. In your own wishes; you that would affect Where neither scorn, nor guile, nor disrespect Shall wound your tortur'd souls; that would enjoy, Where neither want can pinch, nor fullness cloy, Nor double doubt afflicts, nor baser sear Unstames your courage in pursuit; draw near, Shake hands + with earth, and let your soul respect Her joys no further, than her joys reslect

<sup>\*</sup> Daze; i. e. be dazzled.

<sup>+</sup> Shake bands with; i, e. take leave of.

Upon her Maker's glory; if thou swim In wealth, fee Him in all; fee all in Him: Sink'ft thou in want, and is thy small cruse spent? See Him in want: enjoy Him in content: Conceiv'st Him lodg'd in cross, or lost in pain? In pray'r and patience find Him out again: Make Heav'n thy mistress; let no change remove Thy loyal heart, - be fond, be fick of love: What, if he stop his ear, or knit his brow: At length he'll be as fond, as fick as thou: Dart up thy foul in groans; thy fecret groan Shall pierce his ear, shall pierce his ear alone: Dart up thy foul in vows: thy facred vow Shall find Him out, where Heav'n alone shall know: Dart up thy foul in fighs: thy whifp'ring figh Shall rouse his ears, and fear no list'ner nigh; [thou. There's none, there's none shall know but Heav'n and Groans fresh'd with vows, and vows made salt with Unscale his eyes, and scale his conquer'd ears: [tears, Shoot up the bosom-shafts of thy defire, Feather'd with faith, and double-fork'd with fire; And they will hit: fear not, where Heav'n bids come, Heav'n's never deaf, but when man's heart is dumb.



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Hainh. 26.9.

Amidst the Darkness of this Worldly Night,
Lord I have sigh'd to find thy Heavily Light.

I.

Isalah xxvi. 9

My foul-bath defired thee in the night.

OOD God! what horrid darkness doth furround My groping soul! how are my senses bound In utter shades, and, muffled from the light, Lurk in the bolom of eternal night ! The bold-face'd lamp of heav'n can fet and rife, And, with his morning glory, fill the eyes Of gazing mortals; his victorious ray Can chase the shadows, and restore the day: Night's bashful empress, though she often wane, As oft repents her darkness, primes again; And, with her circling horns, doth re-embrace Her brother's wealth, and orbs her filver face. But ah ! my fun, deep fwallow'd in his fall, Is fet, and cannot thine, nor rife at all: My bankrupt wane can beg not borrow light; Alas! my darkness is perpetual night. Falls have their rifings, wanings have their primes, And desp'rate forrows wait their better times : Ebbs have their floods, and autumns have their fprings; All states have changes, hurry'd with the swings. Of chance and time, still tiding to and fro: Terrestrial bodies, and celestial too. How often have I vainly grope'd about, With lengthen'd arms, to find a paffage out, That I might catch those beams mine eye desires, And bathe my foul in those celestial fires! Like as the hagard \*, cloifter'd in her mew t, To fcour her downy robes, and to renew

<sup>\*</sup> Hagard; i. e. a wild hawk. † Mew; i. e. coop, or cage.

Her broken flags \*, preparing t'overlook The tim'rous mallard + at the fliding brook, Jets t oft from perch to perch, from flock | to ground; From ground to window; thus furveying round Her dove-befeather'd prison, till at length (Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength Whereto her wing was born) her ragged beak Nips off her jangling jesses \*\*, strives to break Her jingling fetters, and begins to bate § At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate ¶: Ev'n fo my weary foul, that long has been An inmate in this tenement of fin. Lock'd up by cloud-brow'd error, which invites My cloifter'd thoughts to feed on black delights, Now fcorns her shadows, and begins to dart Her wing's defires at thee, that only art The fun she feeks, whose rising beams can fright These dusky clouds that make so dark a night: Shine forth, great glory, shine; that I may see Both how to loath myself, and honor thee: But if my weakness force thee to deny Thy flames, yet lend the twilight of thine eye: If I must want those beams I wish, yet grant That I, at least, may wish those beams I want.

<sup>#</sup> Flags; i. e. wing-feathers.

<sup>†</sup> Mallard; i. e. drake (water-fowl).

<sup>1</sup> Jets; i. e. hops.

<sup>|</sup> Stock; i. e. perch.

<sup>\*\*</sup> Jeffes ; i. e. leather thongs, that tied on the belle.

<sup>§</sup> Bate; i. e. flutter her wings.

M Grate; i. e. lattice.

The above are all terms in falcanry.

## S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. 33.

There was a great dark cloud of vanity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Justice, and the Light of Truth: I, being the son of darkness, was involved in darkness, because I knew not thy light: I was blind, and loved my blindness, and did walk from darkness to darkness: but, Lord, thou art my God, who hast led me from darkness, and the shadow of death; hast called me into this glorious light, and behold, I see.

# EPIG. 1.

The emoty fullings of the wife die

We will for traffe, we be read the joys. If for any traffer, left our beavily for traffer.

My foul, chear up; what if the night be long, Heav'n finds an ear, when finners find a tongue; Thy tears are morning show'rs: Heav'n bids me say, When Peter's cock begins to crow, 'tis day.

We case her barloy-grains, while pearls front I Delpis'dly firch very fools are thou and I. Yaim a time that and I. Aim a thou at hear of him a find a look man, her horizont that the Dr. would's thou wealth ite nowah (old peace With a full base to be the wealth content to World's thou sake pleasured to the content to World's thou sake pleasured to the prancing that is, the pleasured to the fool man. The earth afterday set to pleasure, weagh, and a food man, fuch a content to the earth afterday set to pleasure, weagh, and a food is the grown whereat cartis' ideas so the grown whereat cartis' ideas so.

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### PSALM Ixix. 5.

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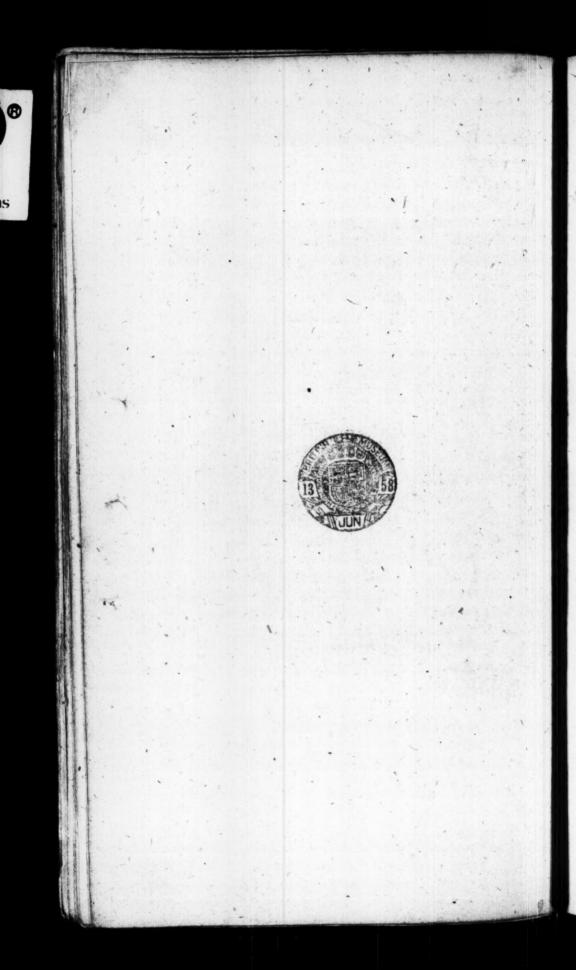
O Lord, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not bid from thee.

CEEST thou this fulfome ideot? in what measure He seems transported with the antic pleasure Of childish bawbles? Canst thou but admire The empty fullness of his vain defire? Canst thou conceive such poor delights as these Can fill th' insatiate soul of man, or please The fond aspect of his deluded eye? Reader, such very fools are thou and I: False puffs of honour; the deceitful streams Of wealth; the idle, vain, and empty dreams Of pleasure, are our traffick, and enfinare Our fouls, the threefold subject of our care a We toil for trash, we barter folid joys For airy trifles, fell our heav'n for toys: We catch at barley-grains, whilst pearls stand by Despis'd; such very fools are thou and I. Aim'st thou at honor? does not th' ideot shake it In his left hand? fond man, step forth and take it: Or would'it thou wealth? fee now the fool presents thee With a full basket, if such wealth contents thee: Would'st thou take pleasure? If the fool unstride His prancing stallion, thou may'ft up and ride: Fond man, such is the pleasure, wealth, and honor The earth affords such fools as doat upon her: Such is the game whereat earth's ideots fly; Such ideots, ah! fuch fools, are thou and I. Had



Pfalm.69.5.

To Thee, O Lord, are all our Follies known, Wert thou extreme to mark them from thy Throne.



Had rebel man's fool-hardiness extended No farther than himself, and there had ended, It had been just; but, thus enrage'd, to fly Upon th' eternal eyes of Majefty, And drag the Son of Glory from the breast Of his indulgent Father; to arrest His great and facred person; in disgrace To spit and spawl upon his sun-bright face; To taunt him with base terms, and, being bound, To scourge his soft, his trembling sides; to wound His head with thorns; his heart with human fears; His hands with nails, and his pale flank with spears; And then to paddle in the purer stream Of his spilt blood, is more than most extreme; Great Builder of mankind, canft thou propound All this to thy bright eyes, and not confound Thy handy-work? O! canst thou chuse but see, That made'ft the eye! can aught be hid from thee? Thou feeft our persons, Lord, and not our guilt; Thou feeft not what thou may'ft, but what thou wilt: The hand that form'd us is inforce'd to be A screen set up betwixt thy work and thee: Look, look upon that hand, and thou shalt spy An open wound, a thor'ghfare for thine eye; Or if that wound be clos'd, that passage be Deny'd between thy gracious eye and me, Yet view the fcar; that fcar will countermand Thy wrath: O read my fortune in thy hand.

# S. CHRYS. Hom. iv. Joan.

Fools feem to abound in wealth, when they want all things; they feem to enjoy happiness, when indeed they are only most miserable: neither do they understand that they are deluded by their fancy, till they be delivered from their folly.

#### S. GREG. in Mor.

By so much the more are we inwardly foolish, by how much we strive to seem outwardly wife.

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### EPIG. 2.

Rebellious fool, what has thy folly done?
Controul'd thy God, and crucify'd his Son!
How sweetly has the Lord of Life deceiv'd thee!
Thou shedd'st his blood, and that shed blood has sav'd
[thee.





Pfalm. 6.2.

Heal me O'Lord, and give my Torments ease;

My Bones are vex'd; restore my Health & Peace.

#### III.

### PSALM VI. 2.

Have mercy, Lord, upon me, for I am weak; O Lord, beal me, for my bones are vexed.

### South Jesus.

Soul. A H! Son of David, help. Jef. What finful cry Implores the Son of David? Soul. It is I. Jef. Who art thou? Soul. Oh! a deeply-wounded That's heavy laden, and would fain have reft. [breaft Jef. I have no scraps, and dogs must not be fed, Like houshold children, with the children's bread. Soul. True, Lord; yet tolerate a hungry whelp

To lick their crumbs: O Son of David, help.

Jest. Poor soul, what ail'st thou! Soul. O'I burn, I
I cannot rest; I know not where to sty, [fry,
To find some ease; I turn my blubber'd face
From man to man; I roll from place to place,
T' avoid my tortures, to obtain relief,
But still am dogg'd and haunted with my grief:
My midnight torments call the sluggish light,
And, when the morning's come, they woo the night.

Soul. Quench, quench my stames, and swage those

[scorching fires.

Jest Canst thou believe my hand can cure thy gries?

Soul. Lord, I believe; Lord, help my unbelies.

Jest Hold forth thine arm, and let my fingers try

Thy pulse: where, chiesly, doth thy torment lie?

Soul. From head to soot; it reigns in ev'ry part,

But plays the felf-law'd tyrant in my heart.

Jes. Canst thou digest, canst relish wholsome food? How stands thy taste? Soul. To nothing that is good. All sinful trash, and earth's unsav'ry stuff, I can digest and relish well enough.

Jesus. Is not thy blood as cold as hot, by turns? Soul. Cold to what's good; to what is bad, it burns.

Jest. How old's thy grief? Soul. I took it at the fall, With eating fruit. Jest. Tis epidemical:
Thy blood's infected, and th' infection sprung
From a bad liver: 'tis a sever strong
And full of death, unless, with present speed,
A vein be open'd: thou must die, or bleed.

Soul. O I am faint and spent: that lance that shall Let forth my blood, lets forth my life withal:
My soul wants cordials, and has greater need
Of blood, than (being spent so far) to bleed:

I faint already; if I bleed, I die.

Jes. 'Tis either you must bleed, sick soul, or I: My blood's a cordial. He that sucks my veins, Shall cleanse his own, and conquer greater pains Than these: chear up; this precious blood of mine Shall cure thy grief; my heart shall bleed for thine. Believe, and view me with a faithful eye, Thy soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die.

### S. AUGUST. lib. x. Confess.

Lord, be merciful unto me! Ah me! behold, I hide not my wounds: Thou art a Physician, and I am sick; thou art merciful, and I am miserable.

### S. GREG. in Pastoral.

O wisdom, with how sweet an art do thy wine and sil restore health to my healthless soul! How powerfully merciful, how mercifully powerful art thou! Powerful for me, merciful to me!

### EPIG. 3.

Canst thou be sick, and such a doctor by?
Thou canst not live, unless thy Doctor die!
Strange kind of grief, that finds no med'oine good.
To 'swage her pains, but the Physician's blood!

IV.

PSALM XXV. 18.

Look upon my affliction and my pain, and forgive all my sins.

OTH work and ftrokes? both lash and labor too? What more could Edom or proud Ashur do? Stripes after stripes; and blows succeeding blows! Lord, has thy scourge no mercy, and my woes No end? my pains no ease? no intermission? Is this the state, is this the fad condition Of those that trust thee; will thy goodness please T'allow no other favors? none but these? Will not the rhet'ric of my torments move? Are these the symptoms, these the signs of love? Is't not enough, enough that I fulfill The toilsome talk of thy laborious will? May not this labor expiate and purge My fin, without th' addition of a scourge? Look on my cloudy brow, how fast it rains Sad show'rs of sweat, the fruits of fruitless pains: Behold these ridges, see what purple furrows Thy plough has made; O think upon those forrows That once were thine; O wilt thou not be woo'd To mercy by the charms of fweat and blood? Canst thou forget that drowsy mount wherein Thy dull disciples slept? was not my fin There punish'd in thy foul? Did not this brow Then sweat in thine? were not those drops enow? Remember Golgotha, where that spring-tide O'erflow'd thy fov'reign, facramental fide: There





Pfalm. 25.18.

Behold, O Lord, my Labour and my Pain;
Forgive my Sins; thy chastining Hand restrain.

There was no fin, there was no guilt in thee, That caus'd those pains; thou sweat'st, thou bled'ft for Was there not blood enough, when one small drop Had pow'r to ranfom thousand worlds; and stop The mouth of justice? Lord, I bled before In thy deep wounds; can justice challenge more? Or doft thou vainly labor to hedge in Thy losses from my fides I my bleed is thin, And thy free bounty forms fuch eafy thrift; No, no, thy blood came not as loan, but gift. But must I ever grind? and must I earn Nothing but ftripes? O wilt thou disaltern \* The reft thou gav'ft t hast thou perus'd the curse Thou laid'ft on Adam's fall, and made it worse? Canft thou repent of mercy? Heav'n thought good Loft man thould feed in fweat; not work in blood: Why doft thou wound th' already wounded breaft? Ah me ! my life is but a pain at best : I am but dying dust: my day's a span; What pleasure take'ft thou in the blood of man? Spare, spare thy scourge, and be not so austere: Send fewer strokes, or lend more strength to bear.

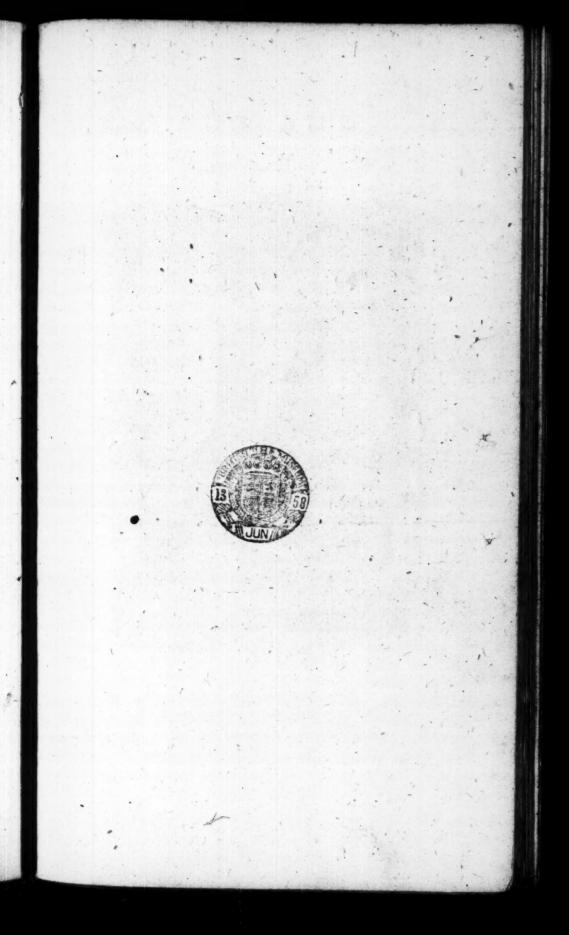
<sup>\*</sup> Difaltern; i. e. fet afide the alternate changes of fripes and reft.

### S. BERN. Hom. lxxxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man; free, because a man; miserable, because a servant: in regard of my bondage, miserable; in regard of my will, inexcuseable: for my will, that was free, beslaved itself to sin, by assenting to sin; for he that committeth sin, is the servant to sin.

### EPIG. 4

Tax not thy God: thine own defaults did urge.
This twofold punishment; the mill, the scourge.
Thy sin's the author of thy self-tormenting:
Thou grind'st for sinning; scourg'd for not repenting.





Job. 10.9.

Remember, Lord, that I was made from Clay.

Nor in thy Wrath consume me quite away.

#### V.

# JOB x. 9.

Remember, I befeech thee, that thou hast made me as the clay, and wilt thou bring me into dust again?

HUS from the bosom of the new-made earth Poorman was delv'd , and had his unborn birth; The same the stuff, the self-same hand doth trim The plant that fades, the beaft that dies, and him: One was their fire, one was their common mother, Plants are his fifters, and the beaft his brother, The elder too; beafts draw the felf-fame breath, Wax old alike, and die the felf-fame death: Plants grow as he, with fairer robes array'd; Alike they flourish, and alike they fade: The beaft in fenfe exceeds him, and, in growth, The three-age'd oak doth thrice exceed them both. Why look'ft thou then so big, thou little span Of earth? what art thou more in being man? It, but my great Creator did inspire My chosen earth with the diviner fire Of reason; gave me judgment and a will; That, to know good; this, to chuse good from ill : He put the reins of pow'r in my free hand, A jurisdiction over sea and land; He gave me art to lengthen out my span Of life, -and made me all, in being man : It, but thy passion has committed treason Against the sacred person of thy reason: Thy judgment is corrupt, perverse the will; That knows no good, and this makes choice of ill:

<sup>\*</sup> Delv'd; i. e. dug.

this is Aye.

The greater height sends down the deeper fall : And good decline'd turns bad, turns worft of all. Say then, proud inch of living earth, what can Thy greatness claim the more in being man? O but my foul transcends the pitch of nature, Borne up by th' image of her high Creator; Outbraves the life of reason, and bears down Her waxen wings, kicks off her brasen crown. My heart's a living temple, t'entertain The King of glory, and his glorious train: How can I mend my title, then? where can Ambition find a higher flyle than man? Ah! but that image is deface'd and foil'd : Her temple's raze'd, her altars all defile'd; Her vessels are polluted and distain'd With loathed luft, her ornaments profane'd; Her oil-forfaken lamps and hallow'd tapers Put out; her incense breathes unsav'ry vapors: Why swell'ft thou then so big, thou little span Of earth? what art thou more in being man? Eternal Potter, whose blest hands did lay My coarse foundation from a sod of clay, Thou know'ft my slender vessel's apt to leak; Thou know'ft, my brittle temper's prone to break: Are my bones brafil, or my flesh of oak? O mend what thou hast made, what I have broke: Look, look with gentle eyes, and, in thy day Of vengeance, Lord, remember I am clay.

marica di lum

# S. AUGUST. Solilog. xxxii.

Shall I ask, who made me? It was thou that madest me, without whom nothing was made: Thou art my maker, and I thy work. I thank thee, my Lord God, by whom I live, and by whom all things subsist, because thou madest me: I thank thee, O my Potter, because thy bands have made me, because thy hands have formed me.

## EPIG. 5.

Why swell'st thou, man, pust up with same and purse? Th' art better earth, but born to dig the worse: Thou came'st from earth, to earth thou must return; And art but earth, cast from the womb to th' urn.

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#### VI.

#### JOB vii. 20.

I have sinned: what shall I do unto thee, O thou preserver of men? Why dost thou set me as a mark against thee?

ORD, I have done; and, Lord, I have missione; "Tis folly to contest, to strive with one That is too ftrong; 'tis folly to affail Or prove an arm that will, that must, prevail. I'vedone, I've done; these trembling hands have thrown Their daring weapons down: the day's thine own: Forbear to ftrike, where thou hast won the field; The palm, the palm is thine: I yield, I yield. These treach'rous hands, that were so vainly bold To try a thriveless \* combat, and to hold Self-wounding weapons up, are now extended For mercy from thy hand; that knee, that bended Upon her guardless guard +, doth now repent Upon this naked floor; fee both are bent, And fue for pity: O my ragged wound Is deep and desp'rate, it is drench'd and drown'd In blood and briny tears: it doth begin To flink without, and putrify within. Let that victorious hand, that now appears Just in my blood, prove gracious to my tears: Thou great preserver of presumptuous man, What shall I do? What satisfaction can Poor dust and ashes make? O if that blood, That yet remains unshed, were half as good

<sup>\*</sup> Thriveless; i. e. unsuccessful.

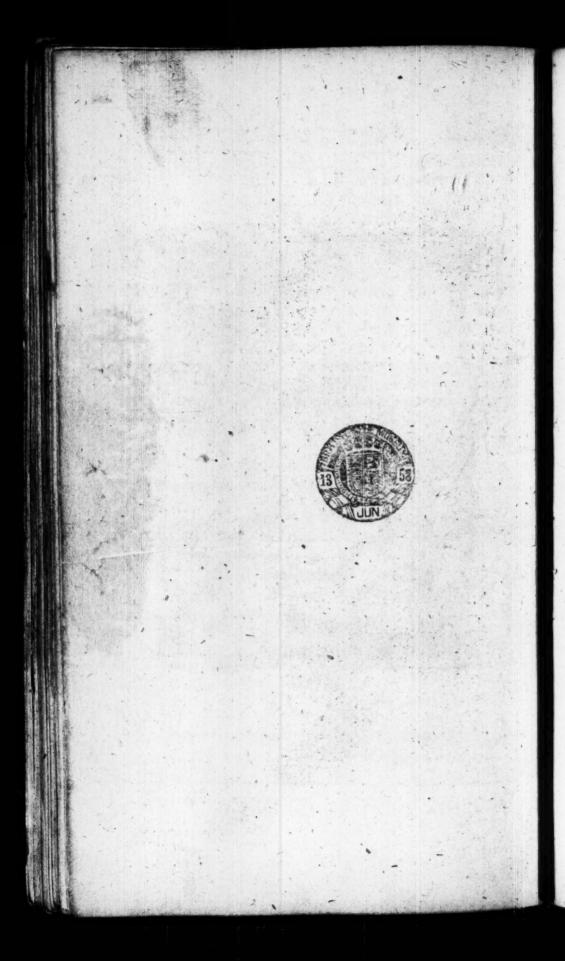
<sup>+</sup> A term in fencing.



Job. 7. 20.

Lord I have sinn'd! yet Oh! relieve my Care,

Nor Set me as a Mark thy Wrath to bear.



As blood of oxen, if my death might be An off'ring to atone my God and me, I would disdain injurious life, and stand A fuitor to be wounded from thy hand. But may thy wrongs be measure'd by the span Of life, or balance'd with the blood of man? No, no, eternal fin expects for guerdon \*, Eternal penance, or eternal pardon: Lay down thy weapons, turn thy wrath away, And pardon him that hath no price to pay; Enlarge that foul, which base presumption binds; Thy justice cannot loose what mercy finds; O thou that wilt not bruise the broken reed, Rub not my fores, nor prick the wounds that bleed. Lord, if thy peevish infant fights and flies, With unpare'd weapons, at his mother's eyes, Her frowns (half mix'd with smiles) may chance to An angry love-tick on his arm, or fo; Where, if the babe but make a lip and cry, Her heart begins to melt, and by-and-by She coaks I his dewy cheeks; her babe the bliffes, And choaks her language with a thousand kiffes. I am that child: lo, here I proftrate lie, Pleading for mercy; I repent, and cry For gracious pardon: let thy gentle ears Hear that in words, what mothers judge in tears: See not my frailties, Lord, but through & my fear, And look on ev'ry trefpass through a tear: Then calm thine anger, and appear more mild; Remember, th' art a father, I a child.

<sup>·</sup> Guerdon; i. e. reward.

I Coaks ; i. e. foothes.

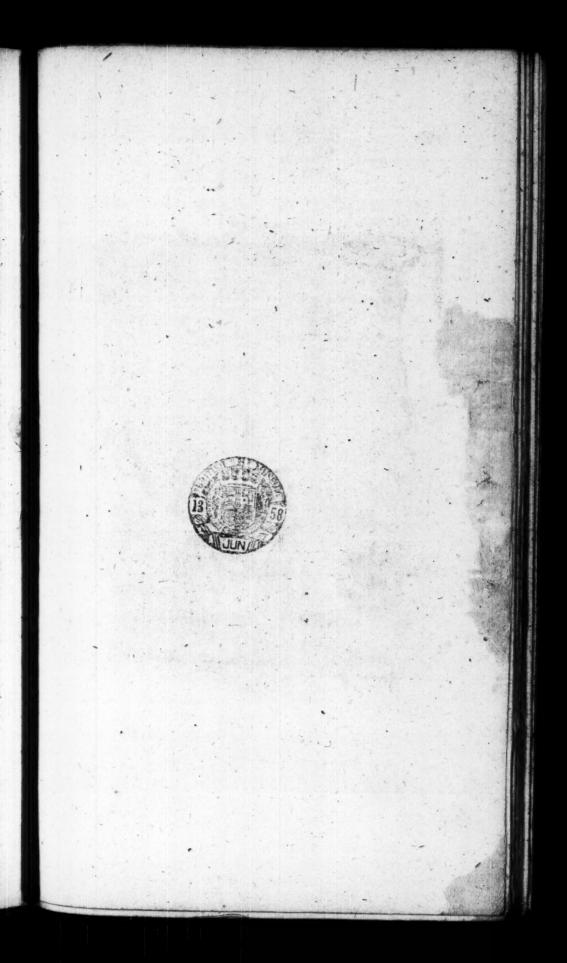
Ibrough; i. e. fee through.

## S. BERN. Ser. xxi. in Cant.

Miserable man! Who shall deliver me from the reproach of this shameful bondage? I am a miserable man, but a free man: free, because like to God; miserable, because against God. O keeper of mankind, why hast thou set me as a mark against thee? Thou hast set me, because thou hast not hindered me: it is just that thy enemy should be my enemy; and that he who repugneth thee, should repugn me: I, who am against thee, am against myself.

#### EPIG. 6.

But form'd, and fight? But born, and then rebel? How small a blast will make a bubble swell! But dare the floor affront the hand that made it? So apt is dust to fly in's face that made it!





Job .13. 24.

Restore me Lord; let me again find Grace;

And hide no more the Glories of thy Face;

#### VII

# Jов хііі. 24.

Wherefore hidest thou thy face, and holdest me for thine enemy?

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face? O why Does that eclipsing hand so long deny The sun-shine of thy soul-enliv'ning eye?

Without that light, what light remains in me? Thou art my life, my way, my light; in thee I live, I move, and by thy beams I fee.

Thou art my life; if thou but turn away, My life's a thousand deaths: thou art my way; Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art; without thy glorious fight, Mine eyes are darken'd with perpetual night. My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way; I wander if thou fly: Thou art my light; if hid, how blind am I! Thou art my life; if thou withdraw, I die,

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot fee; To whom, or whither should my darkness flee, But to the light; and who's that light but thee?

My path is loft, my wand'ring fleps do stray; I cannot fafely go, nor fafely stay; Whom should I feek but thee, my path, my way?

O, I am dead: to whom shall I, poor I, Repair? to whom shall my sad ashes sly, For life? and where is life but in thine eye?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fly'st me; And yet I sue for grace, and thou deny'st me; Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only try'st me?

Unscreen those heav'nly lamps, or tell me why Thou shade'st thy face? perhaps thou think'st no eye Can view those slames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth and draw thee nigh'r; Let me behold and die, for my desire Is, Phœnix-like, to perish in that fire.

Death-conquer'd Laz'rus was redeem'd by thee: If I am dead, Lord, fet death's pris'ner tree; Am I more spent, or stink I worse than he?

If my puff'd life be out, give leave to tine †
My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine;
O what's thy light the less for light'ning mine?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say, Shall I still wander in a doubtful way? Lord, shall a lamb of Isra'l's sheepfold stray?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye, The dead man's life: on thee my hopes rely; If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die.

Disclose thy sun-beams, close thy wings, and stay; See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray, O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

+ To tine, or tind; i. e. to light up.

# S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. i.

Why dost thou hide thy face? Haply thou wilt say, none can see thy face and live: Ah, Lord, let me die, that I may see thee; let me see thee, that I may die: I would not live, but die; that I may see Christ, I desire death; that I may live with Christ, I despise life.

# ANSELM. Med. Cap. v.

O excellent hiding, which is become my perfection! My God, thou hidest thy treasure, to kindle my desire: thou hidest thy pearl, to instame the seeker; thou delayest to give, that thou mayest teach me to importune; seemest not to hear, to make me persevere.

## EPIG. 7.

If Heav'n's all-quick'ning eyes vouchfafe to shine Upon our souls, we slight; if not, we whine: Our equinoctial hearts can never lie Secure beneath the tropics of that eye.

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#### VIII.

## JER. ix. I.

O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night.

THAT mine eyes were springs, and could trans-Their drops to feas; my fighs into a ftorm Of zeal, and facred violence, wherein This lab'ring veffel, laden with her fin, Might fuffer fudden shipwreck, and be split Upon that rock, where my drench'd foul may fit, O'erwhelm'd with plenteous passion : O, and there Drop, drop, into an everlasting tear ! Ah me! that ev'ry fliding vein that wanders Through this vast isle, did work her wild meanders In brackish tears instead of blood, and swell This flesh with holy dropsies, from whose well, Made warm with fighs, may fume my wasting breath, Whilft I dissolve in steams, and reek to death! Thefe narrow fluices of my dribbling eyes Are much too ftrait for those quick springs that rise, And hourly fill my temples to the top; I cannot fled for ev'ry fin a drop; Great Builder of mankind, why haft thou fent Such swelling floods, and made so small a vent? O that this flesh had been compos'd of snow, Instead of earth; and bones of ice, that fo, Feeling the fever of my fin, and loathing The fire I feel, I might have thaw'd to nothing!

O thou

O thou that didft, with hopeful joy, entomb Me thrice three moons in thy laborious womb. And then, with joyful pain, brought'ft forth a fon, What, worth thy labor, has thy labor done? What was there, ah! what was there in my birth That could deserve the easiest smile of mirth? A man was born; alas! and what's a man? A scuttle full of dust, a measure'd span Of flitting time; a furnish'd pack'd, whose wares Are fullen griefs, and foul-tormenting cares: A vale of tears, a veffel tunn'd with breath, By fickness broach'd, to be drawn out by death: A hapless, helpless thing, that, born, does cry To feed; that feeds to live, that lives to die. Great God and Man, whose eye spent drops so often For me, that cannot weep enough; O foften These marble brains, and strike this slinty rock; Or, if the music of thy Peter's cock Will more prevail, fill, fill my heark'ning ears With that fweet found, that I may melt in tears! I cannot weep, until thou broach mine eye; O give me vent, or else L burst, and die.

#### S. AMBROS. in Pfal. exviii.

He that commits sins to be wept for, cannot weep for sins committed: and, being himself most lamentable, hath no tears to lament his offences.

## NAZIANZ. Orat. iii.

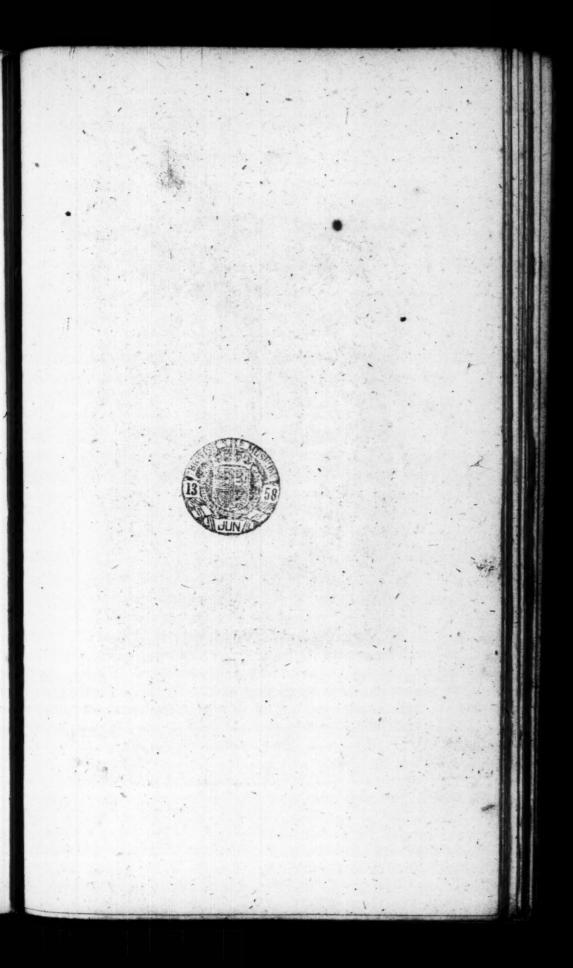
Tears are the deluge of sin, and the world's sacrifice.

#### S. HIERON, in Efaiam.

Prayer appeales God, but a tear compels him: that moves him, this constrains him.

#### EPIG. 8.

Earth is an island ported round with fears; Thy way to heav'n is through the sea of tears. It is a stormy passage, where is found The wreck of many a ship, but no man drown'd.





Pfalm 18.5.
In all my Ways the Snares of Death are found,
And Hell's worst Perils compass me around.

## Where can't thou falliy. XIv? where falcity go?

oon feet I how art thou harry'd to and fro

# flay; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee;

The forrows of hell compassed me about, and the snares of death prevented me.

S not this type well cut, in ev'ry part Full of rich cunning t file'd with Xeuxian art? Are not the hunters, and their Stygian hounds, Limn'd full to th' life! didft ever hear the founds Of music, and the lip-dividing breaths Of the strong-winded horn, recheats \*, and deaths. Done more exact? th' infernal Nimrods halloo? The lawless purlieus +? and the game they follow? The hidden engines, and the fnares that lie So undiscover'd, so obscure'd to th' eye? The new-drawn net, and her entangled prey? And him that closes it? Beholder, fay, Is't not well done? feems 't not an em'lous ftrife Betwixt the rare-cut picture and the life? These purlieu-men are devils; and the hounds (Those quick-nose'd canibals, that scour the grounds) Temptations; and the game, the fiends purfue, Are human fouls, which still they have in view; Whole fury if they chance to 'scape by flying, The skilful hunter plants his net, close lying On th' unsuspected earth, baited with treasure, Ambitious honour, and felf-wasting pleasure: Where, if the foul but stoop, death stands prepare'd To draw the net, and drown the fouls enfnare'd.

<sup>\*</sup> Recbeats: an hunting term; when the horn blows to a retreat from a false scent.

<sup>†</sup> Purlieus; i. e. forbidden ground.



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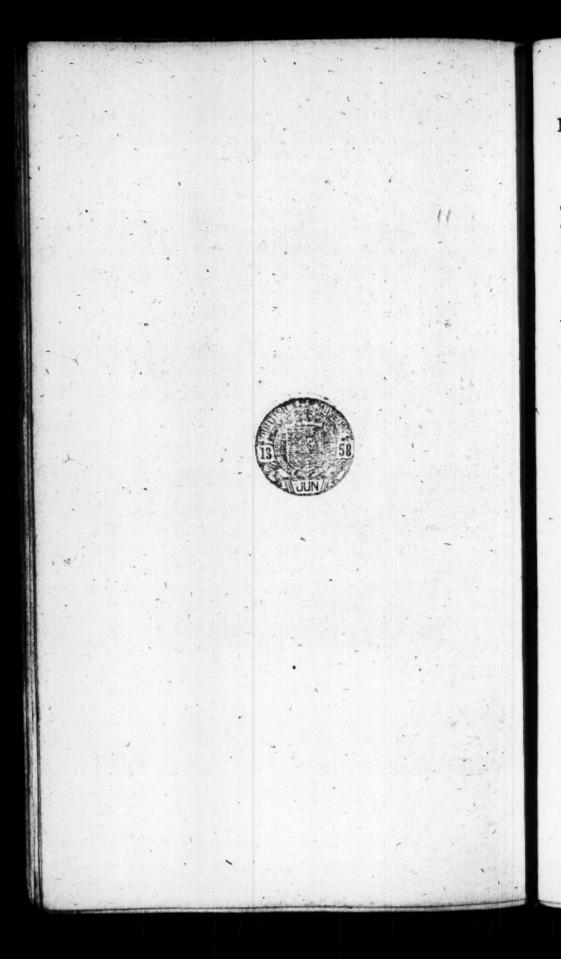
<sup>†</sup> Purlieus; i. e. forbidden ground.

Poor foul! how art thou hurry'd to and fro! Where canst thou safely stay? where safely go? If flay; these hot-mouth'd hounds are apt to tear thee: If go; the snares inclose, the nets ensnare thee: What good in this bad world has pow'r t' invite thee A willing guest? wherein can earth delight thee? Her pleasures are but itch; her wealth, but cares: A world of dangers, and a world of inares: The close pursuers' busy hands do plant Snares in thy substance; snares attend thy want: Snares in thy credit; fnares in thy difgrace: Snares in thy high estate; snares in thy base: Snares tuck thy bed; and fnares furround thy board: Snares watch thy thoughts; and inares attach thy word: Snares in thy quiet; fnares in thy commotion: Snares in thy diet; fnares in thy devotion: Snares burk in thy refolves; fnares in thy doubt: Snares lie within thy heart, and snares without: Snares are above thy head, and fnares beneath: Snares in thy fickness, snares are in thy death. O! if these purlieus be so full of danger, Great God of harts, the world's fole fov'reign ranger, Preserve thy deer; and let my foul be blest In thy safe forest, where I seek for rest: Then let the hell-hounds roar, I fear no ill; Rouse me they may, but have no pow'r to kill.

B.III. Emb. 8.



Jar 9.1.
0! that mine Eyes, like Fountains, would begin
To stream with Tears proportion'd to my Sin.



# S. AMBROS. Lib. iv. in Cap. 4. Lucæ.

The reward of honors, the height of power, the delicacy of diet, and the beauty of an harlot, are the snares of the devil.

#### S. AMBROS. de Bono Mortis.

Whilst thou seekest pleasures, thou runnest into snares; for the eye of the harlot, is the snare of the adulterer.

# SAVANAR.

In cating, he sets before us gluttony; in generation, luxury; in labor, sluggishness; in conversing, envy; in governing, covetousness; in correcting, anger; in honor, pride: in the heart, he sets evil thoughts; in the mouth, evil words; in actions; evil works: when awake, he moves us to evil actions; when assep, to filthy dreams.

## EPIG. 9.

Be sad, my heart, deep dangers 'wait thy mirth: Thy soul's way-laid by sea, by hell, by earth: Hell has her hounds; earth, snares; the sea, a shelf; But, most of all, my heart, beware thyself.

Pay merits aload thy vonger

of hear of one a dalletete . . 1; Ditto a

S. AMBLOS. Do.X. b. Co. Luca.

#### PSALM CXLIII. 2.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy fight shall no man living be justified.

JESUS. JUSTICE. SINNER.

BRing forth the pris ner, Justice. Ju. Thy com-Are done, just judge: see here the pris ner stands. Jes. What has the pris ner done? Say, what's the

Of his commitment? Just. He hath broke the laws Of his too gracious God; conspire'd the death Of that great Majesty that gave him breath, And heaps transgression, Lord, upon transgression.

Fest. How know'st thou this? Just. Ev'n by his own His sins are crying; and they cry'd aloud: [confession: They cry'd to heav'n, they cry'd to heav'n for blood. Fest. What say'st thou, sinner? hast thou aught to plead, That sentence should not pass? Hold up thy head,

And shew thy brasen, thy rebellious face.

Sin. Ah me! I dare not: I'm too vile and base
To tread upon the earth; much more, to list
Mine eyes to heav'n: I need no other shrift\*
Than mine own conscience: Lord, I must conses,
I am no more than dust, and no whit less
Than my indictment styles me; Ah! if thou
Search too severe, with too severe a brow,
What slesh can stand? I have transgress'd thy laws;
My merits plead thy vengeance; not my cause.

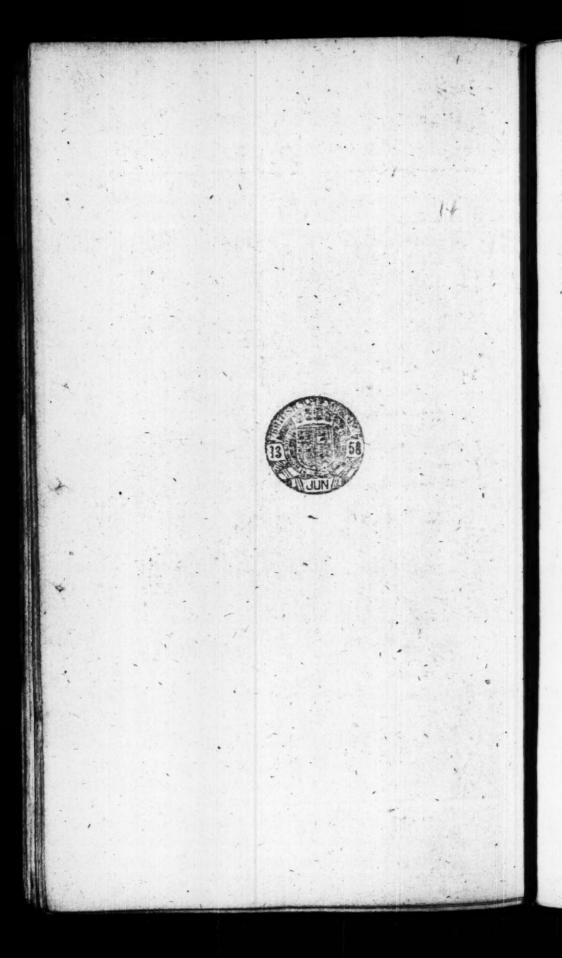
<sup>\*</sup> Sbrift; i. e. confession; an old word for auricular confession, with papists.



Pfalm 143.2.

O Lord, let not thy Judgment be severe;

For in thy sight, what Soul from Sin is clear!



Just Lord, shall I strike the blow? Yes. Hold, Justice, Sinner, speak on; what hast thou more to say? [stay:

Sin. Vile as I am, and of myself abhorr'd, I am thy handy-work, thy creature, Lord, Stampt with thy glorious image, and, at first, Most like to thee, though now a poor accurst, Convicted caitiff, and degen'rous creature, [greater. Here trembling at thy bar. Just. Thy fault's the Lord, shall I strike the blow? Jest. Hold, Justice, stay. Speak, sinner; hast thou nothing else to say?

Sin. Nothing but mercy, mercy, Lord; my state

Is miferably poor and desperate:

I quite renounce myself, the world, and slee From Lord to Jesus, from thyself to thee.

Just. Cease thy vain hopes; my angry God has Abused mercy must have blood for blood: [vow'd, Shall I yet strike the blow? Jest. Stay, Justice, hold; My bowels yearn, my fainting blood grows cold. To view the trembling wretch; methinks, I spy My Father's image in the pris'ner's eye.

fust. I cannot hold. Fest. Then turn thy thirsty Into my sides, let there the wound be made: [blade Chear up, dear soul; redeem thy life with mine: My soul shall smart, my heart shall bleed for thine.

Sin. O groundless \* deeps! O love beyond degree! Th' offended dies to set th' offender free.

<sup>\*</sup> Groundless; i. e. without bottom.

#### S. AUGUST.

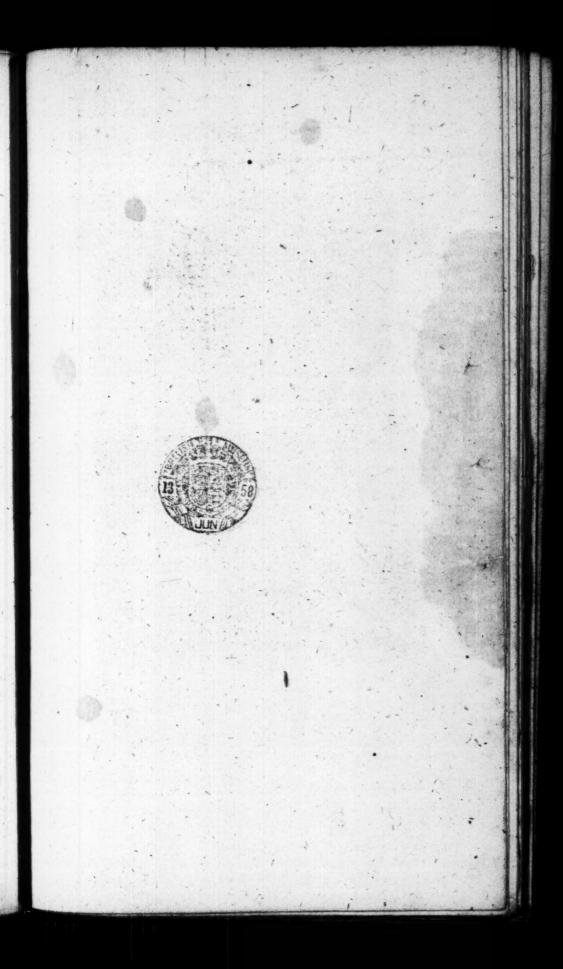
Lord, if I have done that, for which thou mayest damn me; thou hast not lost that whereby thou mayest lave me. Remember not, sweet Jesus, thy justice against the sinner, but thy benignity towards thy creature: remember not to proceed against a guilty soul, but remember thy mercy towards a miserable wretch: forget the insolence of the provoker, but behold the misery of the invoker; for what is Jesus but a Saviour?

## ANSELM.

Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins have done against thee: my sless hath provoked thee to vengeance; let the sless of Christ move thee to mercy: it is much that my rebellions have deserved; but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited.

#### EPIG. 10.

Mercy of mercies! He that was my drudge, Is now my Advocate, is now my judge: He suffers, pleads, and sentences, alone: Three I adore, and yet adore but One.





Pfalm 69.15.
My Bark's already wreck'd! 0 timely save
Thy wretched Suppliant from a Watry Grave!

#### XI.

## PSALM Ixix. 15.

Let not the water-flood overflow me, neither let the deep fwallow me up.

HE world's a fea; my flesh a ship that's mann'd With lab'ring thoughts, and steer'd by reason's. My heart's the feaman's card\*, whereby fhe fails; [hand: My loofe affections are the greater fails; The top-fail is my fancy; and the gufts, That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts, Pray'r is the cable, at whose end appears The anchor hope, ne'er flipp'd but in our fears: My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands The stagg'ring keel; my fins are like the fands Repentance is the bucket; and mine eye The pump unus'd (but in extremes) and dry: My conscience is the plummet that does press The deeps, but seldom cries, O fathomless! Smooth calm's fecurity; the gulf, despair; My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare : My foul's the passenger, confus'dly driv'n From fear to fright; her landing port is heav'n. My feas are stormy, and my ship doth leak; My failors rude; my fleersman faint and weak: My canvais torn, it flaps from fide to fide; My cable's crack'd, my anchor's flightly ty'd; My pilot's craz'd; my thipwreck-fands are cloak'd; My bucket's broken, and my pump is choak'd; My calm's deceitful, and my gulf too nea; My wares are flubber'd, and my fare's too dear:

Vol. I [N°4] My

My plummet's light, it cannot fink nor found; O, shall my rock-bethreaten'd soul be drown'd? Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm: Instruct my failors, guide my steersman's arm: Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails; Send stiffer courage, or fend milder gales: Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster; Direct my pilot, and be thou his mafter: Object the fands to my more ferious view, Make found my bucket, bore my pump anew: New cast my plummet, make it apt to try Where the rocks lurk, and where the quickfands lie; Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care; Cleanse thou my freight; accept my slender fare; Refresh the sea-sick passenger; cut short His voyage; land him in his wished port: Thou, thou, whom winds and stormy feas obey, That thro' the sea gav'ft grumbling Isr'el way, Say to my foul, Be fafe; and then mine eye Shall scorn grim death, altho' grim death stand by. O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish Thy finking Peter, at the point to perish, Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave, I'll come, I'll come: the voice that calls will fave.

# S. AMBROS. Apol. poft, pro David. Cap. ili.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the seafaring soul, that reason cannot govern it.

# S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. xxxv.

We labor in the boisterous sea: thou standest upon the shore, and seest our dangers; give us grace to hold a middle course betwiet Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.

#### EPIG. 11.

My foul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger In these salse coasts: O keep aloof; there's danger: Cast forth thy plummet; see, a rock appears: Thy ship wants sea-room; make it with thy tears.

#### XII.

# Jов жіv. 13.

O that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, that thou wouldst keep me in secret, until thy wrath be past!

Owhither shall I fly? what path untrod Shall I feek out, to scape the flaming rod Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where shall I sojourn? what kind sea will hide My head from thunder? where shall I abide, Until his slames be quench'd or laid aside?

What if my feet should take their hasty slight, And seek protection in the shades of night? Alas! no shades can blind the God of light.

What if my foul should take the wings of day, And find some desert? If she springs away, The wings of vengeance clip \* as fast as they.

What if some solid rock should entertain
My frighted soul? can solid rocks restrain
The stroke of justice, and not cleave in twain?

Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave, Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave, What stame-e, e'd sury means to smite, can save.

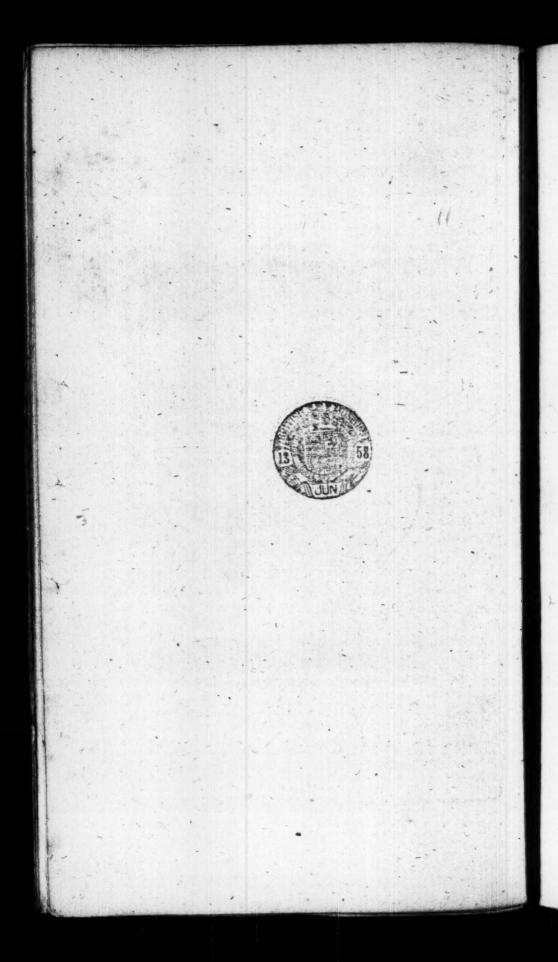
The seas will part, graves open, rocks will split; The shield will cleave; the srighted shadows slit: Where Justice aims, her stery darts must hit.

\* Clip; i. e. cut the air, or fly.



Job 14.13.

O! that I could some secret place explore, To hide me till the Hour of Wrath be o'er!



No, no, if stern-brow'd vengeance means to thunder, There is no place above, beneath, or under, So close, but will unlock, or rive in funder.

'Tis vain to flee; 'tis neither here nor there Can 'scape that hand, until that hand forbear; Ah me! where is he not, that's every-where?

'I is vain to flee, till gentle mercy shew Her better eye; the farther off we go, The swing of justice deals the mightier blow.

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not fly His angry mother's hand; but clings more nigh, And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Shadows are faithless, and the rocks are false; No trust in brass, no trust in marble walls; Poor cots are ev'n as sase as princes' halls.

Great God! there is no safety here below; Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe: 'Tis thou, that strike'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Thou art my God, by thee I fall or fland; Thy grace hath giv'n me courage to withstand All tortures, but my conscience and thy hand.

I know thy justice is thyself; I know, Just God, thy very sell is mercy too; If not to thee, where, whither shall I go?

Then work thy will; if passion bid me slee, My reason shall obey; my wings shall be Stretch'd out no further than from thee to thee.

### S. AUGUST. in Pfal. xxxiii.

Whither fly I? To what place can I fafely fly? to what mountain? to what den? to what strong house? what castle shall I hold? what walls shall hold me? whithersoever I go, myself followeth me: for whatsoever thou stiest, O man, thou mayest, but thy own conscience: wheresoever O Lord, I go, I find thee: if angry, a revenger; if appeased, a redeemer: what way have I, but to sly from thee to thee? That thou mayest avoid thy God, address to the Lord.

## EPIG. 12.

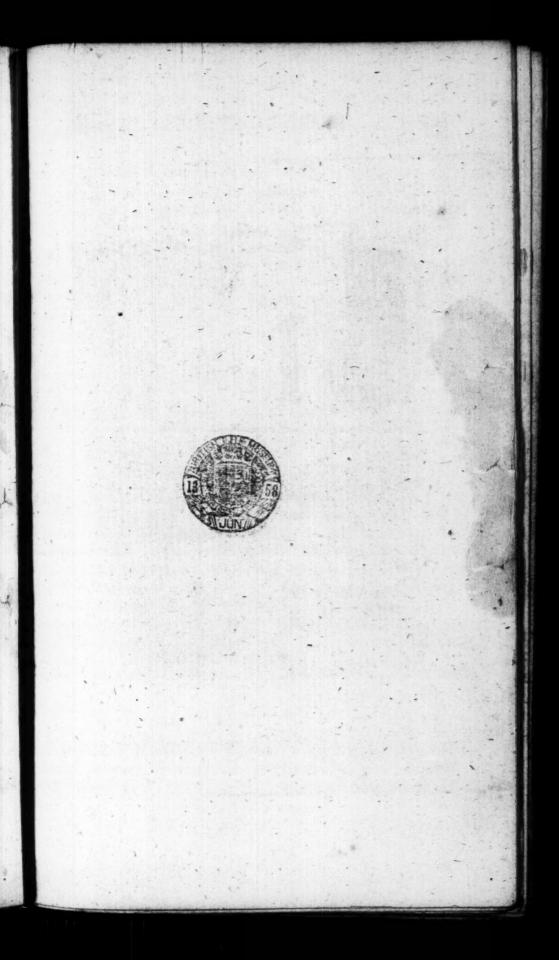
Hath vengeance found thee? can thy fears command? No rocks to shield thee from her thund'ring hand? Know'st thou not where to 'scape? I'll tell thee where; My soul, make clean thy conscience; hide thee there.

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Job.10.20.

My Days are few; spare then my forfeit Breath: The Glafs runs fast that yields me up to Death.

# head on this dial, howning findes devour. My thore-lived we men s way to hour ears up hour

Alas I the total s beeffe. & Boll to four.

Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little.

My thriftless day too soon: my poor request Is, that my glass may run but out the rest.

My time-devoured minutes will be done
Without thy help; fee, fee how fwift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be foun,

The gain's not great I purchase by this stay; What loss sustain's thou hy so small delay, To whom ten thousand years are but a day!

My foll wing eye can hardly make a shift.
To count my winged hours; they sly so swift,
They scarce deserve the bounteous name of gift.

The fecret wheels of hurrying time do give So thort a warning, and so fall they drive, That I am dead before I feem to live.

And what's a life? A weary pilgrimage, Whose glory, in one day, doth fill the stage. With childhood, manhood, and decrepid age.

And what's a life? The flourishing array
Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

And what's a life? A blast sustain'd with cleathing, Maintain'd with food, retain'd with vile self-loathing, Then weary of itself, a gain to nothing. Read Read on this dial, how the shades devour My short-liv'd winter's day; hour eats up hour; Alas I the total's but from eight to sour.

Behold these lilies (which thy hands have made Fair copies of my life, and open laid To view), how soon they droop, how soon they sade!

Shade not that dial night will blind too foon; My non-age'd day already points to noon; How fimple is my fuit, how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this stender inch, to while
The time away, or safely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a smile.

No, no: 'tis not to please my wanton ears With frantic mirth, I beg but hours, not years: And what thou giv'st me, I will give to tears.

Draw not that foul which would be rather led: That Seed has not yet broke my ferpent's head; O shall I die before my sins are dead?

Behold these rags; am I a fitting guest To taste the dainties of thy royal feast, With hands and sace unwash'd, ungert, unblest?

First, let the Jordan streams, that find supplies From the deep sountain of my heart, arise And cleanse my spots, and clear my lep'rous eyes.

I have a world of fins to be lamented;
I have a sea of tears that must be vented:
O spare till then; and then I die contented.

### S. AUGUST. Lib. de Civit. Dei, Cap. x.

The time wherein we live, is taken from the space of our life; and what remaineth, is daily made less, insomuch that the time of our life is nothing but a passage to death.

## S. GREG. Lib. ix. Cap. xliv. in Job.

As moderate afflictions bring tears, so immoderate take away tears; infomuch that that sorrow becometh no sorrow, which, swallowing up the mind of the afflicted, taketh away the sense of the affliction.

### EPIG. 13.

girin, agradi keriper jiki ili aleragis Larak sir. Seb ekir swemi ilin 2007

Fear'st thou to go, when such an arm invites thee? Dread'st thou thy loads of sin? or what affrights thee? If thou begin to fear, thy fear begins: Fool, can he bear thee hence, and not thy sins?

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### XIV.

### DEUT. XXXII. 29.

O that they were wife, that they underflood this, that they would confider their latter end!

#### FLESH.

### SPIRIT.

Fl. WHAT means my fifter's eye so oft to pass
Thro' the long entry of that optic glass?
Tell me; what secret virtue doth invite
Thy wrinkled eye to such unknown delight?
Sp. It helps the sight, makes things remote appear

In perfect view; it draws the objects near.

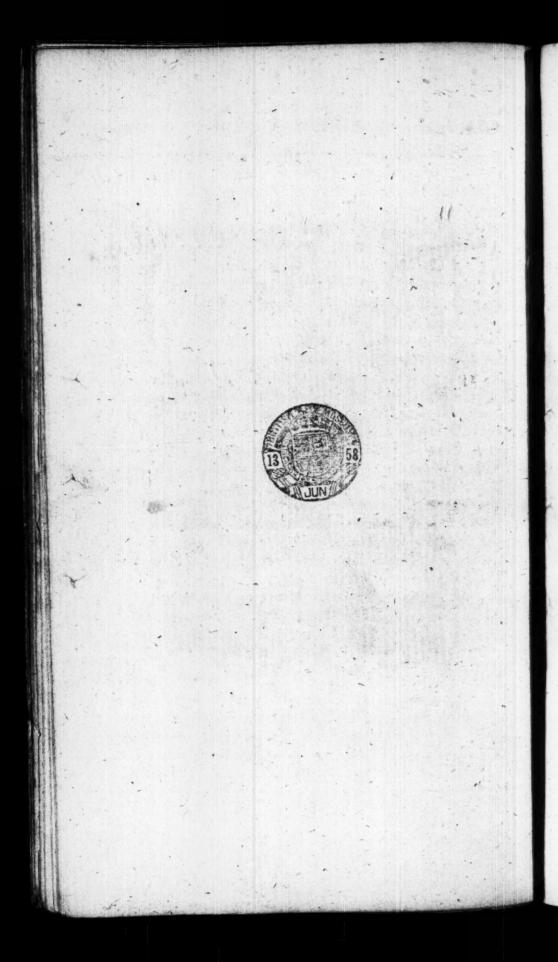
Fl. What sense delighting objects dost thou spy? What doth that glass present before thine eye?

Sp. I see thy foc, my reconciled friend,
Grim death, ev'n standing at the glass's end:
His left hand holds a branch of palm; his right
Holds forth a two-edg'd sword. Fl. A proper sight.
And is this all? Doth thy prospective please
'Th' abused fancy with no shapes but these?

Of all his light, the battlements of heav'n Swelt'ring in flames; the angel-guarded Son Of glory on his high tribunal-throne; I fee a brimftone fea of boiling fire, And fiends, with knotted whips of flaming wire, Tort'ring poor fouls, that gnash their teeth in vain, And gnaw their flame-tormented tongues for pain. Look, sister, how the queasy-stomach'd graves Vomit their dead, and how the purple waves Scald their consumeless bodies; strongly cursing All wombs for bearing, and all paps for nursing.



Deuteron: 32.29.
O that Mankind would Wisdom's Voice attend!
In Life preparing for their latter End.



Fl. Can thy distemper'd fancy take delight In view of tortures? These are shows t'affright: Look in this glass triangular; look here, Here's that will ravish eyes. Sp. What seess thou there?

Fl. The world in colours; colours that distain
The cheeks of Proteus, or the silken train
Of Flora's nymphs; such various forts of hue,
As sun-confronting Iris never knew:
Here, if thou please to beautify a town,
Thou may'st; or, with a hand, turn't upside down;
Here may'st thou scant or widen by the measure
Of thine own will; make short or long at pleasure:
Here may'st thou tire thy fancy, and advise
With shows more apt to please more curious eyes.

Sp. Ah fool! that doat'st on vain, on present toys, And disrespect'st those true, those future joys; How strongly are thy thoughts befool'd, alas! To doat on goods that perish with thy glass; Nay, vanish with the turning of a hand! Were they but painted colours, it might stand With painted reason that they might devote thee; But things that have no being to befor thee! Foresight of suture torments is the way To balk those ills which present joys bewray. As thou hast fool'd thyself, so now come hither, Break that fond glass, and let's be wise together.

### S. BONAVENT. de Contemptu Sæculi.

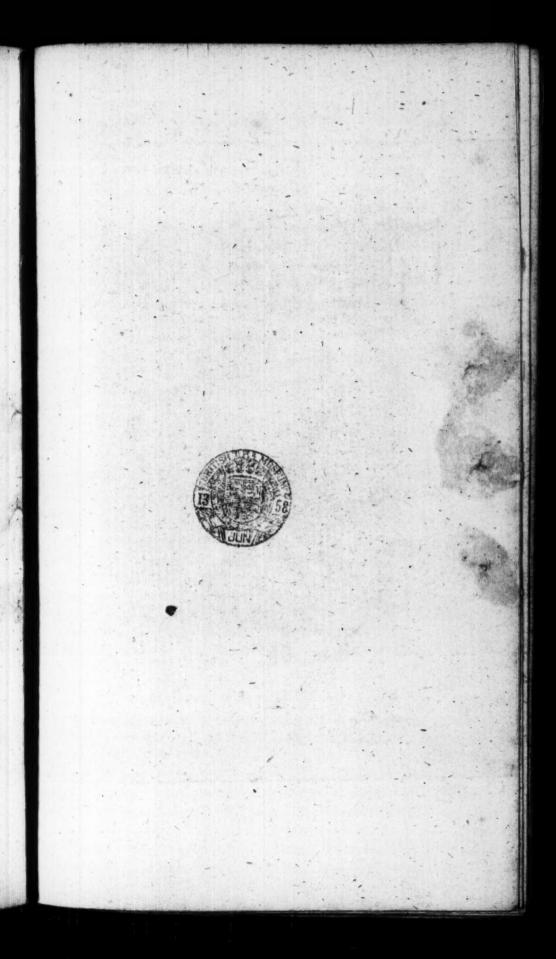
O that men would be wise, and understand, and foresee! Be wise, to know three things: the multitude of
those that are to be damned; the few number of those that
are to be saved; and the vanity of transitory things: understand three things; the multitude of sins, the omission
of good things, and the loss of time: foresee three things;
the danger of death, the last judgment, and eternal punishment.

### EPIG. 14.

What, foul, no further yet? what, ne'er commence Master in faith? Still bachelor of sense? Is't insufficiency? or what has made thee O'erslip thy lost degree? Thy lusts have staid thee.

A CONTRACTOR

harded that four tryings on now or





Pfalm 31.10.

My Days and Nights in constant Grief are spent; Unhappy still, I live but to lament.

### XV.

### PSALM XXX. 10.

My life is spent with grief, and my years with fighing.

HAT fullen flar ruled my untimely birth, That would not lend my days one hour of mirth? How oft have these bare knees been bent to gain. The slender alms of one poor smile in vain l How often, tire'd with the fastidious light, Have my faint lips implore'd the shades of might ! How often have my nightly torments pray'd For ling'ring twilight, glutted with the shade! Day worse than night, night worse than day appears;
In fears I spend my nights, my days in tears:
I moan unpity d, grown without relief;
There is no end not measure of my grief. The fmiling flow'r falutes the day; it grows Untouch'd with care, it neither spins nor sows: O that my tedious life were like this flow'r, 'Or freed from grief, or finish'd with an hour! Why was I born? why was I born a man? And why proportion'd by so large a span ? Or why fulpended by the common lot? And, being born to die, why die I not? Ah me! why is my forrow-wasted breath Deny'd the easy privilege of death? The branded flave, that tugs the weary oar, Obtains the fabbath of a welcome shore: His ranfom'd stripes are heal'd; his native foil Sweetens the mem'ry of his foreign toil:

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N

But

But ah! my forrows are not half fo bleft; My labour finds no point, my pains no reft: I barter fighs for tears, and tears for groans, Still vainly rolling Sifyphæan stones. Thou just observer of our flying hours, That, with thy adamantine fang, devours The brasen mon'ments of renowned kings, Doth thy glass stand? or be thy moulting wings Unapt to fly? if not, why doft thou spare A willing breast, that hath but only breath To beg a wound, and strength to crave a death? O that the pleased heav'ns would once diffolve all These fleshly fetters, that so fast involve " , 1910 wol My hamper'd foul! then would my foul be bleft From all those ills, and wrap her thoughts in reft : West Till then, my days are months, my months are years; My years are ages, to be spent in tears; is it show years My grief's entail'd upon my wasteful breath. Which no recov'ry can cut off but death. Ideal caom Breath drawn in cottages, puff'd out in moans, 3196 1 Begins, continues, and concludes in groans.

Or tree states of the first of the state of

And vide productions is (i see a red)
Or whe had been seed to the contraction for A rid, hear to be a red to the contraction for the contraction of the cont

Enne'd the enty privilege of death in a brander flave, short use, concerns of death in the brander flave, short use, concerns the flabbarh, of a velocitie flavour bis ranform'd first one and a cellulation flavour beatens the mean by of lags to cellulate.

INNO-

### INNOGENT. de Vilitate Condit, humanæ.

O who will give mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may bewail the miserable ingress of man's condition; the sinful progress of man's conversation; the damnable egress in man's dissolution? I will consider with tears, whereof man was made, what man doth, and what man is to do: alas! he is formed of earth, conceived in fin, born to punishment: be doth evil things, which are not lawful, he doth filthy things, which are not decent; he doth vain things, which are not expedient.

### and they she to contain EPIG. 15.

places torreduce from an application for the con-

My heart, thy life's a debt by bond, which bears A secret date; the use is groans and tears : Plead not; usurious nature will have all, As well the int'rest as the principal.

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### THE

## FOURTH BOOK.

#### ł.

### Rom. vii. 23.

I fee another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin.

OHOW my will is hurry'd to and fro,
And how my unrefolv'd refolves do vary!
I know not where to fix; sometimes I go
This way, then that, and then the quite contrary:
I like, dislike; lament for what I could not;
I do, undo; yet still do what I should not.
And at the self-same instant will the thing I would not.

Thus are my weather-beaten thoughts opprest
With th' earth-bred winds of my prodigious will;
Thus am I hourly tost from east to west
Upon the rolling streams of good and ill:
Thus am I driv'n upon the slipp'ry suds
From real ills to false apparent goods:
My life's a troubled sea, compos'd of ebbs and sloods.

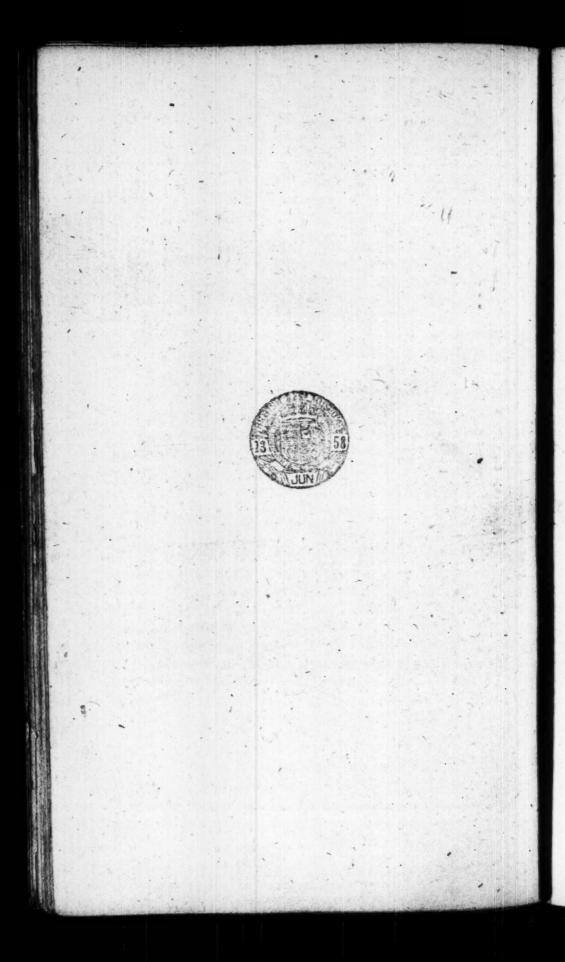
The curious penman, having trimm'd his page
With the dead language of his dabbled quill,
Lets fall a heedless drop, then in a rage
Cashiers the fruits of his unlucky skill;
Ev'n so my pregnant soul, in th' infant bud
Of her best thoughts, show'rs down a coal-black
Of unadvised ills, and cancels all her good. [flood
Some-



Rom. 7.23.

But in my Flesh another Law I find.

Tending to Sin; which captivates my Mind.



Sometimes a sudden flash of sacred heat.

Warms my chill foul, and sets my thoughts in frame;
But soon that fire is shoulder'd from her seat.

By suffull Cupid's much inserior slame.

I feel two slames, and yet no slame intire;

Thus are the mongrel thoughts of mixt defire. Consume'd between that heav'nly and this earthly fire.

Sometimes my trash-disdaining thoughts outpass
The common period of terrene conceit;
O then methinks I scorn the thing I was,
Whilst I stand ravish'd at my new estate:
But when th' Icarian wings of my desire
Feel but the warmth of their own native fire,
O then they melt, and plunge within their wonted mire.

I know the nature of my wav'ring mind;
I know the frailty of my fleshly will:
My passion's eagle eye'd; my judgment blind;
I know what's good, but yet make choice of ill.
When th' ostrich wings of my desires shall be
So dull, they cannot mount the least degree,
Yet grant my soul desire, but of desiring thee.

### S. BERN. Med. ix.

My beart is a vain heart, a vagabond and inflable heart; while it is led by its own judgment, and wanting divine counsel, cannot subsift in itself; and whilst it divers ways seeketh rest, sindeth none, but remained miserable through labor, and vaid of peace: it agreeth not with itself, it dissents from itself; it altereth resolutions, changeth the judgment, frameth new thoughts, pulleth down the old, and buildeth them up again: it willeth, and willeth not; and never remaineth in the same state.

### S. AUGUST. de Verb. Apoft.

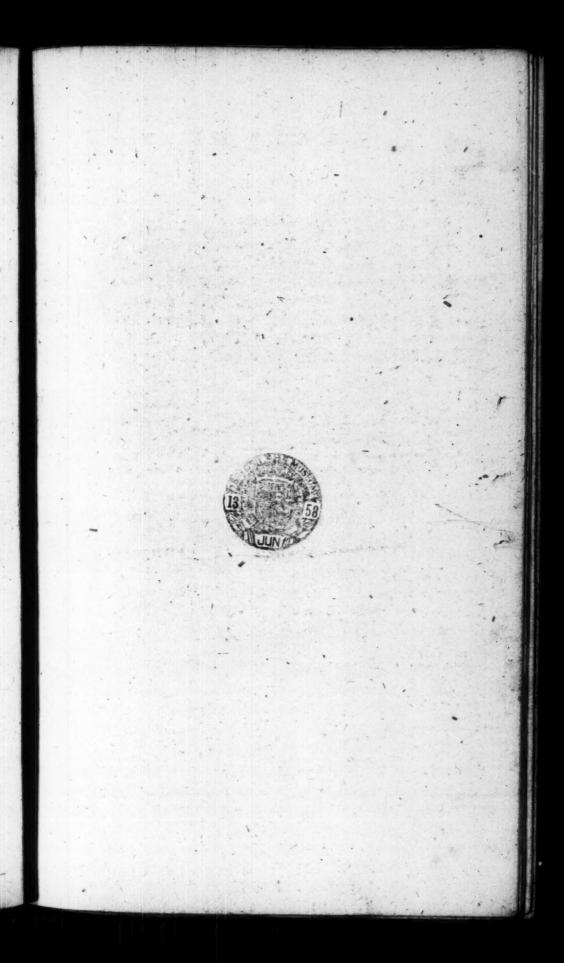
When it would, it cannot; because when it might, it would not; therefore by an evil will man lost his good power.

### EPIG. W

My foul, how are thy thoughts difturb'd, confin'd, Enlarg'd betwixt thy members and thy mind!

Fix here or there; thy doubt-depending cause

Can ne'er expect one verdict 'twixt two laws.





Pfalm ng.5.

O that my wandring Steps might guided be. To keep the Road whose Paths direct to Thee!

Ы

O that my ways were directed to keep thy flatutes!

With pilgrim face furnound the weary earth?
I only relish what the world counts vain;

Her mirth's my grief; her fullen grief, my mirth; Her light my darkness; and her truth my error. Her freedom is my gaol; and her delight my terror.

To my long flay; let not thy thoughts deceive thee;
Thou art my prison, and my home's above;
My life's a preparation but to leave thee:
Like one that feeks a door, I walk about thee:

With thee I cannot live; I cannot live without thee:

The world's a lab'rinth, whole anfractuous ways
Are all compos'd of rubs and crook'd meanders:
No refting here; he's hurry'd back that flays
A thought; and he that goes unguided, wanders:
Her way is dark, her path untrod, unev'n;
So hard's the way from earth; fo hard's the way to heav'n!

This gyring + lab rinsh is betrench'd about
On either hand with streams of sulph rous fire;
Streams closely sliding, erring in and out,
But seeming pleasant to the fond descrier:
Where, if his sootsteps trust their own invention,

Where, if his footleps trult their own invention,.
He falls without redress, and finks without dimension.

\* Anfractuous; i. e. winding about. † Gyring; i.e. full of turnings. Where

Where shall I seek a guide? where shall I meet
Some lucky hand to lead my trembling paces?
What trusty lantern will direct my feet

To 'scape the danger of these dang'rous places?

What hopes have I to pass without a guide?

Where one gets safely through, a thousand fall beside.

An unrequested star did gently slide

Before the wise men, to a greater light;

Backsliding Isra'l found a double guide;

A pillar and a cloud—by day, by night:

Yet in my desp'rate dangers, which be far

More great than theirs, I have no pillar, cloud, nor star.

O'that the pinions of a clipping dove
Would cut my passage through the empty air;
Mine eyes being seal'd, how would I mount above
The reach of danger and forgotten care!

Mybackward eyes should ne'er committhat fault.

My backward eyes should ne'er commit that fault, Whose lasting guilt should build a monument of sale.

Great God, that art the flowing spring of light,

Enrich mine eyes with thy resulgent ray:

Thou art my path; direct my steps aright;

I have no other light, no other way:

I'll trust my God, and him alone pursue; His law shall be my path; his heavenly light, my clue.

\* Clipping; i. e. fwift-flying.

## S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. iv.

O Lord, who art the light, the way, the truth, the life; in whom there is no dankness, error, wantly, nor death: the light, without which there is darkness; the way, without which there is wandening; the truth, without which there is error; the life, without which there is death: say, Lord, Let there be light, and I shall see light, and aschew darkness; I shall see the way, and avoid wandering; I shall see the truth, and shun error; I shall see life, and escape death: illuminate, O illuminate my blind soul, which sitteth in darkness, and the shadow of death; and direct my feet in the way of peace.

## EPIG. 2.

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Pilgrim, trudge on: what makes thy foul complain, Crowns thy complaint; the way to reft, is pain: The road to refolution, lies by doubt: The next way home's the farthest way about.

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But when I come to thee ere Cod, that are The revel topes of ever filling medians.

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## AUGUSH. Salled Centiv.

### PSALM XVII. 5.

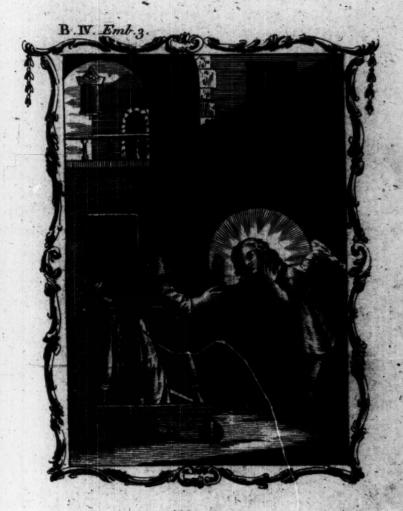
Stay my fleps in thy paths, that my feet do not flide.

Hene'er the old exchange of profit rings
Her filver faints-bell of uncertain gains;
My merchant-foul can stretch both legs and wings,
How I can run, and take unweary d pains!
The charms of profit are so strong, that I,
Who wanted legs to go, find wings to fly-

If time-beguiling pleasure but advance
Her luftfull trump, and blow her bold alarms,
O how my sportful soul can finsk and dance,
And hug that syren in her twined arms! [sure
The sprightly voice of sinew-strength ning pleaCan lend my bedrid soul both legs and leisure.

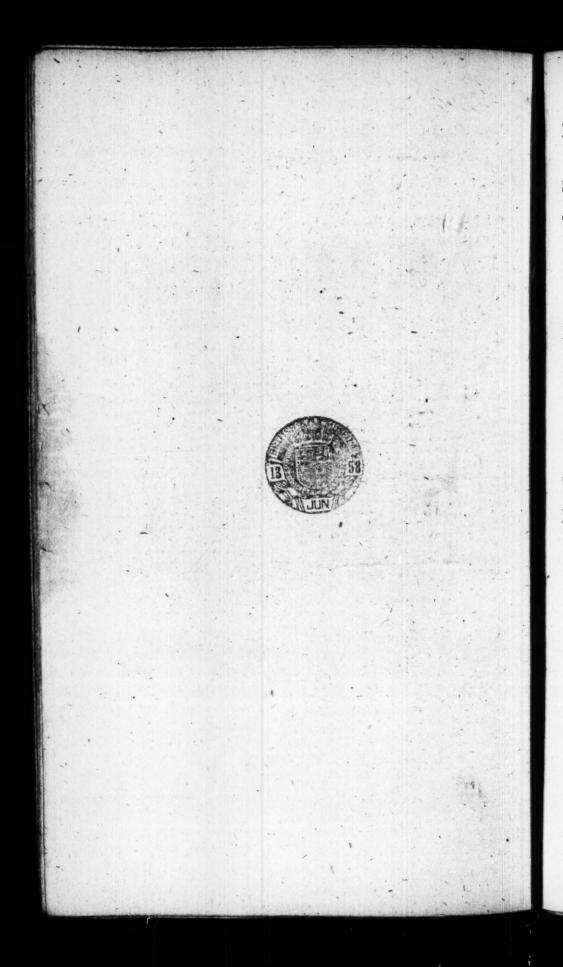
If blazing honor chance to fill my veins
With flatt'ring warmth, and flash of courtly fire,
My foul can take a pleasure in her pains:
My lofty strutting steps distain to tire;
My antic knees can turn upon the hinges
Of compliment, and scrue a thousand cringes.

But when I come to thee, my God, that art
The royal mine of everlasting treasure,
The real honor of my better part,
And living fountain of eternal pleasure;
How nerveless are my limbs! how faint and slow!
I have no wings to sly, nor legs to go.



Pfalm. 17.5.

Thus, let me still attend my heavily Guide. That in his Ways my Footsteps may not shide.



So when the streams of swift foot Rhine convey
Her upland riches to the Belgic shore,
The idle vessel slides the wat'ry way,
Without the blast, or tug, of wind or oar:
Her slipp'ry keel divides the silver foam
With ease; so facile is the way from home!

But when the home-bound vessel turns her sails
Against the breast of the resisting stream,
O then she slugs; nor sail, nor oar prevails;
The stream is sturdy, and her tide's extreme:
Each stroke is loss, and ev'ry tug is vain:
A boat-length's purchase is a league of pain.

Great All in all, that art my rest, my home;
My way is tedious, and my steps are slow:
Reach forth thy helpful hand, or bid me come;
I am thy child, O teach thy child to go:
Conjoin thy sweet commands to my desire,
And I will venture, though I fall or tire.

## S. AUGUST. Ser. xx de Verba Apoft.

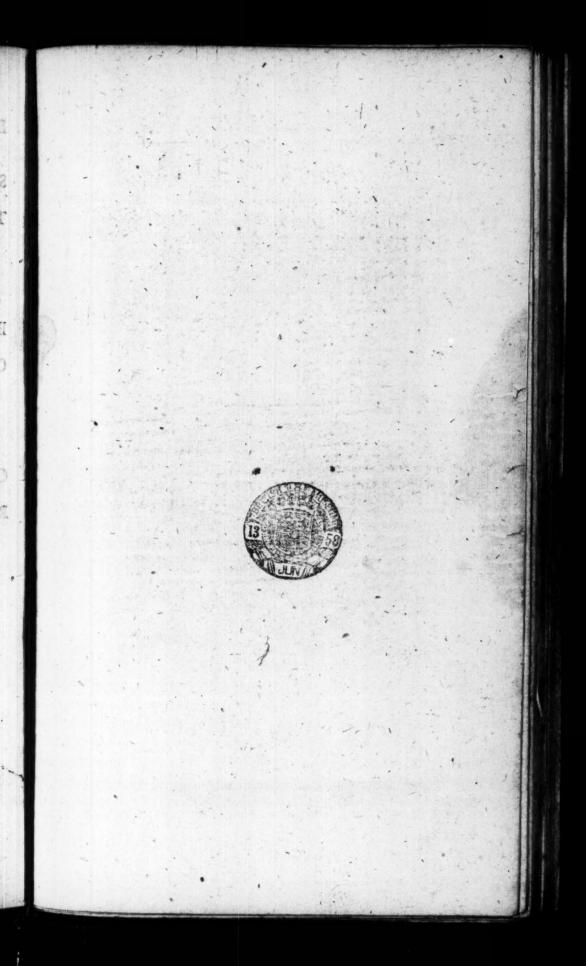
Be always displeased at what those art, if thou desires to attain to what those art note for where those hast pleased thyself, there those abidest. But if those sures, I have enough, those perishest: always add, always walk, always proceed; neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate: he that standeth still, proceedeth not; he goeth back, that continueth not; he deviateth, that revolteth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way, than he that rumeth out of his way.

# al gun france, and se silvet dans.

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an thy chief. O teach thy child to go:
Contain the fiveer contained to my white,
And I will remark, therefold fall or dec

Fear not, my foul, to lose for want of cunning; Weep not; heav'n is not always got by running. Thy thoughts are swift, although thy legs be flow; True love will creep, not having strength to go.





Pfalm 119.120.

Thus troubled, by these wrathful Signs display'd, My Flesh lies trembling, and my Soul's afraid.

### IV.

### PSALM exix. 120.

My flesh trembleth for fear of thee, and I am afraid of thy judgments.

ET others boaft of luck, and go their ways With their fair game; know, vengeance seldom To be too forward, but doth wifely frame . [plays Her backward tables for an after-game: She gives thee leave to venture many a blot; And, for her own advantage, hits thee not; But when her pointed tables are made fair, That she be ready for thee, then beware; Then, if a necessary blot be set, She hits thee; wins the game; perchance, the fet: If prosp'rous chances make thy casting high, Be wifely temp rate; caft a ferious eve On after-dangers, and keep back & game; Too forward feed-times make thy harvest lame. If left-hand Fortune give thee left-hand chances, Be wifely patient; let not envious glances Repine, to view thy gamester's heap so fair; The hindmost hound oft takes the doubling hare. The world's great dice are falle; fometimes they go Extremely high, fometimes extremely low: Of all her gamesters, he that plays the least, Lives most at ease, plays most secure and best: The way to win, is to play fair, and fwear Thyself a servant to the crown of fear.

# Blot, a term at backgammon.

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Fear

Fear is the primer of a gamester's skill: Who fears not bad, stands most unarm'd to ill. The ill that's wifely fear'd, is half withstood; And fear of bad is the best foil to good. True fear's th' elixir, which in days of old Turn'd leaden crosses into crowns of gold: The world's the tables; stakes, eternal life: The gamesters, heav'n and I; unequal strife! My fortunes are the dice, whereby I frame My indisposed life: this life's the game; My fins are feveral blots; the lookers-on Are angels; and in death the game is done. Lord, I'm a bungler, and my game doth grow Still more and more unshape'd; my dice run low: The stakes are great; my careless blots are many: And yet thou paffest by, and hit'st not any: Thou art too ftrong; and I have none to guide me With the least jog; the lookers-on deride me: It is a conquest undeserving thee, To win a stake from such a worm as me: I have no more to lose; if we persevere, 'Tis loft: and that once loft, I'm loft for ever. Lord, wink at faults, and be not too fevere, And I will ply my game with greater fear. O give me fear, ere fear has past her date: Whose blot being hit, then fears, fears then too late.

#### S. BERN. Ser. liv. in Cant.

There is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God not overwise, but to fear: happy art thou, if thy heart be replenished with three fears; a fear for received grace, a greater fear for lost grace, a greatest fear to recover grace.

#### S. AUGUST. fuper Pfal.

Present fear begetteth eternal security: fear God, which is above all, and no need to fear man at all.

#### EPIG. 4.

Lord, shall we grumble when thy flames do scourge us? Our sins breathe fire; that fire returns to purge us. Lord, what an alchymist art thou, whose skill Transmutes to perfect good, from perfect ill!

V.

PSALM CXIX. 37.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.

HOW like the threads of flax,
That touch the flame, are my inflame'd delires!
How like to yielding wax,
My foul diffolves before these wanton fires!
The fire but touch'd, the flame but felt,
Like flax, I burn; like wax, I melt.

O how this flesh doth draw
My fetter'd soul to that deceitful fire!
And how th' eternal law
Is baffled by the law of my desire!
How truly bad, how seeming good,
Are all the laws of flesh and blood!

O wretched state of men,
The height of whose ambition is to borrow
What must be paid again
With griping int'rest of the next day's forrow!
How wild his thoughts! how apt to range!
How apt to vary! apt to change!

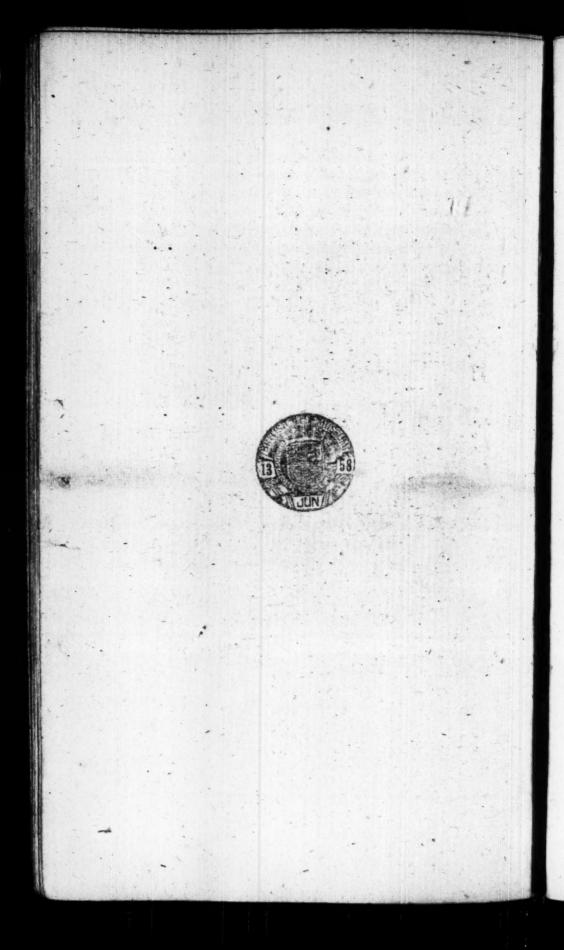
How intricate and nice
Is man's perplexed way to man's defire!
Sometimes upon the ice
He flips, and sometimes falls into the fire;
His progress is extreme and bold,
Or very hot, or very cold.

The



Pfalm.19.37.

O turn away mine Eyes; nor let the Vain And Wanton lure me to their idle Irain.



.wiceenilide was vid:

The common food he doth
Sustain his foul-tormenting thoughts withal,
Is honey in his mouth
To-night, and in his heart to-morrow gall;
'Tis oftentimes, within an hour,
Both very sweet and very sour.

If fweet Corinna smile,
A heav'n of joys breaks down into his heart:
Corinna frown a while,
Hell's torments are but copies of his smart:
Within a lustfull heart doth dwell
A seeming heav'n, a very hell.

Thus worthless, vain, and void
Of comfort, are the fruits of earth's employment,
Which, ere they be enjoy'd,
Distract us, and destroy us in th' enjoyment;
These be the pleasures that are prize'd,
When Heav'n's cheap pen'worth stands despis'd.

Lord, quench these hasty stashes,
Which dart as lightning from the thund'ring skies,
And ev'ry minute dashes
Against the wanton windows of mine eyes:
Lord, close the casement, whilst I stand
Beneath the curtain of thy hand.

### S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. iv.

O thou Sun, that illuminateth both heaven and earth? woe be unto those eyes which do not behold thee: woe be unto those blind eyes which cannot behold thee: woe be unto those which turn away their eyes, that they will not behold thee: woe be unto those that turn away their eyes, that they may behold vanity.

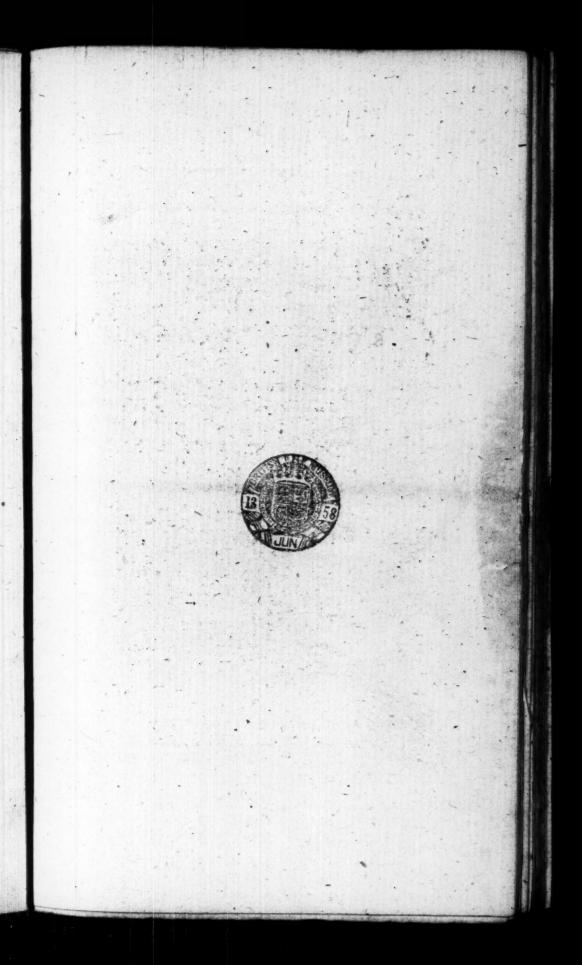
#### S. CHRYS. fup. Matt. xix.

What is the evil woman but the enemy of friendship, an avoidable pain, necessary mischief, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic danger, a delectable inconvenience, and the nature of evil, painted over with the colour of good?

#### EPIG. 5.

Making and District

'Tis vain, great God! to close mine eyes from ill, When I resolve to keep the old man still; My rambling heart must cov'nant first with thee, Or none can pass betwixt mine eye and me.





Efther .7.3.

If in thy Sight I have due Farour found, Let my Petition with Success be crown'd.

#### And fee thy novel crewit whith her head; If, their, ambirious Hamil chance to fpend

## Esther vii. 3.

If I have found favour in thy fight, and if it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition.

HOU art the great Ahasuerus, whose command Doth firetch from pole to pole; the world's thy Rebellious Valhti's the corrupted will. Which, being call'd, refuses to fulfill Thy just command; Esther, whose tears condole The razed city, 's the regen'rate foul; A captive maid, whom thou wilt please to grace With nuptial honors in front Vashti's place: Her kinfman, whose unbended knee did thwark Proud Haman's glory, is the flethly part; The fober eunuch, that recall'd to mind The new-built gibbet (Haman had divine'd For his own ruin) fifty cubits high, Is luftfull-thought-controuling chaftity; Infulting Haman is that fleshly luft, Whose red-hot fury, for a season, must Triumph in pride, and fludy how to tread! On Mordecai, till royal Either plead.

Great King, thy fent-for Vashti will not come;
O let the oil o'th' blessed virgin's womb
Cleanse my poor Esther: look, O look upon her
With gracious eyes; and let thy beam of honor.
So scour her captive stains, that she may prove
An holy object of thy heav'nly love:
Anoint her with the spikenard of thy graces,
Then try the sweetness of her chaste embraces:

Make

The Rebertung Charles House College

in the first of the second sec

Make her the partner of thy nuptial bed, And fet thy royal crown upon her head; If, then, ambitious Haman chance to spend His spleen on Mordecai, that scorns to bend The wilfull stiffness of his stubborn knee, Or basely crouch to any lord but thee; If weeping Esther should prefer a groan Before the high tribunal of thy throne, Hold forth thy golden sceptre, and afford The gentle audience of a gracious Lord: And let thy royal Efther be possest Of half thy kingdom, at her dear request: Curb luftfull Haman, him that would difgrace, Nay, ravish thy fair queen before thy face : And as proud Haman was himself ensnare'd On that self-gibbet which himself prepare'd; So nail my luft, both punishment and guilt, On that dear cross which mine own lusts have built.

Andiat her with the Livenard of the characters of U.A. 2) the face medical terms of the characters of

#### S. AUGUST. in Ep.

O Holy Spirit, always inspire me with holy works. Constrain me, that I may do: counsel me, that I may love thee; consirm me, that I may hold thee; conserve me, that I may not lose thee.

## S. AUGUST. fup. Joan.

The spirit lusts, where the slesh resteth: for as the slesh is nourished with sweet things, the spirit is refreshed with sour.

#### Ibidem.

Wouldst thou that thy flesh obey thy spirit? then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed, that thou mayest govern.

Commencement and lovely later, until the risk

#### . Instruction the EPIG. 6211 Ang mi the book well.

Of mercy and justice is thy kingdom built; This plagues my fin, and that removes my guilt; Whene'er I sue, Ahasuerus-like, decline Thy sceptre: Lord, say, Half my kingdom's thine.

and the district sold in the course

Our hearts are femilialists, maked our altalesc

The the property of the same o

# CANTICLES VII. II.

Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, and let us remain in the villages.

# CHRIST. SOUL.

ALTOTES

Chr. OME, come, my dear, and let us both retire, And whiff the dainties of the fragrant field: Where warb'ling Phil'mel and the fhrill-mouth'd choir Chant forth their raptures; where the turtle builds Her lovely nest; and where the new-born brier Breathes forth the fweetness that her April yields: Come, come, my lovely fair, and let us try These rural delicates; where thou and I May melt in private flames, and fear no stander-by.

on deditions and vio at iguan Soul. My heart's eternal joy, in lieu of whom The earth's a blaft, and all the world's a bubble; Our city mansion is the fairest home,

Of morey and inflice is the Line from built;

But country fweets are tinge'd with leffer trouble; Let's try them both, and chuse the better; come; A change in pleasure makes the pleasure double; On thy commands depends my go or tarry, I'll stir with Martha, or I'll stay with Mary: Our hearts are firmly fixt, altho' our pleasures vary.

Cbr.



Cant . 7.11.

Come my Beloved , let us range the Fields, And taste each sweet Delight the Season yields.



ns



3.

Chr. Our country mansion (situate on high), With various objects, still renews delight; Her arched roof's of unstain'd ivory:

Her walls of fiery-sparkling chrysolite;

Her pavement is of hardest porphyry; Her spacious windows are all glaze'd with bright

And flaming carbuncles; no need require Titan's faint rays, or Vulcan's feeble fire; And ev'ry gate's a pearl; and ev'ry pearl entire.

4.

Soul. Fool that I was! how were my thoughts deceiv'd!

How falfely was my fond conceit possest!

I took it for an hermitage, but pav'd

And daub'd with neighb'ring dirt, and thatch'd at Alas! I ne'er expected more, nor crav'd; [beft.

A turtle hope'd but for a turtle's nest:

Neglect th' advantage of the headstrong day; How pleasure grates, that feels the curb of dull delay!

5.

Chr. Come, then, my joy, let our divided paces Conduct us to our fairest territory;

O there we'll twine our fouls in sweet embraces:

Soul. And in thine arms I'll tell my passion's story. O there I'll crown thy head with all my graces; Soul. And all these graces shall resect thy glory:

Chr. O there I'll feed thee with celestial manna;
I'll be thy Elkanah. Soul. And I thy Hannah.
Chr. I'll found my trump of joy. Soul. And I'll resound
[Hosanna!

S. BERN.

#### S. BERN.

O blessed contemplation! the death of vices, and the life of virtues! thee the law and the prophets admire: who ever attained perfection, if not by thee? O blessed solitude, the magazine of celestial treasure! by thee, things earthly and transitory are changed into heavenly and eternal.

#### S. BERN. in Ep.

Happy is that house, and blessed is that congregation, where Martha still complaineth of Mary.

#### EPIG. 7:

Cles Como, tilde, my for let our elfeled Commet us to our infect territory.

Commet we'll twice our fouls in tweet an

O there is not to a with collish The being Ellewate - Kark. And

(Mr. 2 11 found my cramp of joy, Skd. And Hill mion

Mechanic foul, thou must not only do With Martha, but with Mary ponder too: Happy's that house where these fair sisters vary; But most, when Martha's reconcile'd to Mary.



B IV. Emb. 8.

Cant. 1.3 .

Because the sweet Perfimes so fragrant be, Draw me O Lord, and I will follow Thee.

#### Lord, as I am L. have Hill wie at all

CANTICLES I. 3, 4.

Draw me: we will run after thee, because of the savour of thy good ointments.

I lie secure, long lost before I was:

And, like a block, beneath whose burden lies
That undiscover d worm which never dies,
I have no will to rouse, I have no pow'r to rise,

Can stinking Lazarus compound or strive
With death's entangling setters, and revive?
Or can the water-bury'd ax implore
A hand to raise it, or itself restore,
And from her landy deeps approach the dry-soot shore?

So hard's the talk for finful flesh and blood.
To lend the smallest step to what is good.
My God! I cannot move the least degree:
Ah! if but only those that active be,
None should thy glory see, none should thy glory see,

But if the potter please t'inform the clay, Or some strong hand remove the block away, Their lowly fortunes soon are mounted higher; That proves a vessel, which before was mire; And this, being hewn, may serve for better use than sire.

And if that life-reftoring voice command
Dead Laz'rus forth; or that great prophet's hand
Should charm the fullen waters, and begin
To beckon, or to dart a flick but in,
Dead Laz'rus must revive, and th' ax must float again.

Voz. I [N° 5] P

Lord,

Lord, as I am, I have no pow'r at all To hear thy voice, or echo to thy call;

The gloomy clouds of mine own guilt benight me; Thy glorious beams, not dainty fweets invite me; They neither can direct, nor these at all delight me.

See how my fin-bemangled body lies,
Not having pow'r to will, nor will to rife!
Shine home upon thy creature, and inspire
My lifeless will with thy regen rate fire;
The first degree to do, is only to defire.

Give me the pow'r to will, the will to do;
O raise me up, and I will strive to go:
Draw me, O draw me with thy treble twist,
That have no pow'r but merely to relist;
O lend me strength to do, and then command thy list!

My foul's a clock, whose wheels (for want of use And winding up, being subject to th' abuse Of eating sult) want vigour to sulfill

Her twelve hours talk, and shew her Maker's skill, But idly sleeps unmov'd, and standeth vainly still.

Great God, it is thy work, and therefore good.

If thou be pleas'd to cleane it with thy blood,

And wind it up with thy foul-moving keys,

Her buly wheels shall serve thee all her days;

Her hand shall point thy pow'r, her hammer strike thy

[praise.

Should chaim the fullen waters, and begin To becken, or to day a flick bur ray.

Dead Laz'rus must revive, and it' as most state the remark state is a most state.

S. BERN.

#### S. BERN. Ser xxi. in Cant.

Let us run, let us run, but in the savour of thy ointment, not in the confidence of our merits, not in the greatness of our strength: we trust to run, but in the multitude of thy mercies; for though we run and are willing,
it is not in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth,
but in God that sheweth mercy. O let thy mercy return,
and we will run: thou, like a giant, runnest by thy own
power; we, unless thy ointment breathe upon us, cannot
run.

#### sement of the EP PG:08: 10 Charact and L

. Within the book of the forest states of the control of the contr

Look not, my watch, being once repair'd, to fland Expecting motion from thy Maker's hand. He'as wound thee up, and cleans'd thy cogs with blood: If now thy wheels fland still, thou art not good.

cultaind hard later the will parte be

The state of the s

Thefrions

the art of vers and are in the dart of Central

And not be been to the confidence as this is, and not not been as the second of the se

O much the tetratech, as he know thy hirth,

And begg'd a heaving for an extenly crown.

Sa snown thy fluck, he had not shought to profile

To the deat 1000d; but, profeser on the century

Half with his chave before the royal contents, And laid the feetire of his glory down,

#### IX.

#### CANTICLES viii. I.

O that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee.

tribe in the party of the state of the state of the

OME, come, my bleffed infant, and immure thee Within the temple of my facred arms; Secure mine arms, mine arms shall then secure thee From Herod's sury, or the high-priest's harms:

Or if thy 'danger'd life sustain a loss,
My folded arms shall turn thy dying cross.

It is would thee up and elementary copy which

But ah! what favage tyrant can behold
The beauty of fo fweet a face as this is,
And not himself be by himself controul'd,
And change his fury to a thousand kisses?
One smile of thine is worth more mines of treasure
Than there were myriads in the days of Cæsar.

3.

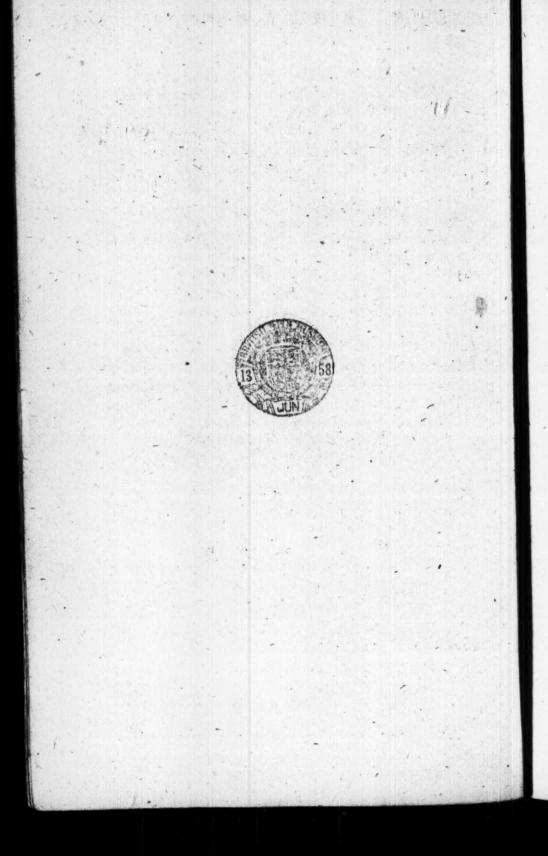
O had the tetrarch, as he knew thy birth,
So known thy flock, he had not thought to paddle
In thy dear blood; but, proftrate on the earth,
Had veil'd his crown before thy royal cradle,
And laid the sceptre of his glory down,
And begg'd a heav'nly for an earthly crown.

Illustrious

B.IV. Emb-9

Cant:8.1.

O that my find impassion'd Heart could prove; For Thee, the sweetness of a Sister's Love!



Illustrious habe! how is thy handmaid grace'd With a rich armfull! how dost thou decline. Thy majesty, that wert so late embrace'd In thy great Father's arms, and now in mine! How humbly gracious art thou, to refresh Me with thy spirit, and assume my sesh!

But must the treason of a traitor's hail

Abuse the sweetness of these ruby lips?

Shall marble-hearted cruelty assail

These alabaster sides with knotted whips?

And must these smiling roses entertain

The blows of scorn, and sturts of base disdain?

Ah! must these dainty little springs, that twine I So safe about thy a neck, be pierce'd and torn I With ragged nails; and must these brows resign.

Their crown of glory for a crown of thorn?

Ah! must the blessed infant taste the pain.

Of death's injurious pangs; nay, worse, be slain?

Sweet babe! at what dear rates do wretched I Commit a fin! Lord, ev'ry fin's a dart; And ev'ry trespass let's a jav'lin fly; And ev'ry jav'lin wounds thy bleeding heart: Pardon, sweet babe, what I have done amiss; And seal that granted pardon with a kis.

\* Springs; i. e. arms,

STRUKO

Thy neck; read my neck.

Shall maible-hearted cruelty eller

S. BONAVENT, Solilog. Cap. i.

O sweet Jesu, I knew not that thy kisses were so sweet, nor thy society so delectable, nor thy attraction so virtuous: for when I love thee, I am clean; when I touch thee, I am chaste; when I receive thee, I am a virgin. O most sweet Jesu, thy embraces defile not, but cleanse; thy attraction polluteth not, but sanctifieth. O Jesu, the fountain of universal sweetness, pardon me that I believed so late, that so much sweetness is in thy embraces.

# EPIG. 9.

Thefe slabeller lides with anotice with as?

My burden's greatest: let not Atlas boast:
Impartial reader, judge which bears the most:
He bears but heav'n; my folded arms sustain.
Heav'n's maker, whom heav'n's heav'n cannot contain.

Their crown of giary for a crown of the cut Ab I mill the pleffed impost things the part.
Of death's injurious pasks; may, wor a be hear

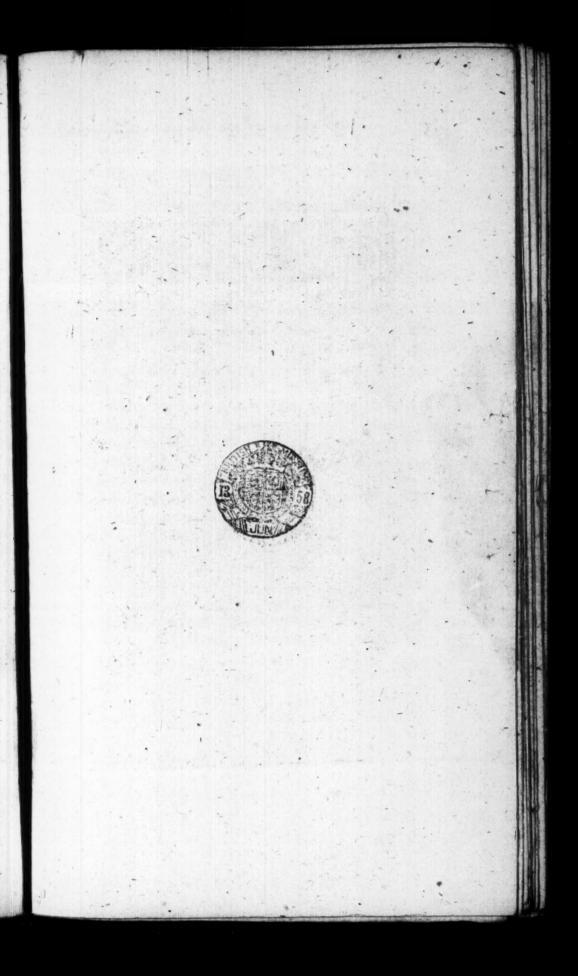
Sweet babe! at what dear rates do presched I
Commit a fin! Lord, erere tin's a der;
And ever treions let's a jesten fig;
And ever jes lin voucest his bleeding hard r
Pardon, fincet babe, what I have done amins;
And feal that granted pardon with a sefe.

Tag neck ; read en neck.

11009 3

. Springer, i. e. mme.

CANTICLES





Cant:31.

I sought my Lover on my Bed by Night;
I sought, but could not find my Soul's Delight.

In my bed, by night, I fought him whom my foul leveth:

HE learned Cynic, having loft the way.

To honest men, did, in the height of day, By taper-light, divide his steps about The peopled fireet, to find this dainty out; But fail'd: the Cynic fearch'd not where he ought; The thing he fought for, was not where he fought.
The wife men's talk feem'd harder to be done,
The wife men did by flar-light feek the Sun,
And found: the wife men fearch dit where they ought;
The thing they hope'd to find was where they fought. One feeks his wifnes where he should; but then Perchance he seeks not as he should, nor when. Another fearches when he should; but there He fails, not feeking as he should, nor where. Whose foul defires the good it wants, and would Obtain, must seek where, as, and when he should. How often have my wild affections led My wasted soul to this my widow'd bed, To feek my lover, whom my foul defires! (I speak not, Cupid, of thy wanton fires: Thy fires are all but dying sparks to mine; My flames are full of heav'n, and all divine) How often have I fought this bed by night, To find that greater by this leffer light!

ANGELINE.

How

work

How oft have my unwitness'd groans lamented Thy dearest absence! ah! how often vented The bitter tempests of despairing breath, And toss'd my foul upon the waves of death! How often has my melting heart made choice Of filent tears (tears louder than a voice) To plead my grief, and woo thy absent ear l And yet thou wilt not come, thou wilt not hear. O is thy wonted love become so cold? Or do mine eyes not feek thee where they should? Why do I feek thee, if thou art not here ? Or find thee not, if thou art ev'ry-where't I fee my error: 'tis not strange I could not Find out my love ; I fought him where I should not. Thou art not found on downy beds of eafe; Alas! thy music strikes on harder keys: Nor art thou found by that falle feeble light Of nature's candle; our Egyptian night Is more than common darkness; not can we can ha Expect a morning but what breaks from thee. Well may my empty bed bewail thy lofs, When thou art lodg d upon thy shameful cross: If thou refuse to share a bed with me, We'll never part, I'll there a cross with thee.

Ob sin mall held where, and and when he had the

Flow often have my wild affections led , My walted have been my lover, winds my reddered food, a food of the control of the food of the control of the first are at all but doing figures to mise; My flames are full of hear n, and air divine) How often have I fought this bed by migut. To find that greater by this leffer light?

ANSELM

#### ANSELM, in Protolog. i.

Lord, if thou art not present, where shall I seek thee absent? if every-where, why do I not see thee present? Thou dwellest in light inaccessible; and where is that inaccessible light? or how shall I have access to light inaccessible? I beseech thee, Lord, teach me to seek three, and shew thyself to the seeker: because I can neither seek three, unless thou teach me; nor find thee, unless thou shew thy-self to me: let me seek three in desiring thee, and desire thee in seeking thee: let me find thee in loving thee, and love thee in finding thee.

#### hat in alon man EPIG! you was land, iW

Low winds elect Civity Locks, take Control by rest

boldwoir and an annual except of the life well

Where shouldst thou seek for rest, but in thy bed in But now thy rest is gone, thy rest is sted:
'Tis vain to seek him there: my soul, be wise;
Go ask thy sins, they'll tell thee where he sies.

Look here the finition has, that, protocial, this O'er hills and dales, at I foots the lovel pronds for remaing fineaus, the waild his weeping eyes. Beg films mercy liter the follywing hounds:

It length, emboth \*, he croops, drops down, and lessent the between of his bleeding women:

Ev'n fo my galaing tout driply d in tear.

Doth fearth for the juny God, wholes man'd ent.

Leave me th' unrandom'd pris'ner to my panic feats.

JAM TAY

\* Embel ; i. c. taking to cover.

# ANSELM, in Protofo

# Lord, if they are not respond where find their the state of the state CANTICERS UL 2 1 Pollous

I will rife, and go about the city, and will feek him whom my foul lousth: I fought bim, but I found him from track reas my find thee, water

ries let my feet the mathemy, they are

helying there: In was jour there in loving the , and

How my disappointed soul's perplext! [break! How restless thoughts swarm in my troubled How vainly pleas'd with hopes, then crossly vext With fears! and how between them both diffrest! What place is left unranfack'd? Oh! where next Shall I go feek the author of my reft?

Of what bless'd angel shall my lips inquire.

The undiscover'd way to that intire And everlasting folace of my heart's defire

Look how the stricken hart, that, wounded, flies O'er hills and dales, and feeks the lower grounds For running streams, the whilst his weeping eyes Beg filent mercy from the foll'wing hounds; At length, embost \*, he droops, drops down, and lies Beneath the burden of his bleeding wounds: Ev'n so my gasping soul, dissolv'd in tears, Doth fearch for thee, my God, whose deafen'd ears Leave me th' unransom'd pris'ner to my panic fears.

\* Embof; i. e. taking to cover.



Cant:3.2.

I rose, and round the City rang'd, in vain . For He was not among the busy Train .



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So

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3.

Where have my busy eyes not pry'd? O where,
Of whom hath not my thread bare songue deI search'd this glorious city; he's not here: [manded:
I sought the country; she stands empty-handed:

I search'd the court; he is a stranger there:

I ask'd the land; he's shipp'd: the sea; he's landed:

But ah! the wings of my too bold defire, Soaring too near the sun, were findg'd with sacred fire.

it jeament to court not bride thy fi

I mov'd the merchant's ear, alas! but he Knew neither what I faid, nor what to fay:

I ask'd the lawyer, he demands a fee,

And then demurs me with a vain delay: I ask'd the schoolman, his advice was free,

But score'd me out too intricate a way:

I askid the watchman (best of all the sour), 77
Whose gentle answer could resolve no more, 32
But that he lately left him at the temple-door.

5.

Thus having fought, and made my great inquest In ev'ry place, and search'd in ev'ry ear,

I threw me on my bed; but ah! my rest Was poison'd with th' extremes of grief and fear;

Where looking down into my troubled breaft,

The magazine of wounds, I found him there: Let others hunt, and shew their sportful art;

I wish to catch the hare before she start,

As poachers use to do; Heav'n's form\*'s a troubled [heart.

Form (a hunting term); i. e. where the hare fits.

S. AM-

#### S. AMBROS. Lib. iii. de Virg.

Christ is not in the market, nor in the streets: for Christ is peace, in the market are strifes: Christ is justice, in the market is iniquity: Christ is a labourer, in the market is idleness: Christ is charity, in the market is stander: Christ is faith, in the market is fraud. Let us not therefore seek Christ, where we cannot find Christ.

## S. HIERON. Ser. ix. Ep. 22. ad Euftoch.

fesus is jealous: he will not have thy face seen: let foolish virgins ramble abroad; seek thou thy love at home.

# EPIG. 11.

in evily place, and has this in evily arraw are on new acd : but all all out in

What, lost thy love? will neither bed nor board Receive him? not by tears to be implore'd? It is the ship that moves, and not the coast; I fear, I fear, my soul, 'tis thou art lost.

Was political with the enterther of pijel and feet;

The magazine of would be insert bord to be there:

Let railers have any show have posts if and and a live land before the fluit.

As posters also to do; Heavin's form\* is a trouble.

ivaliza niav in dica e in cultini





Cant:3.4.

Ah! have you seen him! Yes, my Love I found, And my fond Arms encircled him around.

#### XII.

### CANTICLES iii. 3, 4.

Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? When I had passed a little from them, then I found him; I took hold on him, and left him not.

#### I.

WHAT fecret corner? what unwonted way
Has 'scap'd the ransack of my rambling thought?
The fox by night, nor the dull owl by day,
Have never fearch'd those places I have sought.
Whilst thy lamented absence taught my breast
The ready road to grief, without request;
My day had neither comfort, nor my night had rest.

#### 2.

How hath, my unregarded language vented
The sad tautologies of lavish passion!
How often have I languish'd unlamented!
How oft have I complain'd, without compassion!
I ask'd the city-watch, but some deny'd me [me;
The common street, whilst others would misguide
Some would debar me; some divert me; some deride me.

#### 3.

Mark how the widow'd turtle, having lost
The faithful partner of her loyal heart,
Stretches her feeble wings from coast to coast,
Hunts ev'ry path; thinks ev'ry shade doth part
Her absent love and her; at length, unsped,
She re-betakes her to her lonely bed,
And there bewails her everlasting widow-head.

So when my foul had progress'd ev'ry place
That love and dear affection could contrive,
I threw me on my couch, resolv'd t'embrace
A death for him in whom I ceas'd to live:
But there injurious Hymen did present
His landscape joys; my pickled eyes did vent

Full streams of briny tears, tears never to be spent.

Whilst thus my forrow-wasting soul was feeding
Upon the rad'cal humour of her thought, ling,
Ev'n whilst mine eyes were blind, and heart was bleedHe that was sought, unfound, was found, unsought:
As if the sun should dart his orb of light
Into the secrets of the black-brow'd night:
Ev'n so appear'd my love, my sole, my soul's, delight.

O how mine eyes, now ravish'd at the sight
Of my bright sun, shot slames of equal fire!
Ah! how my soul dissolv'd with o'er-delight,
To re-enjoy the crown of chaste desire!
How sov'reign joy depos'd and disposses'd
Rebellious grief! and how my ravish'd breast—
But who can 'xpress those heights, that cannot be ex-

O how these arms, these greedy arms did twine
And strongly twist about his yielding waist!
The sappy branches of the Thespian vine
Ne'er cling their less beloved elm so fast.
Boast not thy slames, blind boy, thy seather'd shot;
Let Hymen's easy snarls be quite forgot: [knot.
Time cannot quench our fires, nor death dissolve our

ORIG.

### ORIG. Hom. x. in divers.

O most holy Lord, and sweetest master, how good art thou to those that are of upright heart, and humble spirit! O how blessed are they that seek thee with a simple heart! how happy, that trust in thee! It is a most certain truth, that thou lovest all that love thee, and never forsakest those that trust in thee: for behold thy love simply sought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: she trusted in thee, and is not forsaken of thee; but hath obtained more by thee, than she expected from thee.

## BEDA in Cap. iii. Cant.

The longer I was in finding whom I fought, the more earnestly I beheld him being found.

### EPIG. 12.

What! found him out? let strong embraces bind him; He'll fly, perchance, where tears can never find him: New sins will lose what old repentance gains. Wisdom not only gets, but, got, retains.

15

#### XIII.

PSALM lxxiii. 28.

It is good for me to draw near to God, I have put my trust in the Lord God.

Here is that good, which wife men please to The chiefest? doth there any such befall [call Within man's reach? or is there such a good at all?

If such there be, it neither must expire, Nor change; than which there can be nothing high'r: Such good must be the utter point of man's desire.

It is the mark, to which all hearts must tend; Can be desired for no other end, Than for itself, on which all other goods depend.

What may this exc'lence be? doth it subfift A real essence clouded in the mist Of curious art, or clear to ev'ry eye that list?

Or is't a tart idea, to procure

An edge, and keep the practic foul in ure\*, [ture t.]

Like that dear chymic dust +, or puzzling quadra-

Where shall I seek this good; where shall I find This cath'lic pleasure, whose extremes may bind My thoughts, and fill the gulf of my insatiate mind?

Lies it in treasure? in full heaps untold?

Doth gouty Mammon's griping hand infold

This secret faint in sacred shrines of sov'reign gold?

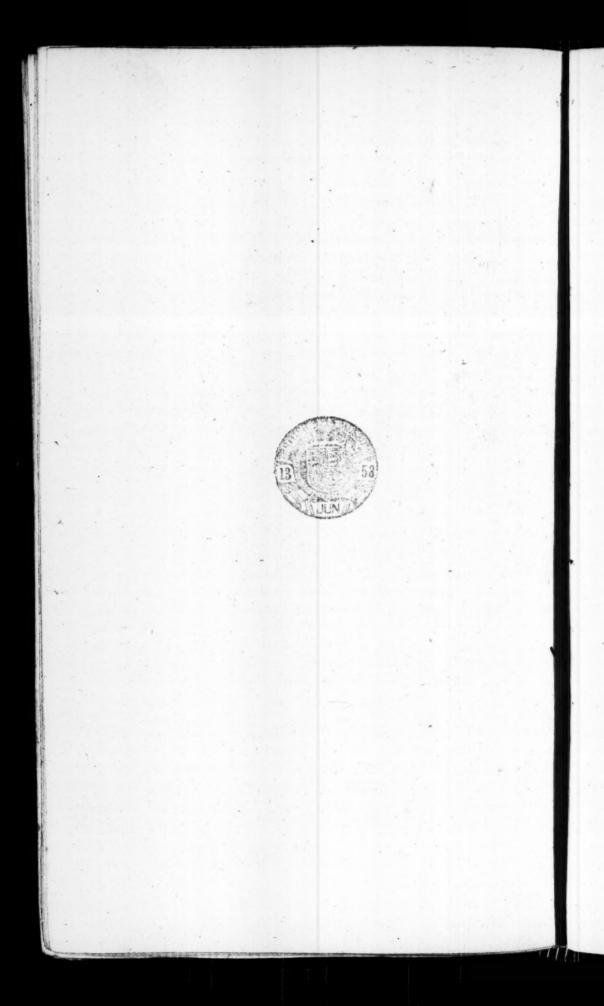
\* Ure; i. e. exercise. † Clymic dust; i. e. the philosopher's stone, supposed to turn all metals to gold. † Puzzling quadrature; i. e. squaring the circle.

No,



Pfalm 73.28.

To my Soul's Lord have I at length drawn near, With him my Anchor's lodgid; Ineed not fear.



No, no, she lies not there; wealth often sours In keeping; makes us hers, in seeming ours; She slides from heav'n indeed, but not in Danae's show'rs.

Lives she in honor? No. The royal crown Builds up a creature, and then batters down: Kings raise thee with a smile, and raze thee with a frown.

In pleasure? No. Pleasure begins in rage; Acts the fool's part on earth's uncertain stage; Begins the play in youth, and epilogues in age.

These, these are bastard goods; the best of these Torment the soul with pleasing it; and please, Like waters gulp'd in severs, with deceitful ease.

Earth's flatt'ring dainties are but sweet distresses: Mole-hills perform the mountains she professes; Alas! can earth confer more good than earth possesses?

Mount, mount, my foul, and let my thoughts cashier Earth's vain delights, and make thy full career At heav'n's eternal joys; stop, stop, thy courser there.

There shall thy soul possess uncareful treasure, There shalt thou swim in never-sading pleasure; And blaze in honor far above the frowns of Cæsar.

Lord, if my hope dare let her anchor fall
On thee, the chiefest good, no need to call
For earth's inferior trash: thou, thou art all in all!

## S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. xiii.

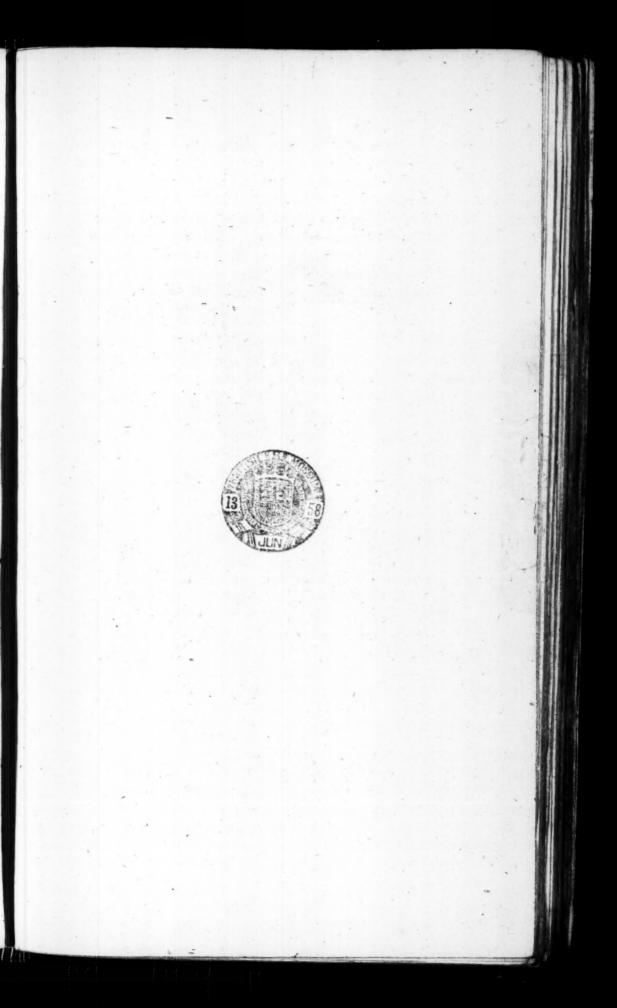
I follow this thing, I pursue that, but I am filled with nothing. But when I found thee, who art that immutable, individed, and only good in thyself, what I obtained, I wanted not; for what I obtained not; I grieved not; with what I was posses, my whole desire was satisfied.

# S. BERN. Ser. ix. sup. Beati qui habent, &c.

Let others pretend merit; let him brag of the burden of the day; let him boast of his sabbath fasts, and let him glory that he is not as other men: but for me, it is good to cleave unto the Lord, and to put my trust in my Lord God.

### EPIG. 13.

Let Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves be join'd, Thy Æolus commands the waves, the wind: Fear not the rocks, or world's imperious waves; Thou climb'st a Rock, my soul, a Rock that saves.



B.IV. Emb. 14

Cant.2.3.

Beneath his Shade I took my sweet Repast, And Fruits rich flavour'd gratified my Taste.

### XIV. To a said and

Truck Control of the Street

### CANTICLES ii. 3.

I sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

#### I Take Sill

Look how the sheep, whose rambling steps do stray
From the safe blessing of her shepherd's eyes,
Estsoon \* becomes the unprotected prey
To the wing'd squadron of beleag'ring slies;
Where, swelter'd with the scorching beams of day,
She frisks from bush to brake, and wildly slies away
From her own self, ev'n of herself asraid;
She shrouds her troubled brows in ev'ry glade,
And craves the mercy of the soft removing shade.

#### 2

Ev'n fo my wand'ring foul, that hath digres'd
From her great Shepherd, is the hourly prey
Of all my fins; these vultures in my breast
Gripe my Promothean heart; both night and day
I hunt from place to place, but find no rest;
I know not where to go, nor where to stay;
The eye of vengeance burns, her slames invade
My swelt'ring soul: my soul hath oft assay'd,
Yet she can find no shroud +, yet can she feel no shade!

<sup>\*</sup> Eftsoon; i. e. presently.

<sup>†</sup> Shroud; i. e. covering.

3.

I fought the shades of mirth, to wear away
My slow-pace'd hours of soul-consuming grief;

I fearch'd the shades of sleep, to ease my day Of griping forrows with a night's reprieve.

I fought the shades of death; thought there t'allay

My final torments with a full relief:

But mirth, nor fleep, nor death, can hide my hours. In the false shades of their deceitful bow'rs; The first distracts, the next disturbs, the last devours.

4.

Where shall I turn? to whom shall I apply me?

Are there no streams where a faint soul may wade?

Thy Godhead, Jesus, are the slames that fry me;

Hath thy all-glorious Deity ne'er a shade,

Where I may sit, and vengeance never eye me;

Where I might sit refresh'd or unafraid?

Is there no comfort? is there no resection \*?

Is there no cover that will give protection

T'a fainting soul, the subject of thy wrath's reslection?

5.

Look up, my foul, advance the lowly stature
Of thy sad thoughts; advance thy humble eye:
See, here's a shadow found: the human nature
Is made th' umbrella to the Deity,
To catch the sun-beams of thy just Creator:
Beneath this covert thou may'st safely lie:
Permit thine eyes to climb this fruitful tree,
As quick Zaccheus did, and thou shalt see
A cloud of dying slesh betwixt those beams and thee.

Refection; i. c. refreshment.

# GUIL. in Cap. ii. Cant.

Who can endure the sierce rays of the Sun of justice? who shall not be consumed by his beams? Therefore the Sun of justice took sless, that, through the conjunction of that Sun and this human body, a shadow may be made.

# S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxiv.

Lord, let my soul be free from the scorching thoughts of the world, under the covert of thy wings, that, being refreshed by the moderation of thy shadow, she may sing merrily. In peace will I lay me down and rest.

### EPIG. 14.

Ah! treach'rous foul, would not thy pleasures give That Lord, which made thee living, leave to live? See what thy fins have done: thy fins have made The Sun of glory now become thy shade.

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#### XV.

## PSALM CXXXVII. 4.

How shall we fing the song of the Lord in a strange land?

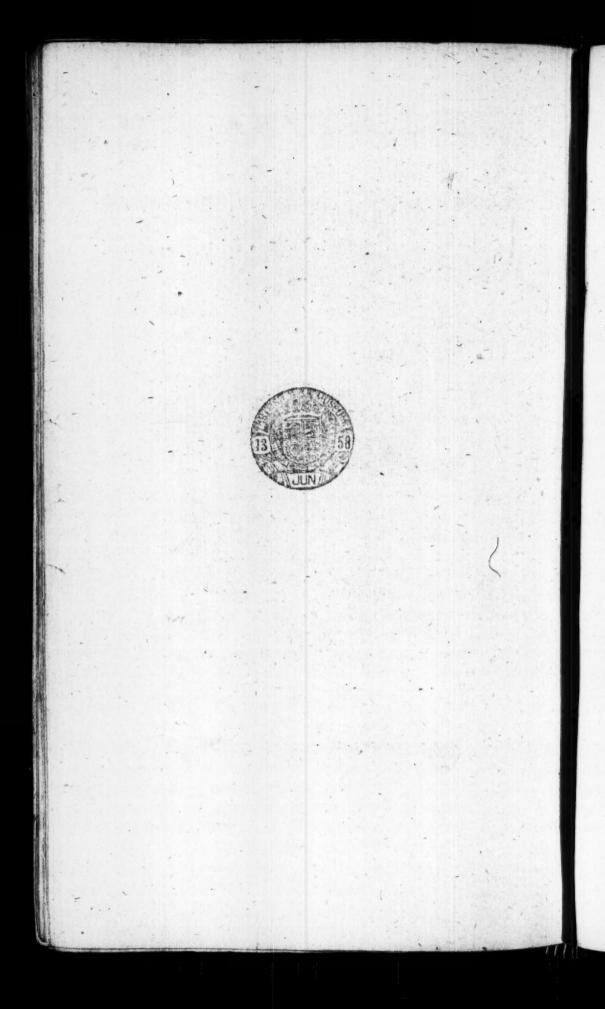
RGE me no more: this airy mirth belongs To better times: these times are not for songs. The sprightly twang of the melodious lute Agrees not with my voice: and both unfuit My untune'd \* fortunes : the affected measure Of strains, that are constrain'd, afford no pleasure. Music's the child of mirth; where griefs assail The troubled foul, both voice and fingers fail: Let fuch as revel out their lavish days In honourable riot; that can raife Dejected hearts, and conjure up a sp'rit. Of madness by the magic of delight; Let those of Cupid's hospital, that he Impatient patients to a fmiling eye, That cannot rest, until vain hope beguile Their flatter'd torment with a wanton smile: Let fuch redeem their peace, and falve the wrongs Of froward fortune with their frolick fongs: My grief, my grief's too great for smiling eyes To cure, or counter-charms to exorcife. The raven's difmal croaks, the midnight howls Of empty wolves mix'd with the fcreech of owls, The nine sad knolls of a dull passing bell, With the loud language of a nightly knell,

<sup>\*</sup> Untune'd fortunes; i. e. sorrowful circumstances.

B.W. Emb. vg.

Pfalm 137.4.

How shall we here repeat the glorious Song! To other Lands such sacred Themes belong.



And horrid outcries of revenged crimes, Join'd in a medley's music for these times; These are no times to touch the merry string Of Orpheus; no, these are no times to sing. Can hide-bound pris'ners, that have spent their souls And famish'd bodies in the noisome holes Of hell-black dungeons, apt \* their rougher throats, Grown hoarse with begging alms, to warble notes? Can the fad pilgrim, that hath loft his way In the vast desert; there condemn'd a prey To the wild subject, or his savage king; Rouse up his palsy-smitten sprits, and sing? Can I a pilgrim, and a pris'ner too, Alas! where I am neither known, nor know Aught but my torments, an unransom'd stranger In this strange climate, in a land of danger? O, can my voice be pleafant, or my hand, Thus made a pris'ner to a foreign land? How can my music relish in your ears, That cannot speak for sobs, nor sing for tears? Ah! if my voice could, Orpheus-like, unspell My poor Eurydice, my foul, from hell Of earth's misconstru'd heav'n, O then my breast Should warble airs, whose rhapsodies should feast The ears of feraphims, and entertain Heav'n's highest Deity with their lofty strain; A strain well drench'd in the true Thespian well: Till then, earth's semiquaver +, wealth, farewell.

<sup>\*</sup> Apt ; i. e. adapt, or fit.

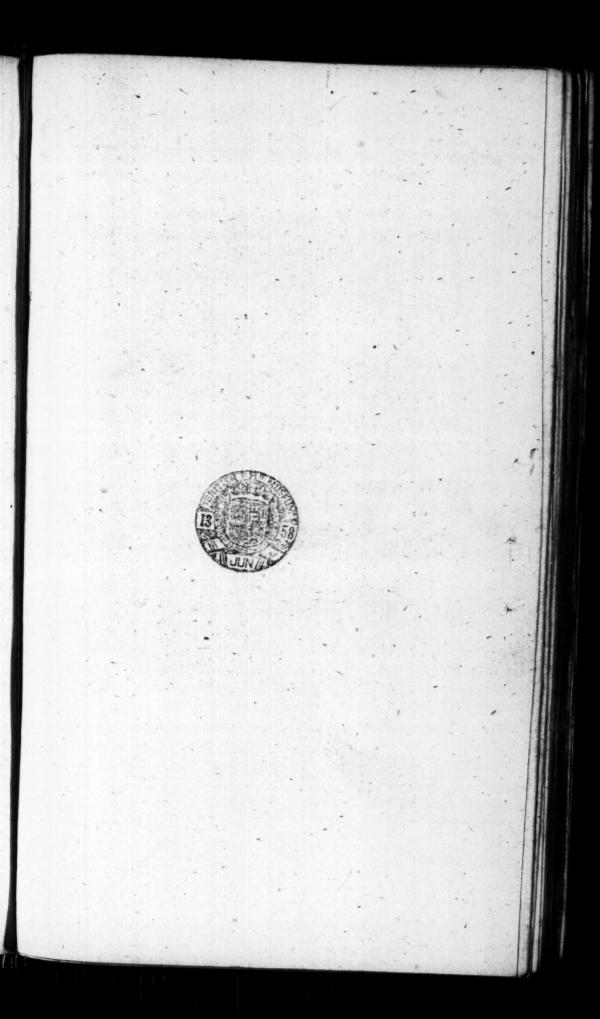
<sup>†</sup> Semiguaver; a time in mufic.

# S. AUGUST. Med. Cap, xxxiii.

O infinitely happy are those heavenly virtues, which are able to praise thee in holiness and purity with excessive sweetness, and unutterable exaltation! From thence they praise thee, from whence they rejoice, because they continually see for what they rejoice, for what they praise thee: but we, press'd down with this burden of stesh, far removed from thy countenance in this pilgrimage, and blown up with worldly vanities, cannot worthily praise thee: we praise thee by faith, not face to face; but those angelical spirits praise thee face to face, and not by faith.

### EPIG. 15.

Did I refuse to sing? Said I, these times Were not for songs; nor music for these climes? It was my error: are not groans and tears Harmonious raptures in th' Almighty's ears?



B.V. Emb. 1.

Cant. 5.8.

Daughters of Judah, who my Flame approve,
Tell my Beloved I am sick of Love.

#### THE

# FIFTH BOOK.

I.

#### CANTICLES V. 8.

I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I am sick of love.

I.

OU holy virgins, that so oft surround
The city's sapphire walls; whose snowy feet
Measure the pearly paths of sacred ground,
And trace the new Jerus'lem's jasper street;
Ah! you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd
With your best wishes; that enjoy the sweet
Of all your hopes; if e'er you chance to spy
My absent Love, O tell him that I lie [eye.
Deep-wounded with the slames that surnace'd from his

2

I charge you, virgins, as you hope to hear
The heav'nly music of your Lover's voice;
I charge you, by the solemn faith you bear
To plighted vows, and to that loyal choice
Of your affections, or, if aught more dear
You hold; by Hymen, by your marriage joys;
I charge you, tell him, that a slaming dart,
Shot from his eye, hath pierce'd my bleeding heart,
And I am sick of love, and languish in my smart.
Vol. I, [N°6]
R Tell

Tell him, O tell him, how my panting breast
Is scorch'd with slames, and how my soul is pine'd;
Tell him, O tell him, how I lie opprest
With the full torment of a troubled mind;
O tell him, tell him, that he loves in jest,
But I in earnest; tell him he's unkind:
But if a discontented frown appears
Upon his angry brow, accost his ears
With soft and sewer words, and act the rest in tears.

4.

O tell him, that his cruelties deprive

My foul of peace, while peace in vain she seeks;

Tell him, those damask roses that did strive

With white, both sade upon my sallow cheeks;

Tell him, no token doth proclaim I live,

But tears, and sighs, and sobs, and sudden shrieks;

Thus if your piercing words should chance to hore

Thus if your piercing words should chance to bore His heark'ning ear, and move a sigh, give o'er To speak; and tell him, tell him, that I could no more.

If your elegious \* breath should hap' to rouse
A happy tear, close harb'ring in his eye,
Then urge his plighted faith, the sacred vows,
Which neither I can break, nor he deny;
Bewail the torment of his loyal spouse,

That for his fake would make a sport to die:

O blessed virgins, how my passion tires

Beneath the burden of her fond desires! [fires! Heav'n never shot such flames, earth never selt such

<sup>\*</sup> Elegious; i. c. plaintive or complaining.

## S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xl.

What shall I say? what shall I do? whither shall I go? where shall I seek him? or when shall I find him? whom shall I ask? who will tell my Beloved, that I am sick of love?

## GULIEL. in Cap. v. Cant.

I live, but not I: it is my Beloved that liveth in me: I love myself, not with my own love, but with the love of my Beloved that loveth me: I love not myself in myself, but myself in him, and him in me.

### EPIG. I.

Grieve not, my foul, nor let thy love wax faint: Weep'st thou to lose the cause of thy complaint? He'll come; love ne'er was bound to times nor laws: Till then, thy tears complain without a cause.

II.

## CANTICLES ii. 3.

Stay me with flowers \*; and comfort me with apples; for I am fick of love.

1

Tyrant love! how doth thy fov'reign pow'r
Subject poor fouls to thy imperious thrall!
They fay, thy cup's compos'd of fweet and four;
They fay, thy diet's honey mix'd with gall;
How comes it then to pass, these lips of ours
Still trade in bitter; taste no sweet at all?
O tyrant love! shall our perpetual toil
Ne'er find a sabbath to refresh a while [smile?
Our drooping souls? art thou all frowns, and ne'er a

2.

You bleffed maids of honour, that frequent
The royal courts of our renown'd Jehove,
With flow'rs reftore my spirits faint and spent;
O fetch me apples from love's fruitful grove,
To cool my palate, and renew my scent,
For I am sick, for I am sick of love:
These will revive my dry, my wasted pow'rs,
And they will sweeten my unsav'ry hours;
Refresh me then with fruit, and comfort me with
[flow'rs.

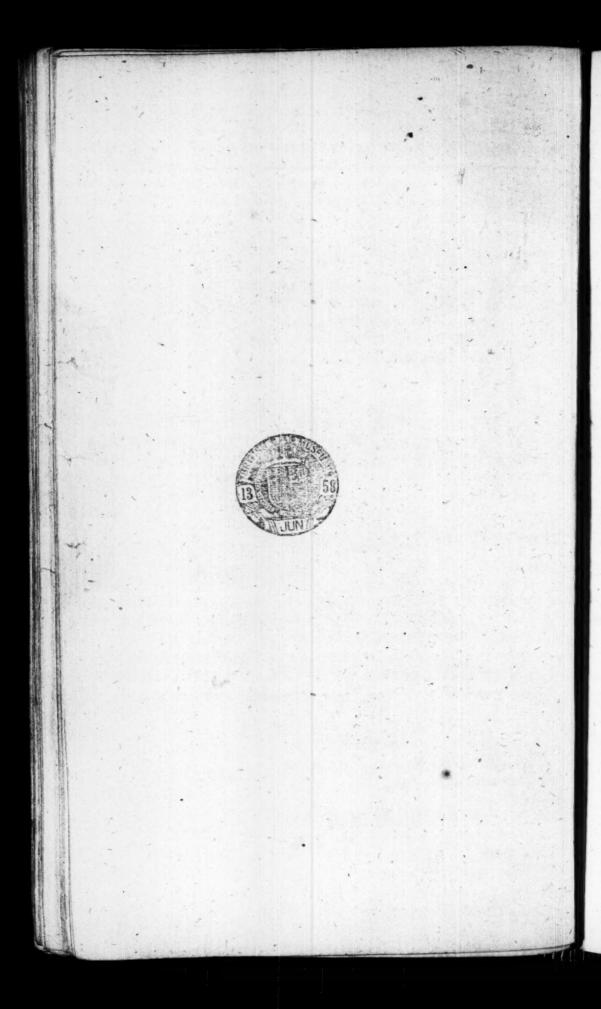
<sup>\*</sup> The word, in our modern bibles, is flaggons.



Cant: 2.5.

. 50

Give me the Flow'rs, the Fruits, the cooling Bowl, To stay the burning Fervour of my Soul.



3.

O bring me apples to asswage that fire, Which, Ætna-like, inflames my flaming breast; Nor is it ev'ry apple I desire,

Nor that which pleases ev'ry palate best: 'Tis not the lasting deuzan \* I require,

Nor yet the red-cheek'd queening \* I request:

Nor that which first bestrew'd + the name of wise,

Nor that whose beauty caus'd the golden strife;

No, no, bring me an apple from the tree of life.

Virgins, tuck up your filken laps, and fill ye
With the fair wealth of Flora's magazine;
The purple violet, and the pale-face'd lily:
The panfy and the organ colombine;

The flow ring thyme, the gilt-bowl daffodilly;

The lowly pink, the lofty eglantine:

The blushing rose, the queen of slow'rs, and best Of Flora's beauty; but, above the rest, [breast. Let Jesse's † sov'reign slow'r persume my qualming

Haste, virgins, haste, for I lie weak, and faint
Beneath the pangs of love; why stand ye mute,
As if your silence neither care'd to grant,

Nor yet your language to deny my suit? No key can lock the door of my complaint, Until I smell this flow'r, or taste that fruit.

O how my foul shall bless that happy hour,
That brings to me such fruit, that brings me such a

street flow'r!

Deuzan, queening; names of different forts of apples.

<sup>†</sup> Beshrew'd, i. e. cursed. I Jessamine; alluding to Christ, the Son of Jesse.

B

# GISTEN. in Cap. ii. Cant. Expos. 3.

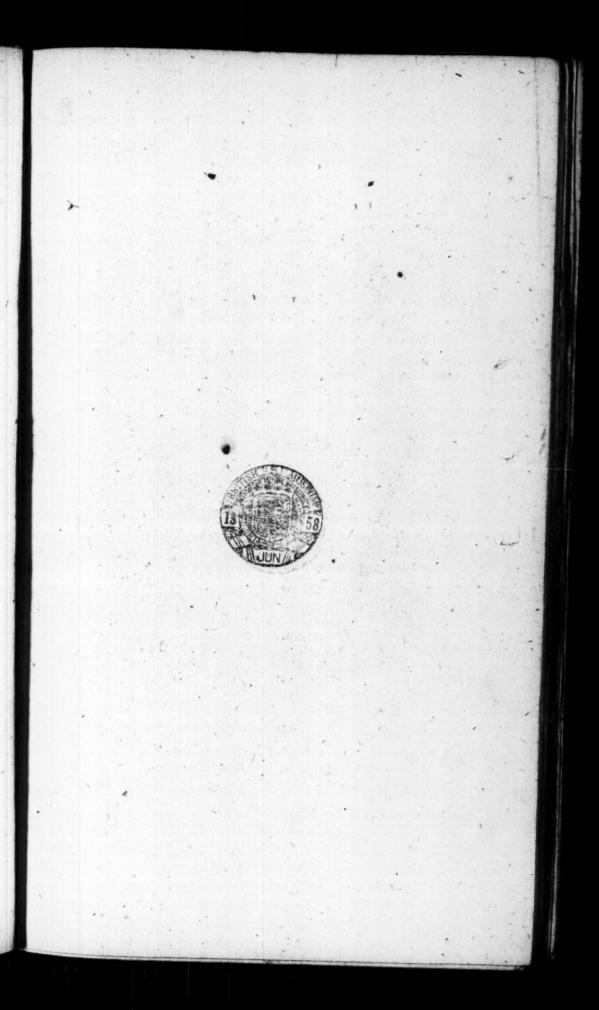
O happy sickness, where the infirmity is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O happy fever, that proceedeth not from a consuming, but a calcining fire! O happy distemper, wherein the soul relisheth no earthly things, but only savoureth divine nourishment!

### S. BERN. Serm. li. in Cant.

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works: As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works: so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.

### EPIG. 2.

Why apples, O my foul? can they remove The pains of grief, or ease the flames of love? It was that fruit which gave the first offence: That sent him hither; that remov'd him hence.





Cant: 2.16.

Among the Lilies feeds my Spouse divine: I am his own, and my Beloved's mine.

### III.

# CANTICLES ii. 16.

My beloved is mine, and I am his; he feedeth among the

#### I.

E V'N like two little bank-dividing brooks,
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,
And having range'd and search'd a thousand nooks,.
Meet both at length in silver-breasted Thames,
Where in a greater current they conjoin:
So I my best beloved's am, so he is mine.

#### 2.

Ev'n so we met; and, after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we join'd, we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a suit,
For I was stax, and he was stames of fire.
Our firm united souls did more than twine:
So I my best beloved's am; so he is mine.

#### 3

If all those glitt'ring monarchs that command
The service quarters of this earthly ball,
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my fortunes \* for them all:
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;
The world's but theirs: but my Beloved's mine.

<sup>\*</sup> All copies read it, fortunes.

Nay, more; if the fair Thespian ladies all
Should heap together their diviner treasure,
That treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minute's lease of half my pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from him, or his from being mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance \*, nor death can bow
My least defires unto the least remove:
He's firmly mine, by oath; I his, by vow:
He's mine, by faith; and I am his, by love:
He's mine, by water; I am his, by wine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is mine altar; I, his holy place:
I am his guest; and he my living food:
I'm his, by penitenee; he mine, by grace:
I'm his, by purchase; he is mine, by blood:
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine:
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:
I give him fongs; he gives me length of days:
With wreaths of grace he crowns my conqu'ring brows;
And I his temples with a crown of praise,
Which he accepts: ah everlasting fign,
That I my best beloved's am; that he is mine.

<sup>#</sup> In all editions, the author's word is chance.

## S. AUGUST. Manu. Cap. xxiv.

O my soul, stamp'd with the image of thy God, love him, of whom thou art so much beloved: bend to him, that bendeth to thee; seek him, that seeketh thee: love the lover, by whose love thou art prevented; begin-the cause of thy love: be careful with those that are careful, want with those that want; be clean with the clean, and holy with the holy: chuse this friend-above all friends, who, when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful to thee: in the day of thy burial, when all leave thee, he will not deceive thee, but defend thee from the roaring lions prepared for their prey.

# EPIG. 3.

Sing, Hymen, to my foul: what, lost and found? Welcome'd, espous'd, enjoy'd so soon, and crown'd! He did but climb the cross, and then came down To th' gates of hell; triumph'd, and fetch'd a crown.

#### IV.

CANTICLES vii. 10.

I am my beloved's, and his defire is towards me.

I KE to the arctic needle, that doth guide
The wand'ring shade by his magnetic pow'r,
And leaves his filken gnomon to decide
The question of the controverted hour,
First frantics up and down from side to side,
And, restless, beats his crystal'd iv'ry case,
With vain impatience jets \* from place to place,
And seeks the bosom of his frozen bride,
At length he slacks his motion, and doth rest

At length he flacks his motion, and doth rest His trembling point at his bright pole's beloved breast.

Ev'n so my soul, being hurry'd here and there,
By ev'ry object that presents delight,
Fain would he settled, but she knows not where;
She likes at morning what she loathes at night:
She bows to honor; then she lends an ear
To that sweet swan-like voice of dying pleasure,
Then tumbles in the scatter'd heaps of treasure;
Now flatter'd with salse hope; now soil'd with sear:
Thus finding all the world's delight to be
But empty toys, good God! she points alone to thee.

But hath the virtue'd + steel a pow'r to move?

Or can the untouch'd needle point aright?

Or can my wand'ring thoughts forbear to rove,

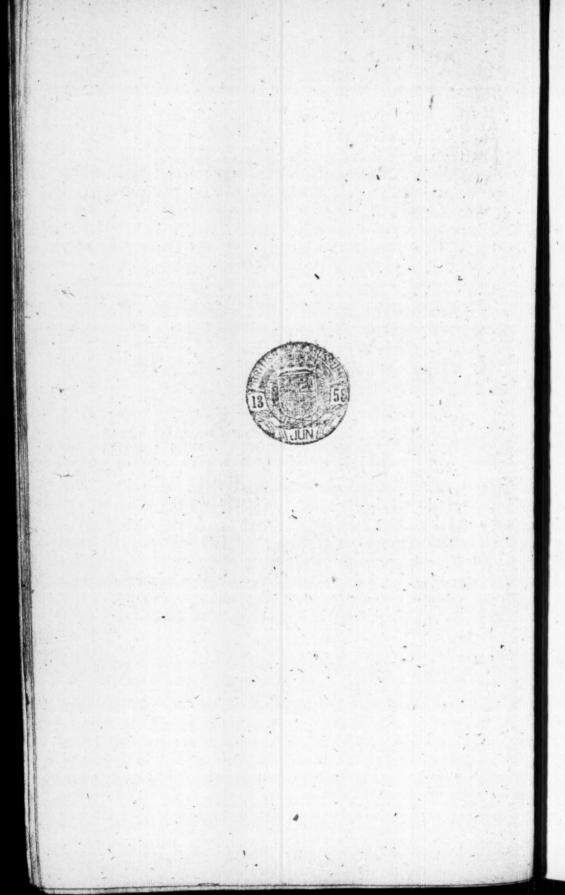
Unguided by the virtue of thy Sp'rit?

# Jets; i. e. hops as a bird. † Virtue'd steel; i. e. the mariner's needle.



Cant:710.

To my Beloved is my Heart's desire, And in his Breast my Love Istill inspire.



O hath my leaden foul the art t' improve

Her wasted talent, and, unrais'd, aspire
In this sad moulting time of her desire!

Not first belov'd, have I the pow'r to love;
I cannot stir, but as thou please to move me;

4

Nor can my heart return thee love, until thou love me,

The still commandress of the silent night,
Borrows her beams from her bright brother's eye:
His fair aspect fills her sharp horns with light;
If he withdraw, her slames are quench'd and die:
Ev'n so the beams of thy enlight'ning Sp'rit,
Infus'd and shot into my dark desire.

Inflame my thoughts, and fill my foul with fire,
That I am ravish'd with a new delight;

By if thou shroud \* thy face, my glory fades, And I remain a nothing, all compos'd of shades.

5.

Eternal God! O thou that only art
The facred fountain of eternal light,
And bleffed loadstone of my better part,
O thou, my heart's desire, my soul's delight!
Reslect upon my soul, and touch my heart,

And then my heart shall prize no good above thee; And then my soul shall know thee; knowing, love And then my trembling thoughts shall never start [thee; From thy commands, or swerve the least degree, Or once presume to move, but as they move in thee.

\* Shroud; i. e. hide.

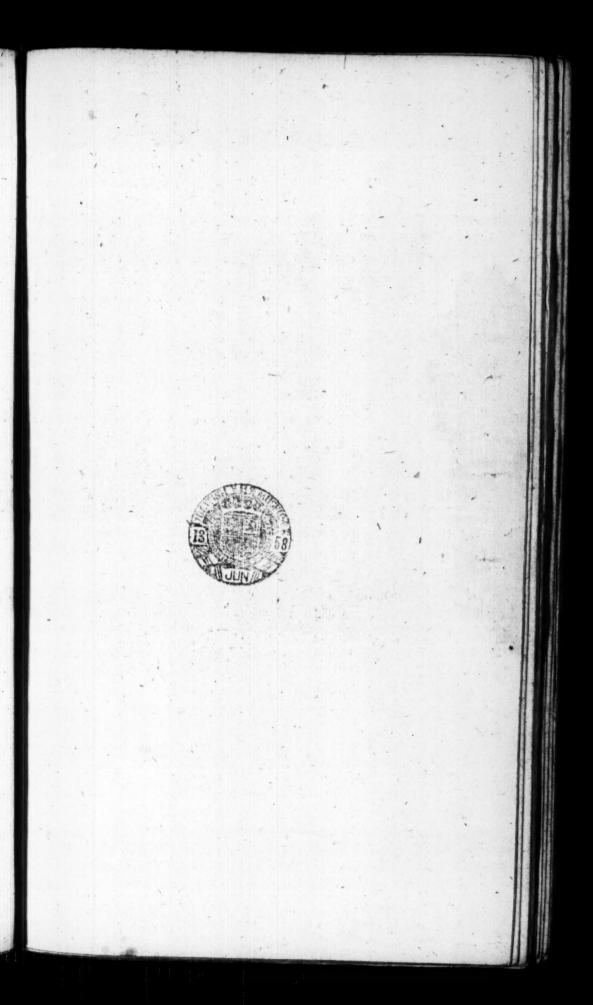
## S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. iv.

If man can love man with so intire affection, that the one can scarce brook the other's absence; if a bride can be joined to her bridegroom with so great an ardency of mind, that, for the extremity of love, she can enjoy no rest, nor suffer his absence without great anxiety; with what affection, with what fervency, ought the soul, whom thou hast espoused by faith and compassion, to love thee her true God, and glorious bridegroom!

#### EPIG. 4.

My foul, thy love is dear: 'twas thought a good And easy pen'worth of thy Saviour's blood: But be not proud; all matters rightly scann'd, 'Twas over-bought: 'twas fold at second-hand.

CANTICLES





Cant: 5.6.

As from his Lips these fervent Accents broke, Melted my Heart while my Beloved spoke. Freels meloner, the work from foots free treats

he farmed Cond (mough the joyful Best

#### CANTICLES v. 6.

by sind they of department

My foul melted whilft my beloved spake.

ORD, has the feeble voice of flesh and blood The pow'r to work thine ears into a flood Of melted mercy? or the strength t'unlock The gates of heav'n, and to dissolve a rock Of marble clouds into a morning show'r? Or hath the breath of whining dust the pow'r To stop or snatch a falling thunderbolt From thy fierce hand, and make thy hand revolt From resolute consusion, and, instead Of vials, pour full bleffings on our head? Or shall the wants of famish'd ravens cry, And move thy mercy to a quick supply? Or shall the filent suits of drooping flow'rs Woo thee for drops, and be refresh'd with show'rs? Alas! what marvel then, great God, what wonder, If thy hell-roufing voice, that splits in funder The brasen portals of eternal death; What wonder if that life-restoring breath Which dragg'd me from th' infernal shades of night, Should melt my ravish'd foul with o'er-delight? O can my frozen gutters choose but run, That feel the warmth of fuch a glorious fun? Methinks his language, like a flaming arrow, Doth pierce my bones, and melts their wounded marrow.

Thy flames, O Cupid (though the joyful heart Feels neither tang of grief, nor fears the smart Of jealous doubts, but drunk with full desires), Are torments, weigh'd with these celestial fires; Pleasures that ravish in so high a measure. That O I languish in excess of pleasure: What ravish'd heart, that feels these melting joys, Would not despise and loathe the treach'rous toys Of dunghill earth? what foul would not be proud Of wry-mouth'd fcorns, the worst that flesh and blood Had rancour to devise? who would not bear The world's derifion with a thankful ear? What palate would refuse full bowls of spite. To gain a minute's tafte of such delight? Great spring of light, in whom there is no shade. But what my interposed fins have made; Whose marrow-melting fires admit no screen But what my own rebellions put between Their precious flames and my obdurate ear: Disperse this plague-distilling cloud, and clear My mungy foul into a glorious day: I ransplant this screen, remove this bar away; Then, then my fluent foul shall feel the fires Of thy fweet voice, and my diffolv'd defires Shall turn a fov'reign balfam, to make whole Those wounds my fins inflicted on thy foul.

## S. AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. xxxiv.

What fire is this, that so warmeth my heart? What sight is this, that so entighteneth my soul? O fire, that always burneth, and never goeth out, kindle me: O light, which ever shineth, and art never darkened, illuminate me. O that I had my heat from thee, most holy fire! How sweetly dost thou burn! how secretly dost thou shine! how desiredly dost thou instame me!

## S. BONAVENT. Stim. Amoris, Cap. viii.

It maketh God man, and man God; things temporal, eternal; mertal, immortal; it maketh an enemy, a friend; a fervant, a fon; vile things, glorious; cold hearts, fiery; and hard things, liquid.

## EPIG. 5.

eliation apparaisation in health and a second

I have the fews the is not the premiure.

More care although the provides one threats.

She will one than it in the trailes one threater.

My foul, thy gold is true, but full of drofs; Thy Saviour's breath refines thee with some lose: His gentle furnace makes thee pure as true; Thou must be melted ere th' art cast anew.

#### VI.

## PSALM IXXIII. 25.

Whom have I in heaven but thee; and what defire I on earth in respect of thee?

I.

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth:
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth:
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food:
But what's a creature, Lord, compare'd with thee?
Or what's my mother, or my nurse, to me?

2.

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh'
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd choirs sustain me with their sless,
And with their Polyphonian \* notes delight me;
But what's the air, or all the sweets, that she
Can bless my soul withal, compare'd to thee?

3.

I love the fea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor +; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wasts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compare'd with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

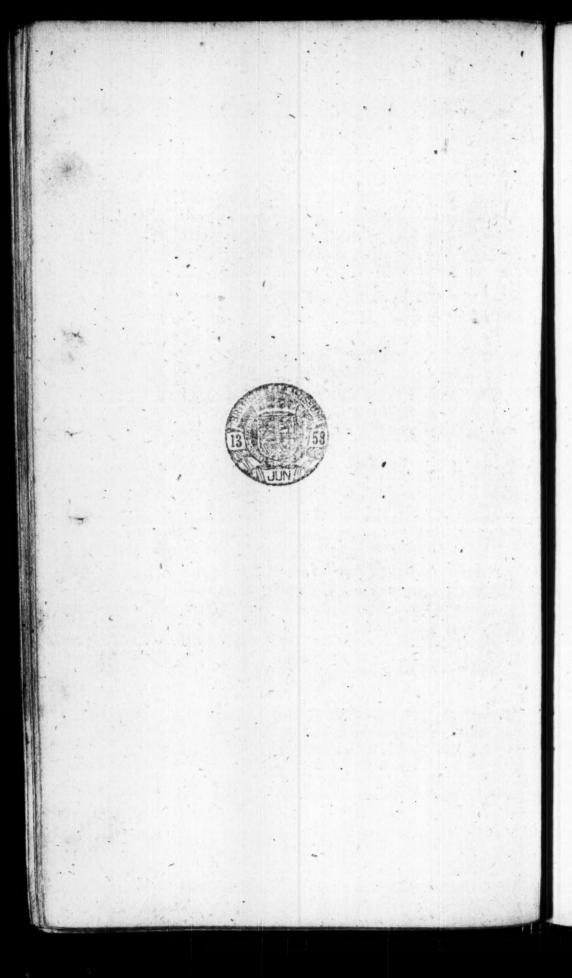
Polyphonian; i. e. many-sounding.



Pfalm. 73.25.

Lord, whom have I but Thee in Heav'n above?

Or who on Earth but Thee deserves my Love?



To heav'n's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain my eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heav'n, great God, compare'd to thee?
Without thy presence, heav'n's no heav'n to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no resection \*; Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure; Without thy presence, air's a rank infection; Without thy presence, heav'n itself's no pleasure:

If not posses'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heav'n, to me?

The highest honors that the world can boast.

Are subjects far too low for my desire;

Its brightest beams of glory are (at most)

But dying sparkles of thy living fire:

The proudest slames, that earth can kindle, beaut nightly glow-worms, if compare'd to thee.

Without thy presence, wealth are bags of cares:
Wisdom, but folly: joy; disquiet, sadness:
Eriendship is treason; and delights are snares:
Pleasures, but pain; and mirth, but pleasing madness:
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have their being, when compare'd with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?

Not having thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but thee, what farther crave I?

And having thee alone, what have I not?

I wish nor sea, nor land; nor would I be

i officition; i.e. refreshment.

S. 2

BOX

## BONAVENT. Solilog. Cap. i.

Alas! my God, now I understand (but blush to confess), that the beauty of thy creatures bath deceived mine eyes, and I have not observed that thou art more amiable than all the creatures; to which thou hast communicated but one drop of thy inestimable beauty: for who hath adorned the heavens with stars? who hath stored the air with fowl, the waters with sish, the earth with plants and slowers? But what are all these, but a small spark of divine beauty!

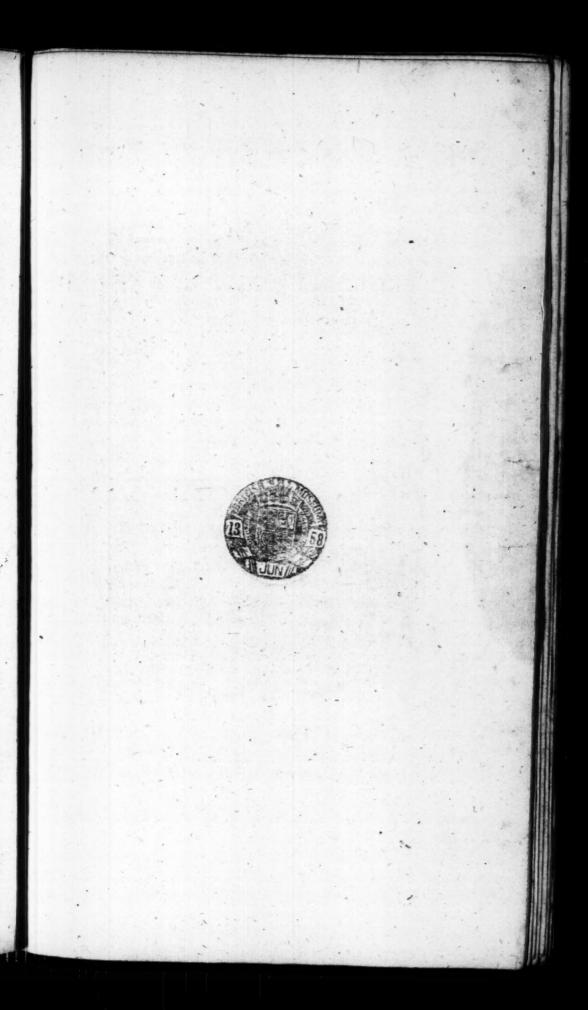
## S. CHRYS. Hom., v. in Ep. ad Rom.

In having nothing, I have all things; because I have Christ. Having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward; for he is the universal reward.

#### EPIG. 6.

Who would not throw his better thoughts about him. And fcorn this drofs within him; that, without him? Cast up, my soul, thy clearer eye; behold, If thou be fully melted, there's the mould.

the bose who can should take the second take t



B.V. Emb. 7.

Pfalm 120.5.

My Lot in Mesech's dreary Land has fell,

And in the Tents of Kedar I must dwell.

#### O franciel month, how buth anter beistel, it. Eny feellan food, which: IIV new Controlled:

# Psalm exx, 5

Woe is me, that I remain in Mesech, and dwell in the tents of Kedar!

IS nature's course disfolv'd? doth time's glas stand? Or hath some frolick heart set back the hand Of fate's perpetual clock? will't never frike? Is crazy time grown lazy, faint, or fick, With very age? or hath that great pair-royal: Of adamantine sisters late made trial Of some new trade? Shall mortal hearts grow old In forrow ! Shall my weary arms infold And underprop my panting fides for ever? Is there no charitable hand will fever My well-spun thread, that my imprison'd foul: May be deliver'd from this dull, dark hole Of dungeon flesh? O shall I, shall I never. Be ranfom'd, but remain a flave for ever? It is the lot of man but once to die; But, ere that death, how many deaths have I! What human madness makes the world afraid To entertain heav'n's joys, because convey'd By th' hand of death? will nakedness refuse Rich change of robes, because the man's not spruce That brought them? or will poverty fend back Full bags of gold, because the bringer's black? Life is a bubble, blown with whining breaths, Fill'd with the torment of a thousand deaths; Which, being prick'd by death (which death deprives-One life), prefents the foul a thousand lives:

O frantick mortal, how hath earth bewitch'd Thy bedlam foul, which hath fo fondly pitch'd Upon her false delights! delights that cease Before enjoyment finds a time to pleafe : Her fickle joys breed doubtful fears; her fears Bring hopeful griefs; her griefs weep fearful tears: Tears coin deceitful hopes; hopes, careful doubt, And furly passion jostles passion out: To-day we pamper with a full repast Of lavish mirth; at night, we weep as fast: To-night, we fwim in wealth, and lend; to-morrow, We fink in want, and find no friend to borrow. In what a climate doth my foul refide! Where pale-face'd murder, the first-born of pride, Sets up her kingdom in the very smiles, And plighted faiths, of men like crocodiles: A land, where each embroider'd fattin word Is line'd with fraud; where Mars his lawless sword Exiles Aftræa's balance; where that hand Now flays his brother, that new-fow'd his land: O that my days of bondage would expire In this lewd foil! Lord, how my foul's on fire To be dissolv'd, that I might once obtain Those long'd-for joys, long'd for so oft in vain! If, Moses-like, I may not live possest. Of this fair land; Lord, let me see't at least.

Which being pridked by death () One life, profunts the fund a tist

## S. AUGUST. Soliloq. Cap. xii.

My life is a frail life; a corruptible life; a life, which, the more it increaseth, the more it decreaseth: the farther it goeth, the mearer it cometh to death. A deceitful life, and, like a shadow, full of the snares of death: now I rejoice, now I languish, now I flourish, now infirm, now I live, and strait I die; now I seem happy, always miserable; now I laugh; now I weep: thus all things are so subject to mutability, that nothing continueth an hour in one estate. O joy above joy, exceeding all joy, without which there is no joy! when shall I enter into thee, that I may see my God that dwelleth in thee?

## EPIG. 7.

Art thou so weak? O canst thou not digest
An hour of travail for a night of rest?
Chear up, my soul; call home thy sprits, and bear
One bad Good-Friday; full-mouth'd Easter's near,

Behald by daring, who, when the by mes, Deal sy my cheels, and, when midding, they Proclaims better they and, when he had

Mosk full then shipers of redulgant feeter dead.
What areas it, shout thus, my poor delad a foul is have love to found the second sold and in the love to found the second sold without the such as a second sold as a second sold to be second a result than the second sold as a second to be second sold to be second as a second to be second to be second as a second to be second to be second to be second as a second to be s

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# the state of Rominion 24 and the state of

O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

Ehold thy darling, which thy luftfull care Pampers, for which thy reftlefs thoughts prepare Such early cares; for whom thy bubbling brow So often fweats, and bankrupt eyes do owe Such midnight scores to nature, for whose sake Base earth is sainted, the insernal lake Unfear'd, the crown of glory poorly rated: Thy God neglected, and thy brother hated;, Behold thy darling, whom thy foul affects So dearly whom the fond indulgence decks And puppets up in foft, in fiken weeds: 10 1000 0A Behold the darling, whom the fondarfs feeds the With far-fetch'd delicates, the dear-bought gains Of ill-spent time, the price of half thy pains: Behold thy darling, who, when clad by thee, Derides thy nakedness; and, when most free, Proclaims her lover flave; and, being fed Most full, then strikes th' indulgent feeder dead. What mean'st thou thus, my poor deluded foul, To love so fondly? can the burning coal. Of thy affection last without the fuel. Of counter-love? Is thy compeer fo cruel, And thou so kind to love, unlov'd again? Canst thou sow favors, and thus reap disdain?

Remember,



Rom: 7.24

O wretched Man! thus doomed to draw thy Breath
Within the loathsome Body of this Death.



HAVO CA

Remember, O remember thou art born O royal blood; remember, thou art fworn A maid of honor in the court of heav'n; Remember, what a coffly price was giv'n T, ranfom thee from flav'ry thou wert in: And wilt thou now, my foul, turn flave again? The fon and heir to heav'n's Tri-une JEHOVE Would fain become a fuitor for thy love; And offers for thy dow'r his Father's throne, To fit for feraphims to gaze upon; He'll give thee honor, pleasure, wealth, and things Transcending far the majesty of kings: and will thou proftrate to the odious charms Of this base scullion? shall his hollow arms Hug thy foft fides? Shall these coarse hands untie The facred zone of thy virginity? For hame, degen rous roul, let thy defire Be quicken'd up with more heroic fire? Be wisely proud, let thy ambitious eye Read nobler objects; let thy thoughts defy Such am'rous baseness; let thy soul disdain Th'ignoble proffers of so base a swain; Or if thy vows be past, and Hymen's bands Have ceremony'd your unequal hands, Annul, at least avoid, thy lawless act With insufficiency, or precontract: Or if the act be good, yet may'ft thou plead A second freedom; for the flesh is dead.

\* Dower; i. e. jointure, or portion.

#### NAZIANZ. Orat. xvi.

How I am joined to this body, I know not; which, when it is healthful, provoketh me to war; and, being damaged by war, affecteth me with grief: which I both love as a fellow-servant, and hate as an utter enemy. It is a pleasant foe, and a persidious friend. O strange conjunction and allenation! what I fear, I embrace; and what I love, I am afraid of: before I make war, I am reconciled; before I enjoy peace, I am at variance.

#### EPIG. 8.

What need that house be daub'd with flesh and blood? Hang'd round with silks and gold? repair'd with sood! Cost idly spent! that cost doth but prolong. Thy thraldom. Fool, thou make'st thy gaol too strong.

I bear from Francis

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Phil 1.23.
Wishing for Christ, a dubious state is mine,
I'm bound to Earth, but pant for Things divine.

## : 10% brining AIX.

#### PHILIPPIANS i. 23.

I am in a strait between two, having a desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

T.

WHAT meant our careful parents, so to wear And lavish out their ill-extended hours, To purchase for us large possessions here, Which (tho' unpurchas'd) are too truly ours? What meant they, ah! what meant they to endure Such loads of needless labour, to procure And make that thing our own, which was our own too

2

What mean these liv'ries \* and possessive keys?

What mean these bargains, and these needless sales?

What need these jealous, these suspicious ways,

Of law-devis'd and law-dissolv'd entails?

No need to sweat for gold, wherewith to buy
Estates of high-prize'd land; no need to tie

Earth to their heirs, were they but clogg'd with earth,

[as I.

2.

O were their fouls but clogg'd with earth, as I,
They would not purchase with so salt an itch;
They would not take of alms, what now they buy;
Nor call him happy, whom the world counts rich;
They would not take such pains, project and prog,
To charge their shoulders with so great a log:
Who hath the greater lands, hath but the greater clog.

Vol. I. [Nº 7]

<sup>\*</sup> Liveries; a law-term, expressive of legal conveyance of an estate.

4.

I cannot do an act which earth disdains not;
I cannot think a thought which earth corrupts not;
I cannot speak a word which earth profanes not;
I cannot make a vow earth interrupts not:

If I but offer up an early groan, [throne, Or spread my wings to heav'n's long long'd-for She darkens my complaint, and drags my off ring down.

Ev'n like the hawk (whole keeper's wary hands
Have made a pris'ner to her weath'ring flock),
Forgetting quite the pow'r of her fast bands,
Makes a rank-bate \* from her forsaken block;
But her too faithful leash + doth soon retain
Her broken slight, attempted oft in vain;
It gives her loins a twitch, and tugs her back again.

So, when my foul directs her better eye
To heav'n's bright palace, where my treasure lies,
I spread my willing wings, but cannot fly;
Earth hales me down, I cannot, cannot rise:

When I but strive to mount the least degree, Earth gives a jerk, and foils me on my knee; Lord, how my foul is rack'd betwixt the world and thee!

Great God! I spread my seeble wings in vain;
In vain I offer my extended hands:
I cannot mount till thou unlink my chain:

I cannot come till thou release my bands: Which if thou please to break, and then supply

My wings with spirit, th' eagle shall not fly
A pitch that's half so fair, nor half so swift as I.

\* Rank-bate; i. e. a strong spring for slight. † Least; i. e. thong, by which she is fasten'd to her stock or perch.

S. BO-

## S. BONAVENT. Solilog. Cap. i.

Ah! sweet Jesus, pierce the marrow of my soul with the healthful shafts of thy love, that it may truly burn and melt and languish with the only desire of thee; that it may desire to be diffolved, and to be with thee : let it hunger alone for the bread of life: let it thirst after thee, the spring and fountain of eternal light, the stream of true pleasure: let it always desire thee, seek thee, and find thee, and sweetly rest in thee.

## EPIG. 9.

Fred realization to program appropriate board

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STATE OF THE STATE

by darba addard som a store and

What, will thy shackles neither loose nor break? Are they too firong, or is thine arm too weak? Art will prevail where knotty strength denies; My foul, there's aqua-fortis in thine eyes.

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col the land will be a color and the seek

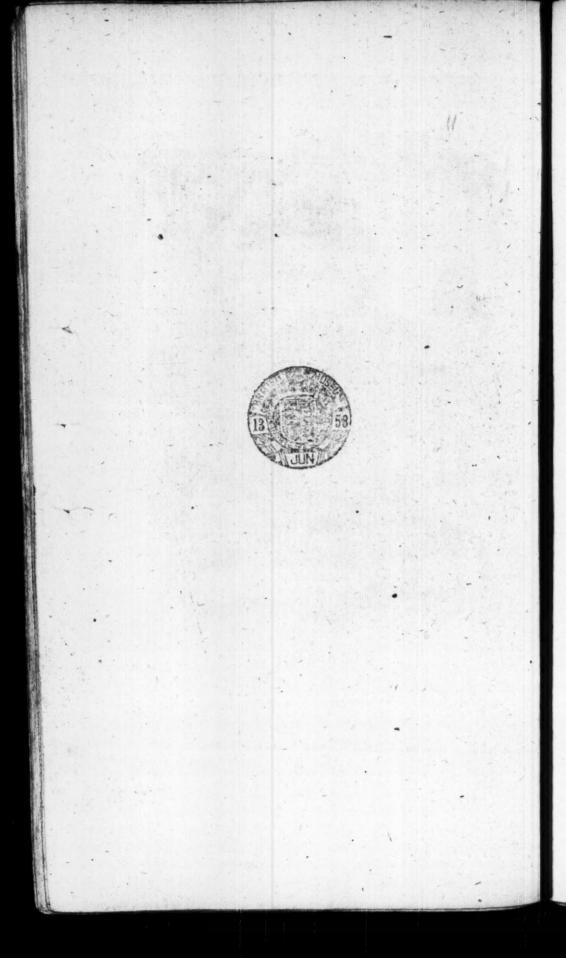
Bring my foul out of prison, that I may praise thy name.

Y soul is like a bird; my flesh the cage, Wherein she wears her weary pilgrimage Of hours, as few as evil, daily fed With facred wine, and facramental bread; The keys that lock her in, and let her out, Are birth and death; 'twixt both, she hops about From perch to perch, from fense to reason; then, From higher reason, down to sense again: From sense she climbs to faith; where, for a season, She fits and fings; then down again to reason: From reason, back to faith; and strait, from thence, She rudely flutters to the perch of fense: From sense, to hope; then hops from hope to doubt; From doubt, to dull despair; there seeks about For desp'rate freedom, and, at ev'ry grate, She wildly thrusts, and begs th' untimely date Of th' unexpire'd thraldom, to release Th' afflicted captive, that can find no peace. Thus am I coop'd; within this fleshly cage I wear my youth, and waste my weary age, Spending that breath, which was ordain'd to chant Heav'n's praises forth, in fighs and sad complaint: Whilst happier birds can spread their nimble wing From shrubs to cedars, and there chirp and fing, In choice of raptures, the harmonious story Of man's redemption, and his Maker's glory. You



Pfalm 142.7.

Lord, free my Captive Soul; and then thy Praise
Shall fill the remnant of my joyful Days.



You glorious martyrs, you illustrious troops, That once were cloiffer'd in your fleshly coops As fast as I, what rhet'ric had your tongues ! What dextrous art had your elegiac fongs! What Paul-like pow'r had your admire'd devotion! What shackle-breaking faith infus'd such motion To your strong pray'r, that could obtain the boon \* To be enlarge'd; to be uncage'd fo foon! Whilst I, poor I, can fing my daily tears, Grown old in bondage, and can find no ears: You great partakers of eternal glory, That, with your heav'n-prevailing oratory, Releas'd your fouls from your terrestrial cage, Permit the passion of my holy rage To recommend my forrows, dearly known To you, in days of old, and once your own, To your best thoughts (but oh, 't doth not besit ye To move your pray'rs; you love joy, not pity): Great Lord of fouls, to whom should pris'ners fly, But thee? thou hadft a cage as well as I; And, for my fake, thy pleasure was to know The forrows that it brought, and felt'st them too: O fet me free, and I will spend those days, Which now I waste in begging, in thy praise.

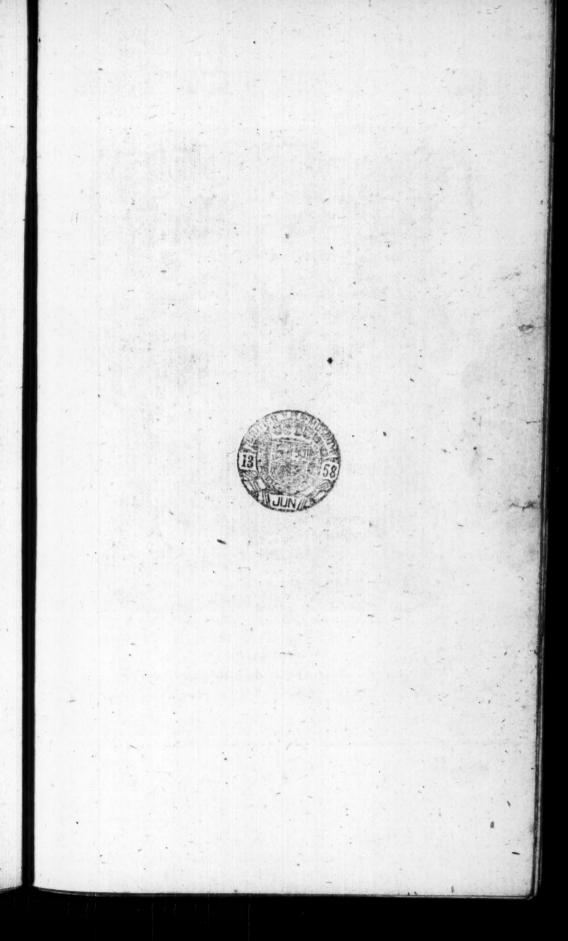
\* Boon ; i. e. the defired favour.

## ANSELM. in Protolog. Cap. i.

O miserable condition of mankind, that has lost that for which he was created! Alas! what hath he lost? and what hath he found? He bath lost happiness, for which he was made; and found misery, for which he was not made. What is gone? and what is left? That thing is gone, without which he is unhappy: that thing is left, by which he is miserable. O wretched men! from whence are we expelled? to what are we impelled? Whence are we thrown? and whither are we hurried? From our home, into banishment; from the sight of God, into our own blindness; from the pleasure of immortality, to the bitterness of death. Miserable change! from how great a good, to how great an evil! Ah me! what have I enterprised? what have I done? whither did I go? whither am I come?

### EPIG. 10.

Paul's midnight voice prevail'd; his music's thunder Unhinge'd the prison-doors, split bolts in sunder: And sitt'st thou here, and hang'st the seeble wing? And whine'st to be enlarge'd? Soul, learn to sing.





Pfalm 42.1.
Evin as the Hart the cooling Streams desires,
So to the Lord of Life my Soul aspires.

### O, 'See base buried out my contine hear

### PSALM xlii. 1.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

L'affect de le de l'actor su la la de

HOW shall my tongue express that hallow'd fire Which heav'n hath kindled in my ravish'd heart? What muse shall I invoke, that will inspire My lowly quilt to act a losty part? What art shall I devise, t'express desire Too intricate to be express'd by art? Let all the Nine be silent; I resuse Their aid in this high task; for they abuse The slames of love too much: assist me, David's muse.

Not as the thirsty soil desires soft show'rs,

To quicken and resresh her embryon grain\*;

Nor as the drooping crests of fading slow'rs

Request the bounty of a morning rain,

Do I desire my God: These, in sew hours,

Re-wish what late their wishes did obtain;

But as the swist-soot hart doth wounded sly

To th' much-desired streams, ev'n so do I

Pant after thee my God, whom I must find, or die.

in the Landau to the landau to

\* Embryon grain; i. e. seed in the earth not come up.

Pant after ince. In

3.

Before a pack of deep-mouth'd lufts I flee;
O, they have fingled out my panting heart:

And wanton Cupid, fitting in a tree,

Hath pierce'd my bosom with a flaming dart; My soul, being spent, for resuge seeks to thee, But cannot find where thou my resuge art:

Like as the swift-foot harr doth wounded fly To the defired streams, ev'n so do I

Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

4.

At length, by flight, I overwent the pack;
Thou drew'st the wanton dart from out my wound;

The blood that follow'd, left a purple track,

Which brought a serpent, but in shape a hound; We strove, he bit me; but thou brake'st his back,

I left him grov'ling on th'envenom'd ground: But as the ferpent-bitten hart doth fly

To the long long'd-for streams, ev'n so do I Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

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If lust should chase my soul, made swift by fright, Thou art the stream whereto my soul is bound:

Or if a jav'lin wound my fides in flight,

Thou art the ballam that must cure my wound:

If poison chance t'infest my soul in fight,

Thou art the treacle that must make me sound:

Ev'n as the wounded hart, embost \*, doth fly

To th' streams extremely long'd for, so do I

Pant after thee, my God, whom I must find, or die.

<sup>\*</sup> Emboft; i. e. wearied to a foaming: a term of hunters.

#### S. CYRIL. Lib. v. in Joh. Cap x.

O precious water! which quencheth the noisom thirst of this world, scoureth all the stains of sinners, that watereth the earth of our souls with heavenly showers, and bringeth back the thirsty heart of man to his only God!

#### S: AUGUST. Solilog. Cap. xxxv.

O fountain of life, and vein of living waters, when shall I leave this for saken, impassible, and dry earth, and taste the waters of thy sweetness, that I may behold thy virtue and thy glory, and slake my thirst with the streams of thy mercy! Lord, I thirst; thou art the spring of life, satisfy me: I thirst, Lord, I thirst after thee the living God!

### EPIG. II.

But, fransluk haderak, the become life a called

s a franchista sport to et west his Y

How often bith thy lider-teviging given Woo'd my fulpicious eves to feel any face! How often have I dragat door! O have long lines are expected at the graph of the face of the same I as same of the same I as same of the sa

The arrow-smitten hart, deep-wounded, flies
To th' springs, with water in his weeping eyes:
Heav'n is thy spring: if Satan's fiery dart
Pierce thy faint sides: do so, my wounded heart.

#### XII

#### PSALM Mii. 2.

## When shall I come and appear before God?

THAT is my foul the better, to be tine'd \* With holy fire i what boots + it to be coin'd With heav'n's own flamp? what 'vantage t can there be To fouls of heav'n-descended pedigree, More than to beafts that grovel i are not they Fed by th' Almighty's hand ? and ev'ry day, Fill'd with his bleffings too! Do they not fee God in his creatures, as direct as we? Do they not taffe thee? hear thee? nay, what fenfe Is not partaker of thine excellence? What more do we? alas! what serves our reason, But, like dark lanterns, to accomplish treason With greater closeness? It affords no light, Brings thee no nearer to our purblind light: No pleasure rises up the least degree, Great God ! but in the clearer view of thee: What privilege more than fense, bath reason, then ! What 'vantage is it to be born a man for the nivers. How often hath my patience built, dear Lord, Vain tow'rs of hope upon thy gracious word! How often hath thy hope-reviving grace Woo'd my suspicious eyes to seek thy face! How often have I fought thee! O how long Hath expectation taught my perfect tongue Repeated pray'rs, yet pray'rs could ne'er obtain ! In vain I feek thee, and I beg in vain:

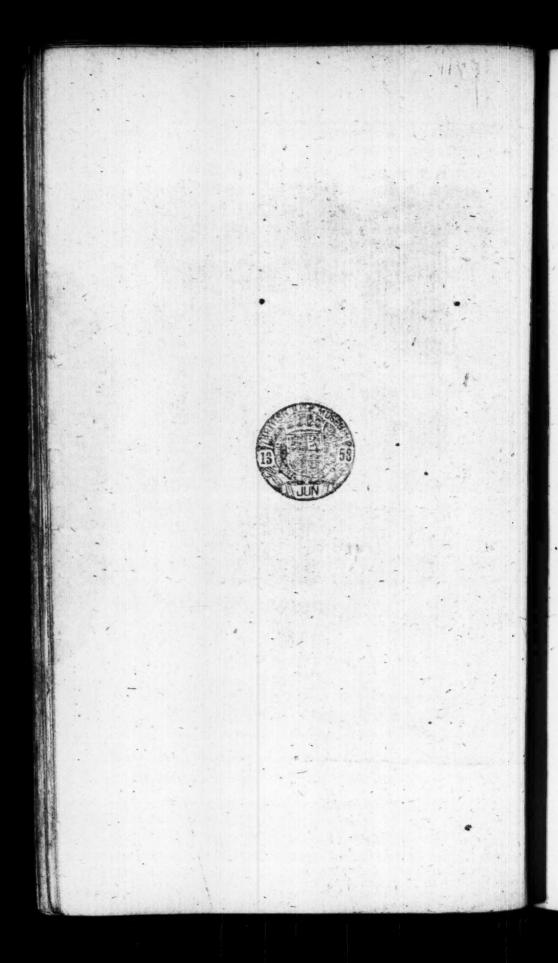
Tined; i. e. lighted up. + Boots; i. e. profits. † Vantage;



Pfalm 42.2.

Tis tomy God, my Soul would fain draw near:

Lord in thy Presence when shall I appear!



If it be high prefumption to behold Thy face, why didft thou make mine eyes fo bold To feek it? If that object be too bright For man's aspect, why did thy lips invite Mine eye t'expect it? If it might be feen, Why is this envious curtain drawn between My darken'd eye and it? O tell me, why Thou doft command the thing thou doft deny! Why dost thou give me so unprize'd a treasure, And then deny'ft my greedy foul the pleasure To view my gift ? Alas! that gift is void, And is no gift, that may not be enjoy'd: If those refulgent beams of heav'n's great light Gild not the day, what is the day but night? The drowly shepherd sleeps, flow'rs droop and fade; The birds are sullen, and the beast is sad: But if bright Titan dart his golden ray, And with his riches glorify the day, The jolly shepherd pipes; slow'rs freshly spring; The beafts grow gamesome, and the birds they sing. Thou art my fun, great God! O when shall I View the full beams of thy meridian eye? Draw, draw this fleshly curtain, that denies The gracious presence of thy glorious eyes; Or give me faith; and, by the eye of grace, 1 I shall behold thee, though not face to face.

#### S. AUGUST. in Pfal. xxxix.

Who created all things, is better than all things: who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things: who made strength, is stronger than all things: who made great things, is greater than all things: what soever thou lovest, he is that to thee: learn to love the workman in his work, the Creator in his creature. Let not that which was made by him possess thee, lest thou lose him by whom thyself was made.

#### S. AUGUST. Med. Cap. xxxvii.

O thou most sweet, most gracious, most amiable, most fair, when shall I see thee? when shall I be satisfied with thy beauty? when wilt thou lead me from this dark dungeon, that I may confess thy name?

#### EPIG. 14.

How art thou shaded, in this veil of night, Behind thy curtain sless! Thou sees no light, But what thy pride doth challenge as her own; Thy sless is high: soul, take this curtain down.



M



Pfalm . 55.6.

O that I had the Pinions of a Dove!

Then would I seek the Realms of Peace and Love.

#### with the last AXIII. I would be you work O

#### PSALM IV. 6. CONSTITUTION OF For Luminoshee gain materials, they call them force

The Library of the property and the manufact of

O that I had the wings of a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest.

### How I would lost and hug, and hade to

Of manfing way, and that positive above ! ND am I sworn a dunghill-slave for ever To earth's base drudg'ry? Shall I never find A night of reft? Shall my indentures never Be cancell'd? Did injurious nature bind My foul earth's 'prentice, with no clause to leave her? No day of freedom? Must I for ever grind? O that I had the pinions of a dove, That I might quit my bands, and foar above, And pour my just complaints before the great JEHOVE! How I would cloud the face, and bate !

#### Of transport to , and jet in things above !

How happy are the doves, that have the pow'r. Whene'er they please, to spread their airy wings ! Or cloud-dividing eagles, that can tow'r Above the scent of these inferior things! How happy is the lark, that ev'ry hour Leaves earth, and then for joy mounts up and fings! Had my dull foul but wings as well as they How I would spring from earth, and clip \* away, As wife Aftræa did, and fcorn this ball of clay!

\* Clip; i. e. fly fwiftly.

word O

3.

O how my foul would spurn this ball of clay,
And loath the dainties of earth's painful pleasure!
O how I'd laugh to see men night and day
Turmoil to gain that trash, they call their treasure!
O how I'd smile to see what plots they lay
To catch a blass, or own a smile from Cæsar!
Had I the pinions of a mounting dove.

How I would foar and fing, and hate the love Of transitory toys, and feed on joys above!

4.

There should I find that everlasting pleasure,
Which change removes not, and which chance preThere should I find that everlasting treasure [vents not;
Which force deprives not, fortune disaugments.
There should I find that everlasting Cæsar, [not;
Whose hand recalls not, and whose heart repents
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove, [not;
How I would climb the skies, and hate the love
Of transitory toys, and joy in things above!

No rank-mouth'd slander there shall give offence, Or blast our blooming names, as here they do;

No liver-scalding lust shall there incenfe

Our boiling veins; there is no Cupid's bow:
Lord, give my foul the milk-white innocence
Of doves, and I shall have their pinions too:
Had I the pinions of a clipping dove,
How I would quit this earth, and four above

How I would quit this earth, and foar above, And heav'n's bleft kingdom find, with heav'n's bleft [King Jehove!

<sup>\*</sup> Difaugments; i. e. wasteth.

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#### S. AUGUST. in Pfal. cxxxviii.

What wings should I desire, but the two precepts of love, on which the law and the prophets depend! O if I could obtain these wings, I could fly from thy face to thy face; from the face of thy justice, to the face of thy mercy; let me find those wings by love, which we have lost by lust.

#### S. AUGUST. in Pfal. lxxvi.

Let us cast off whatshever hindereth, entangleth, or burdeneth our slight, until we attain that which satisfiesh; beyond which, nothing is; beneath which, all things are; of which, all things are,

#### EPIG. 13.

Tell me, my wishing soul, didst ever try
How fast the wings of red-cross'd faith can sty?
Why begg'st thou, then, the pinions of a dove?
Faith's wings are swifter; but the swiftest, love.

U 2.

PSALM

The Likeway blood of told

the commence for the first

To subject turn to when all ner and

#### XIV.

#### PSALM IXXXIV. I.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O God of hofts!

Ncient of days, to whom all things are NOW, Before whose glory seraphims do bow Their blufhing cheeks, and veil their blemish'd faces, That, uncontain'd, at once dost fill all places; . How glorious, O how far beyond the height Of puzzled quills, or the obtuse conceit Of flesh and blood, or the too flat reports Of mortal tongues, are thy expressless courts! Whose glory to paint forth with-greater art, Ravish my fancy, and inspire my heart; Excuse my bold attempt, and pardon me For shewing sense, what faith alone should see. Ten thousand millions, and ten thousand more Of angel-measure'd leagues, from th'eastern shore Of dungeon earth, his glorious palace stands, Before whose pearly gates ten thousand bands Of armed angels wait to entertain Those purged souls, for which the Lamb was flain: Whose guiltless death, and voluntary yielding Of whose giv'n life, gave the brave court her building; The lukewarm blood of this dear Lamb, being spilt, To rubies turn'd, whereof her posts were built; And what dropp'd down in a kind gelid gore, Did turn rich sapphires, and did pave her floor: The brighter flames, that from his eye-balls ray'd, Grew chryfolytes, whereof her walls were made:

The milder glances sparkled on the ground, And groundfil'd ev'ry door with diamond; But dying, darted upwards, and did fix A battlement of purest fardonyx. Her streets with burnish'd gold are paved round, Stars lie like pebbles scatter'd on the ground : Pearl mixt with onyx, and the jasper stone, Made gravell'd causeways to be trampled on. There shines no fun by day, no moon by night; The palace glory is, the palace light: There is no time to measure motion by, There time is fwallow'd in eternity: Wry-mouth'd disdain, and corner-hunting lust, And twy-face'd fraud, and beetle-brow'd diffrust, Soul-boiling rage, and trouble-state sedition, And giddy doubt, and goggle-eye'd fuspicion, And lumpish forrow, and degen rous fear, Are banish'd thence, and death's a stranger there But simple love, and sempirernal joys Whose sweetness neither gluts, nor fullness cloys; Where face to face our ravish'd eye shall see Great ELOHIM, that glorious One to Three, And Three in One, and feeing him that blefs him, And bleffing, love him; and, in love, poffefs him. Here stay, my foul, and, ravish'd in celation, The words being spent, spend now in contemplation.

he

The milder allances fractaled on the grotter

#### S. GREG, in Pfal, vii. pcenitent.

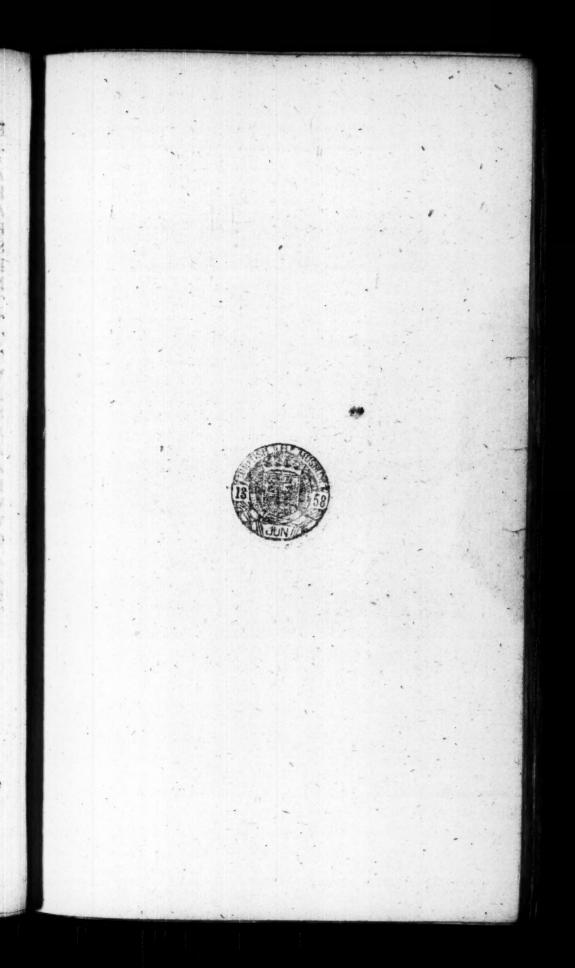
Sweet Jesus, the word of the Father, the brightness of paternal glory, whom angels delight to view, teach me to do thy will; that, led by thy good Spirit, I may come to that blessed city, where day is eternal; where there is certain security, and secure eternity; and eternal peace, and peaceful happiness; and happy sweetness, and sweet pleasure; where thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, livest and reignest world without end.

#### lbidem.

There is light, without darkness; joy, without grief; desire, without punishment; love, without sadness; satiety, without loathing; safety, without fear; health, without distale; and life, without death.

#### EPIG. 14.

My foul, pry not too nearly; the complexion Of Sol's bright face is feen by the reflexion: [what: But wouldft thou know what's heav'n? I'll tell thee Think what thou canst not think, and heav'n is that.





Cant: 8.14.

Haste then my Love, be like the bounding Roe,

Over the fragrant Hills where Spices grow.

## Once more benefit thy face, before thoughy; and then, figdly we pare without X muchal and the

Turn back, my dearl; () let fow ravish'd evo

### CANTICE BS vill. 14. 100 L No odw O

Make haste, my beloved, and be like the roe, or the young bart upon the mountains of spices.

O, gentle tyrant, go; thy flames do pierce
My foul too deep; thy flames are too, too fierce;
My marrow melts, my fainting spirits stry
I' th' torrid zone of thy meridian eye:
Away, away, thy sweets are too persuming:
Turn, turn thy face, thy fires are too consuming:

Haste hence, and let thy winged steps outgo
The frighted roebuck, and his slying roe.
But wilt thou leave me, then? O thou, that art
Life of my foul, soul of my dying heart,
Without the sweet aspect of whose fair eyes
My soul doth languish, and her solace dies?
Art thou so eas'ly woo'd? so apt to hear
The frantic language of my soolish fear?

Leave, leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look, look upon me, tho' thing eyes o'ercome me.
O how they wound! but how my wounds concent me!
How fweetly these delightful pains torment me!
How am I torture'd in excessive measure
Of pleasing cruelties! too cruel treasure \*!
Turn, turn away, remove thy scorching beams;
I languish with these bitter-sweet extremes:
Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo

Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo The slying roebuck, and his frighted roe.

<sup>\*</sup> Treasure; read pleasure.

Turn back, my dear; O let my ravish'd eye Once more behold thy face, before thou sly; What, shall we part without a mutual kiss? O who can leave so sweet a face as this? Look full upon me; for my soul desires To turn a holy martyr in those fires:

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me;
Look; look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.
If thou becloud the funshine of thine eye,
I freeze to death; and if it shine, I fry;
Which, like a fever, that my soul hath got,
Makes me to burn too cold, or freeze too hot:
Alas! I cannot bear so sweet a smart,
Nor canst thou be less glorious than thou art.

Haste then, and let thy winged steps outgo. The frighted roebuck, and his stying roe. But go not far beyond the reach of breath; Too large a distance makes another death: My youth is in her spring; autumnal vows. Will make me riper for so sweet a spouse; When after-times have burnish'd my desire, I'll shoot thee stances for stames, and fire for fire.

O leave me not, nor turn thy beauty from me; Look, look upon me, tho' thy flames o'ercome me.

Mille (See, 1616) of the Carlo



Pfalm 84.1.

How bright, how glorious, how dirinely fair,
OLord of Hosts, thy heavinly Mansions are!



B



Autor Scalæ Paradifi, Tom. iv. Aug., Cap. viii.

Fear not, O bride, nor despair; think not thyself contemned, if thy Bridegroom withdraw his face a while: All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence, and his presence, thou gainest light: he cometh to thee, and he goeth from thee: he cometh, to make thee consolate; he goeth, to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puff thee up: be cometh, that thy languishing soul may be comforted; he goeth, lest his familiarity should be contemned; and, being absent, to be more desired; and, being desired, to be more earnestly sought: and, being long sought, to be more acceptably found.

#### EPIG. 15.

De then faithful unto death, and I will give the in

My foul, fin's monster, whom with greater ease, Ten thousand fold, thy God could make than please, What would'st thou have? Nor pleas'd with sun, nor shade?

Deligve that he, behelf gentle saleria

Did ever marry find to fleange releas?

Schove that he, whole he

Heav'n knows not what to make of what he made.

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# THE THE TOTAL STATE OF THE STAT

Auter Scalar Paracella, Toman A. Auga Cap. viil.

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#### FAREWELL.

### Rav. S. 10.

the content of the property of

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.

Believe: 'Tis eafy to believe; but what?'
That he whom thy hard heart hath wounded,
And whom thy form hath fpit upon,
Hath paid thy fine, and hath compounded
For these soul deeds thy hands have done:
Believe that he, whose gentle palms
Thy needle-pointed fins have nail'd,
Hath borne thy slavish load (of alms),
And made supply where thou hast fail'd:
Did ever mis'ry find so strange relief?
It is a love too strange for man's belief.

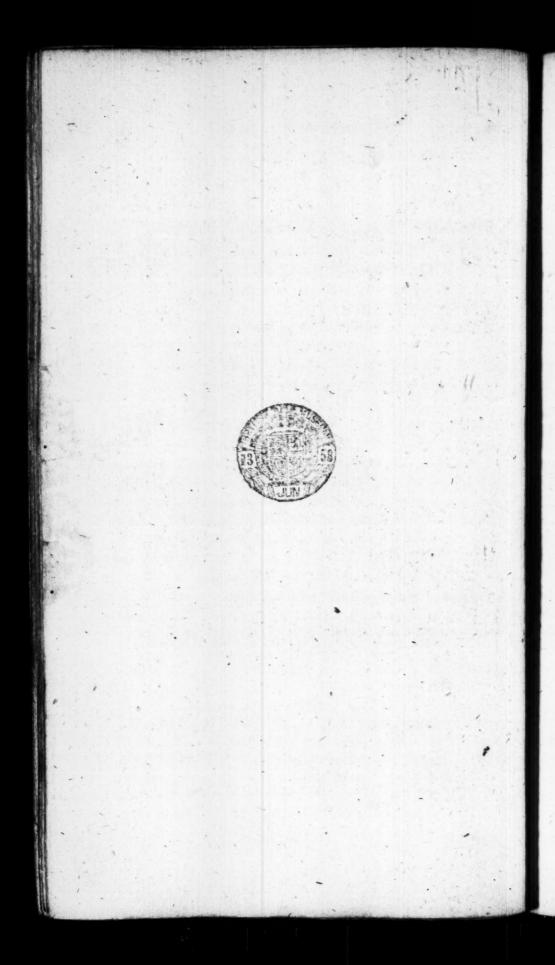
Believe that he, whose side
Thy erimes have pierce'd with their rebellions, dy'd
To

To him that conquers shall the Crown be givn;



Fidesque coronat ad Aras.

Faith at the Altar crowns, and leads to Hearn.



To fave thy guilty foul from dying

Ten thousand horrid deaths, from whence
There was no 'scape, there was no flying,
But through his dearest blood's expence:
Believe, this dying friend requires
No other thanks for all his pain,
But ev'n the truth of weak defires,
And, for his love, but love again:
Did ever mis'ry find so true a friend?
It is a love too wast to comprehend,

With floods of tears baptize

And drench these dry, these unregen'rate eyes;

Lord, whet my dull, my blunt belies,

And break this sleshy rock in sunder,

That from this heart, this hell of gries,

May spring a heav'n of love and wonder:

O if thy mercies will remove

And melt this lead from my belies,

My gries will then refine my love,

My love will then refresh my gries:

Then weep, mine eyes, as he hath bled; vouchsafe

To drop for every drep an epitaph.

But is the crown of glory

The wages of a lamentable story?

Or can so great a purchase rise

From a salt humour? Can mine eyes

Run fast enough t' obtain this prize?

If so, Lord, who's so mad to die?

Thy tears are triss; thou must do:

Alas! I cannot; then endeavour:

I will: but will a tug or two

Suffice the turn? Thou must persever\*:

EMBLEMS. Book V. I'll strive till death; and shall my feeble strife Be crown'd? I'll crown it with a crown of life.

There was no feete, there was no flying, But through & deaned blood's expence But is there such a dearth, That thou must buy what is thy due by birth? He whom thy hands did form of dust, And give him breath, upon condition To love his great Creator; must

240

III .

He now be thine by composition? Art thou a gracious God and mild, Or headstrong man rebellious, rather?

O, man's a base rebellious child, And thou a very gracious father: The gift is thine; we strive, thou crown'st our strife: Thou giv'ft us faith; and faith a crown of life.

And meld this lead from my belief.

O if thy mering will remove

May Iping a neav'n of love and wonder:

Then weep, mine eyes, as he had bied , voitchfafe END of VOL. I.

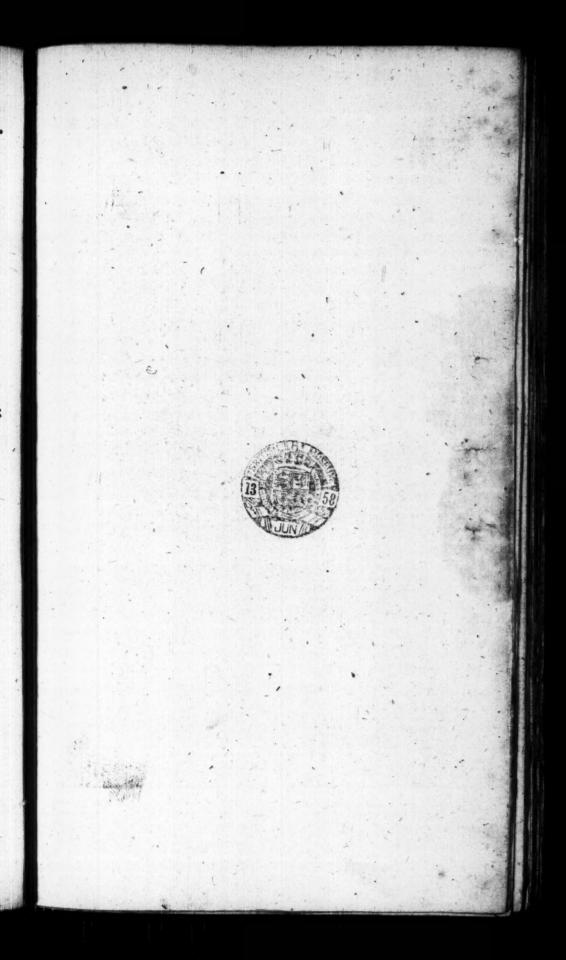
But is the crown of glory

I've voges of a famousable flory

lake good will shon retine new love, My love by I shen refeells my grief

Or real so great a purchase ask Brown a like hamower? Our mine eyes A so fait enough t'obtain this prive I fe, Le re, was's fo mad to die ! Thy tears are trides; thou must do: Alas ! I cannot ; then endeavour : I will: but will a tog or two Suffice the curn ! I had at all perferet ?

Polyar in a ban an





This bubbles man hope, fear false joy and trouble. Are those four winds which daily tols this bubble.

### HIEROGLYPHICS

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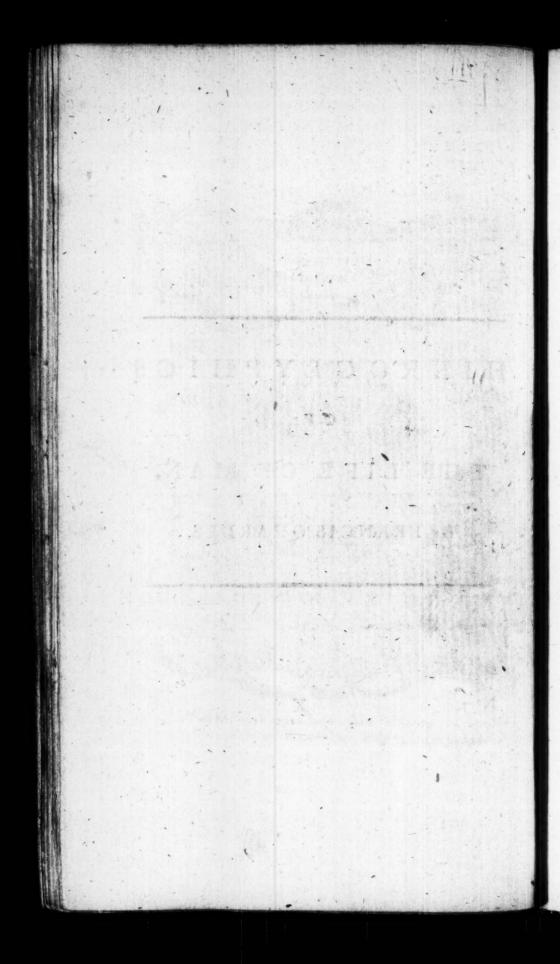
No. 1745

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES.

Nº 7.

X



# BOTH IN BLOOD AND VIRTUE,

AND MOST ACCOMPLISHED LADY,

M A R Y,

COUNTESS OF DORSET,

C H A R L E S, PRINCE OF GREAT BRITAIN,

ded not evid frand

DUKE OF YORK.

EXCELLENT LADY,

I Present these tapers to burn under the safe protestion of your honourable name; where, I presume, they stand secure from the damps of ignorance, and blasts of censure. It is a small part of that abundant service which my thankful heart oweth your incomparable goodness. Be pleased to honour it with your acceptance, which shall be nothing but what your own esteem shall make it.

MADAM,
Your Ladyship's
most humble servant,

X 2 FRA. QUARLES.

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### 218A 8 00 [ 244 0] 8 ART OF

#### TO THE READER.

If you are satisfied with my EMBLEMS, I here set before you a second service. It is an Ægyptian dish, dressed on the English fashion. They, at their seasts, used to present a death's head at their second course: this will serve for both. You need not sear a surfeit: here is but little, and that light of digestion: if it but please your palate, I question not your stomach. Fall to, and much good may it do you.

# Convivio addit Minerval. E. B.

Mines they from the homes of the stands of their and the stands of centure. It is a grant mark of their arthurant for the stands of the stands

Rem, Regem, Regimen, Regionem, Religionem, Exornat, celebrat, landat, bonorat, amat.

mothering fromt,

Pan. Outellen





Sine Lamine inane.

How canst thou thus be useful to the Sight!

What is the Taper not induid with Light!

PSALM li. 5.

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in fin did my mother conceive me.

TAN is man's A. B. C. There's none that can Read God aright, unless he first spell man :. Man is the stairs, whereby his knowledge climbs To his Creator, though it oftentimes Stumbles for want of light, and sometimes trips For want of careful heed; and sometimes slips Through unadvifed hafte; and when at length His weary steps have reach'd the top, his strength Oft fails to fland; his giddy brains turn round, And, Phaeton-like, falls headlong to the ground: These stairs are often dark, and full of danger To him, whom want of practice makes a stranger To this blind way: the lamp of nature lends But a false light, and lights to her own ends. These be the ways to heav'n, these paths require A light that fprings from that diviner fire, Whose human-foul-enlight'ning fun-beams dart Thro' the bright cranies \* of th' immortal part. And here, thou great Original of light, Whose error-chasing beams do unbenight + The very foul of darkness, and untwill The clouds of ignorance; do thou affift My feeble quill: reflect thy facred rays Upon these lines, that they may light the ways That lead to thee; fo guide my heart, my hand, That I may do what others understand. Let my heart practife what my hand shall write: Till then, I am a taper wanting light.

<sup>\*</sup> Cranies; i. e. little cracks.

<sup>†</sup> Unbenight; i. e. remove the

#### 246 HIEROGLYPHIC L.

This golden precept, "Know thy felf," came down From heav'n's high court; it was an art unknown To flesh and blood. The men of nature took Great journies in it : their dim eyes did look But thro' the mist; like pilgrims, they did spend Their idle steps, but knew no journey's end. The way to know thyfelf, is first to cast \* Thy frail beginning, progress, and thy last: This is the fum of man; but now return, And view this taper standing in this urn. Behold her substance fordid and impure, Useless and vain, and (wanting light) obscure: 'Tis but a span at longest, nor can last Beyond that span; ordain'd and made to waste; Ev'n fuch was man (before his foul gave light To this vile substance) a mere child of night; Ere he had life, estated + in his urn, And mark'd for death; by nature born to burn: Thus lifeless, lightless, worthless, first began That glorious, that prefumptuous thing, call'd man.

in arma artifus

<sup>\*</sup> Caft; i. e. contemplate. † Effated; i. e. fixed or placed in the near candleftick, the body.

### S. AUGUST.

Consider, O man, what thou wert before thy birth, and what thou art from thy birth to thy death, and what thou shalt be after death: thou wert made of an impure substance, cleathed and nourished in thy mother's blood.

#### EPIG. I.

ALLS factorexpedition force bed as however

Thus man begins to the. An anknown flame (O) delects its fault of each of more palled.

With motion and which wasted they exactly the exactly.

Hot bone, and also eligible to a control to the con

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Forbear, fond taper: what thou feek'st, is fire: Thy own destruction's lodg'd in thy desire. Thy wants are far more safe than their supply: He that begins to live, begins to die.

## GEN. i. 3.

And God faid, Let there be light; and there was light.

1.

The force, and

THIS flame-expecting taper hath at length
Received fire, and now begins to burn:
It hath no vigour yet, it hath no flrength;
Apt to be puff'd and quench'd at ev'ry turn:
It was a gracious hand that thus endow'd [fhroud
This fnuff with flame: but mark, this hand doth
Itself from mortal eyes, and folds it in a cloud.

2.

Thus man begins to live. An unknown flame
Quickens his finish'd organs, now possest
With motion; and which motion doth proclaim
An active soul, though in a feeble breast;
But how, and when infus'd, ask not my pen;
Here slies a cloud before the eyes of men:
I cannot tell thee how, nor canst thou tell me when.

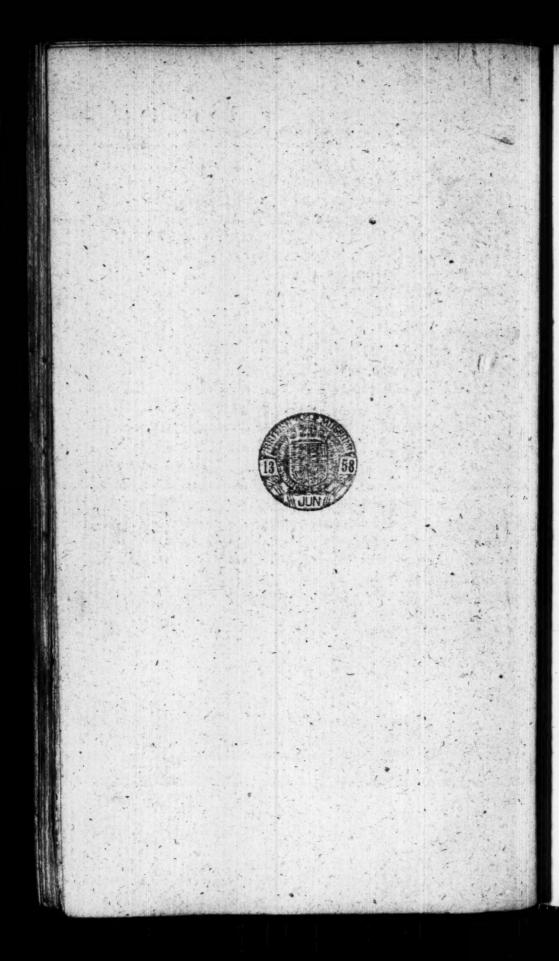
2.

Was it a parcel of celestial fire,
Infus'd by heav'n into this sleshly mould?
Or was it (think you) made a foul intire?
Then, was it new created? or of old?
Or-is't a propagated spark, rake'd out
From nature's embers? While we go about
By reason to resolve, the more we raise a doubt.



Nescius unde.

At length thou seest it eatch the living Flame,
But knowst not whence the Emanation came.



B

ISIDOR.

If it be part of that celedial flame,

It must be ev'n as pure, as free from spot,

As that eternal fountain whence it came:

If pure and spotless, then whence came the blot de Itself being pure, would not itself defile;
Nor hath unactive matter pow'r to soil.

Or if it were created, tell me when:

If in the first six days, where kept till now?

Or if thy foul were new created, then

Heavin did not all, at first, he had to do:

Six days expired, all creation ceased;

All kinds, ev'n from the greatest to the least,

Were finish'd and complete before the day of rest.

But why should man, the lord of creatures, want
That privilege which plants and beasts obtain?
Beasts bring forth beasts, the plant a perfect plant,
And ev'ry like brings forth her like again;
Shall fowls and sishes, beasts and plants convey
Life to their issue, and man less than they?
Shall these get living souls, and man dead lumps of clay?

Must human souls be generated, then?

My water ebbs; behold, a rock is nigh:

If nature's work produce the souls of men,

Man's soul is mortal: all that's born must die.

What shall we then conclude? what sunshine will

Disperse this gloomy cloud? till then, be still,

My vainly-striving thoughts; lie down, my puzzled

[quill.

Blot? i. e. original depravity.

#### I.S. I.D. O Real Towns of the

Why doft thou wonder, O man, at the height of the flars, or the depth of the fea; enter into thine own foul, and wonder there.

Thy foul, by creation, is infused; by infusion, crenatter pow'r to ated. Her nure and adire form, as jury corresp their oil.

## EPIG. 2. hatesto stav si li 10

is the first for What art thou now the better by this flame? Thou know if not how, nor when, nor whence it came; Poor kind of happiness that can return when xic No more account but this, to fay, I burn. A IIA Were faith'd and complete before the day of rell,

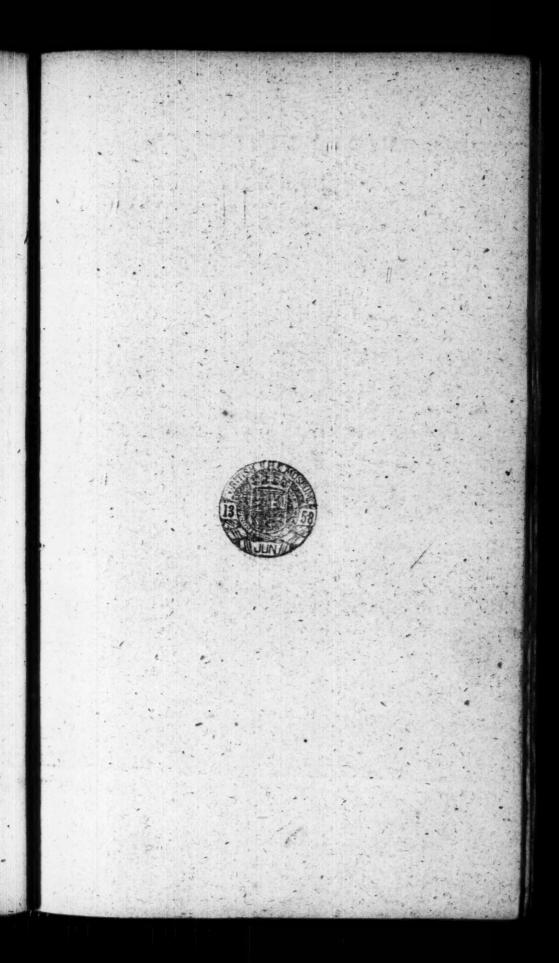
But why ibduld man, whe lord of creatures, want . That privilege which plants and testis obtain? Reafts bring forth bearing, the plant a perfect plant; And ev'ry like brings forth her like again; bball towls and filter, beatls and plants convey Life to their tifue, and gain tell then they ?

Shall the laget living loads, and wan load bur good clast Must harried louis be generated, then ? My water cops ; berold, a rock is nich; If nature's work produce the toule of men.

Man's foul is more : all that's been much the. Wastlash we sheet concluse? what land line will Dispute this shoot clouds tell them, be filly

My vainly then the thoughts; He down, my surned .lump | . Blat? Let original deptacity.

ISIDOR.





Quo me ounque rapit.

My feeble Light is thus tost to and fro.

The Sport of all the envious Winds that blow.

# Our life is but a 67 cilis in Take 9 .

The wind paffeth over it, and it is gone. A

Were, were we to continue here

And eviry Maleo

O fooner is this lighted taper fet
Upon the transitory stage
Of eye-bedark ning night,
But it is strait subjected to the threat
Of envious winds, whose wasteful rage

Diffurbs her peaceful light, [less bright, And makes her substance waste, and makes her slames

No sooner are we born, no sooner come
To take possession of this vast,
This soul-afflicting earth,
But danger meets us at the very womb;
And sorrow, with her full-mouth'd blast,
Salutes our painful birth,

To put out all our joys, and puff out all our mirth.

And, till we pay the debergewe can expect no ref

Nor infant innocence, nor childifu tears,
Nor youthful wit, nor manly pow'r,
Nor politic old age,

Nor politic old age,
Nor virgin's pleading, nor the widow's pray'rs,
Nor lowly cell, nor lofty tow'r,

Nor prince, nor peer, nor page, Can'scape\* this common blaft, or curb her stormy rage.

Scape; i. e. escape or avoid.

Our life is but a pilgrimage of blafts, And ev'ry blaft brings forth a fear; And ev'ry fear, a deeth

The more it lengthens, ah! the more it waftes:

Were, were we to continue here The days of long-live'd Seth,

Our forrows would renew, as we renew our breath.

Tols'd to and fro, our frighted thoughts are driv'n With ev'ry puff, with ev'ry tide Of life-confuming care;

Our peaceful flame, that would point up to heav'n, Is fill diffurb'd, and turn'd afide;

And ev'ry blaft of air

Commits such waste in man, as man cannot repair.

W' are all born debtors, and we firmly fland.
Oblige'd for our first parents' debt,
Besides our interest;

Alas! we have no harmless \* counterbond:

And we are ev'ry hour befet With threat'nings of arrest,

And, till we pay the debt, we can expect no reft.

What may this forrow-shaken life present, To the false relish of our taste,

That's worth the name of fweet?

Her minute's pleasure's choak'd with discontent,

Her glory foil'd with ev'ry blaft;

How many dangers meet

Poor man between the biggin + and the winding-sheet!

\* Harmless; i. e. indemnissing. + Biggin; i. e. the infant's first

drefs.

S. A U-

#### S. AUGUST.

In the world, not to be grieved, not to be afflicted, not to be in danger, is impossible.

#### Ibidem.

Behold, the world is full of trouble, yet beloved: what if it were a pleasing world? how wouldst thou delight in her calms, that canst so well endure her storms?

## EPIG. 3. La thing yiffo)

You that olwers and closing

Nature knows Lending to Library
And not gride Milderies substra
Cartino 1000 to substrate or Cartino
And the Course or Cartino

Nature workers for the turne

Ast in the second second and the contract of t

the erro cold made to achieve ion II

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Art thou consume'd with soul-afflicting crosses?

Disturb'd with grief? annoy'd with worldly losses?

Hold up thy head: the taper, listed high,

Will brook the wind; when lower tapers die,

MATTHEW ix. 12. The whole need not the physician.

A Lways pruning, always cropping?

Is her brightness still obscure'd?

Ever dressing, ever topping?

Always curing, never cure'd?

Too much snussing makes a waste;

When the spirits spend too sast,

They will shrink at ev'ry blast.

You that always are bestowing
Costly pains in life repairing,
Are but always overthrowing
Nature's work by over-caring:
Nature, meeting with her soe,
In a work she hath to do,
Takes a pride to overthrow.

Nature knows her own perfection,
And her pride disdains a tutor;
Cannot stoop to art's correction,
And she scorns a co-adjutor.
Saucy art should not appear,
Till she whisper in her ear;
Hagar slees, if Sarah bear.

Nature worketh for the better,

If not hinder'd that she cannot;

Art stands by as her abetter,

Ending nothing she began not;

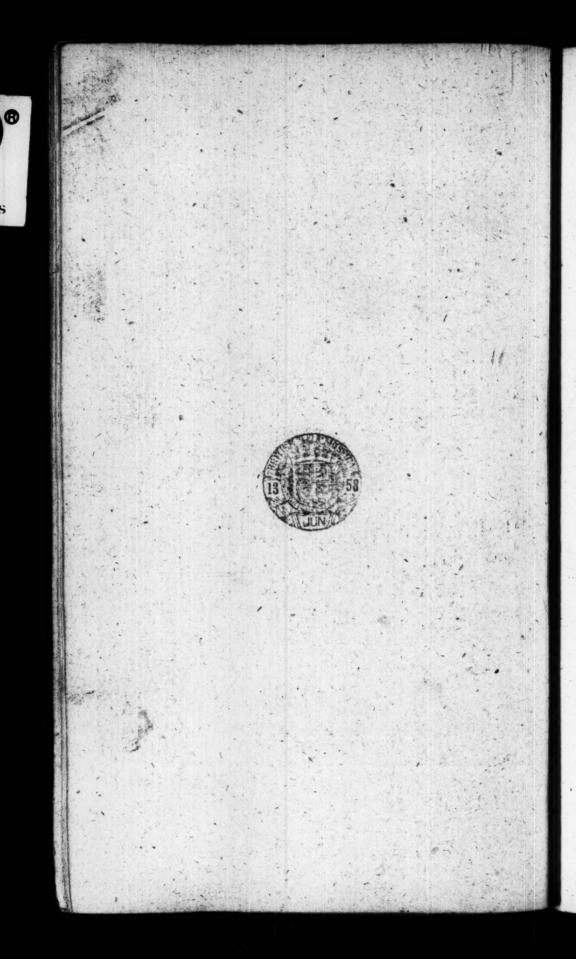
If distemper chance to seize
(Nature soil'd with the disease),

Art may help her if she please.

But



The Flame by trimming burns more bright and fast,
But often trimming makes the Taper waste.



But to make a trade of trying
Drugs and doses, always pruning, the morrow day Is to die for fear of dying; He's untune'd, that's always tuning. He that often loves to lack Dear-bought drugs, hath found a knack To foil the man, and feed the quack.

My purch being beary il. Hat dist water con O the fad, the frail condition Of the pride of nature's glory! How infirm his composition, And, at best, how transitory! When this riot doth impair Nature's weakness, then his care Adds more ruin by repair.

Hold thy hand, health's dear maintainer, Life, perchance, may burn the stronger: Having substance to sustain her, She, untouch'd, may last the longer: When the artist goes about To redress her flame, I doubt, Oftentimes he fouffs it out.

## 256 HIEROGLYPHIC IV.

#### NICOCLES.

Physicians, of all men, are most happy; what good success soever they have, the world proclaimeth; and what faults they commit, the earth covereth.

#### Army of EPIG. 4. It was

Dear-wood in degree, had cound a knack

for give" sure sets of

er bell, here warfred

74 hete chit che dethi funkie. Nacare e presidhels, tem his eper

Taking be then buying IAA

Hold dy ared, health's dear mainten no

enor of ser the year, b'does, an toda

Ween the with dock about T

Original of somunity of aug

Having full-burge to fuffair her,

My purse being heavy, if my light appear But dim, quack comes to make all clear; Quack, leave thy trade; thy dealings are not right, Thou take'st our weighty gold to give us light.





Te auxiliante, refurgo.

The Winds with all their Breath may blow, in rain.

For by thy help I am revivid again.

PSALM xci. 11.

And he will give his angels charge over thee.

OHOW mine eyes could please themselves, and Perpetual ages in this precious sight! [spend: How I could woo eternity, to lend My wasting day, an antidote for night! And how my flesh could with my flesh contend, That views this object with no more delight! My work is great, my taper spends too fast: 'T is all I have, and soon would out or-waste, Did not this blessed screen protect it from this blast.

O, I have lost the jewel of my foul,
And I must find it out, or I must die:
Alas! my fin-made darkness doth controus.
The bright endeavor of my careful eye:
I must go search and ransack ev'ry hole;
Nor have I other light to seek it by:
O if this light be spent, my work not done,
My labor's worse than lost; my jewel's gone,
And I am quite forlorn, and I am quite undone.

You bleffed angels, you that do enjoy
The full fruition of eternal glory,
Will you be pleas'd to fanfy fuch a toy
As man, and quit your glorious territory,
And stoop to earth, vouchsafing to employ
Your care to guard the dust that lies before yet
Disdain you not these lumps of dying clay,
That for your pains do oftentimes repay
Neglect, if not disdain, and send you griev'd away?
Y 3

This taper of our lives, that once was place'd.

In the fair suburbs of eternity,

Is now, alas! confine'd to ev'ry blast,

And turn'd a maypole for the sporting fly;

And will you, sacred spirits, please to cast

Your care on us, and lend a gracious eye?

How had this slender inch of taper been

Blasted and blaze'd, had not this heav'nly screen.

Curb'd the proud blast, and timely stepp'd between!

O goodness, far transcending the report
Of lavish tongues! too vast to comprehend!
Amazing quill, how far dost thou come short
T' express expressions that so far transcend!
You blessed courtiers of th' eternal court,
Whose full-mouth'd hallelujahs have no end,
Receive that world of praises that belongs
To your great Sov'reign; fill your holy tongues.
With our hosanna's mix'd with your seraphic songs.

#### S. BERN.

If thou desirest the help of angels, sty the comforts of the world, and resist the temptations of the devil.

He will give his angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence, deserveth so sweet a saying! For their presence, reverence; for their goodwill, love; for their tuition, considence.

## EPIG. 5

My flame, art thou difturb'd, diseas'd, and driv'n. To death with storms of grief? point thou to heav'n: One angel there shall ease thee more alone, Than thrice as many thousands of thy own.

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Control of the first indiction of the control of th

is a every of the Lapite . The

## HIEROGLYPHIC VI.

ECCLESIASTES iii. 1.

To every thing there is an appointed time.

1.

TIME.

DEATH.

Time. Behold the frailty of this stender snuff;

Alas I it hath not long to last;

Without the help of either thief or puff,

Her weakness knows the way to waste:

Nature hath made her substance apt enough

To spend itself, and spend too fast:

It needs the help of none,

That is so prone

To lavish out untouch'd, and languish all alone.

2.

amo vid losh muses

Death. Time, hold thy peace, and shake thy slow-pace'd.

Thine idle minutes make no way: [sand;

Thy glass exceeds her hour, or else doth stand;

I cannot hold, I cannot slay.

Surcease \* thy pleading, and enlarge my hand;

I surfeit with too long delay:

This brifk, this bold-face'd light

Doth burn too bright;
Darkness adorns my throne, my day is darkest night.

Time. Great prince of darkness, hold thy needless hand; Thy captive's fast, and cannot see:

What arm can rescue; who can countermand?
What pow'r can set thy pris'ner free?

Or if they could, what close, what foreign land Can hide that head that flees from thee?

Surcease; i. e. forbear,

But



Tempus erit.

The Time shall come when all must yield their Breath;
Till then, Time checks thrushifted Hand of Death.



n ns



But if her harmless light
Offend thy fight, [at night?]
What need'st thou snatch at noon, what will be thine

Death. I have outstay'd my patience; my quick trade.
Grows dull, and makes too flow return:
This long-liv'd debt is due, and should been paid.
When first her slame began to burn:
But I have stay'd too long, I have delay'd.
To store my vast, my craving urn.
My patent gives me pow'r
Each day, each hour, [tow'r.
To strike the peasant's thatch, and shake the princely

Time. Thou count'st too fast: thy patent gives no pow'r
Till Time shall please to say, Amen. [hour?

Death. Canst thou appoint my shaft? Time. Or thou my

Death. 'Tis I bid, do. Time. 'Tis I bid, when;

Alas! thou canst not make the poorest flow'r

To hang the drooping head till then:

Thy shafts can neither kill,

Nor strike, until

My pow'r gives them wings, and pleasure arms thy

## 262 HIEROGLYPHIC VI.

## S. AUGUST.

Then knowest not what time he will come: wait always, that, because thou knowest not the time of his coming, thou mayest be prepared against the time he cometh. And for this, perchance, thou knowest not the time, because thou mayest be prepared against all times.

# investor anged much and find and by

him and through her set of theb bill-and a "

Expect, but fear not death: death cannot kill,
Till time (that first must seal her patent) will:
Wouldst thou live long? keep time in high esteem;
Whom gone, if thou canst not recall, redeem,

Time. Thou count if teo fail: The patent ofverye rout'r

Near Canfi then appoint an whate I me. Or thou my

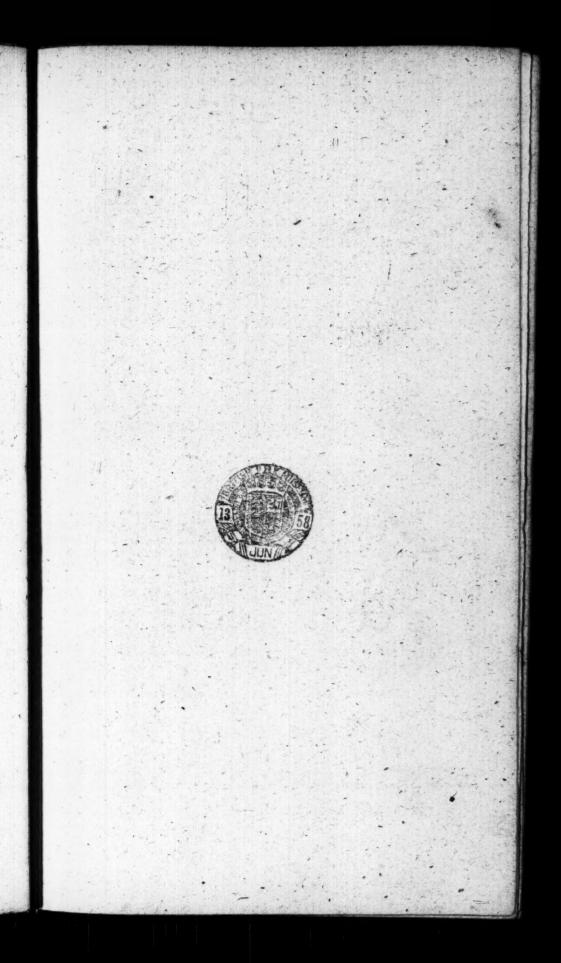
. To hang the dipoping hand all then:
, The that's can addler kill,
Mor thake, and

Alas! thou confluent make the poorest flow'r.

My pow's given them wines, and pleafare syms the

Death, 'I is I bid, do. Time 'I is I bid v terr ;

Fill Time Mall pleaded in Amen [ hoper





Nec fine, nec Tecum.

Nor with Thee, nor without Thee, is she bright;

For thy fierce Rays put out her feeble Light.

Job xviii. 6.

His light shall be dark, and his candle shall be put out.

HAT ails our taper? is her luftre fled. Or foil'd? What dire difaster bred This change, that thus the veils her golden head?

My early would aven all It was but very now she shine'd as fair As Venus' star; her glory might compare With Cynthia, burnish'd with her brother's hair.

There was no cave-begotten damp that mought Abuse her beams; no wind that went about To break her peace; no puff to put her out.

Lift up thy wond'ring thoughts, and thou shalt spy A cause will clear thy doubts, but cloud thine eye: Subjects must veil, whenas their fov'reign's by.

Canst thou behold bright Phœbus, and thy fight No whit impair'd? the object is too bright; The weaker yields unto the ftronger light.

Great God, I am thy taper, thou my fun; From thee, the spring of light, my light begun; Yet if thy light but thine, my light is done.

If thou withdraw thy light, my light will shine: If thine appear, how poor a light is mine! My light is darkness, if compare'd to thine,

Thy fun-beams are too firong for my weak eye If thou but shine, how nothing, Lord, am I! Ah! who can see thy visage, and not die!

To B Xgmi.

If intervening earth should make a night, My wanton flame would then thine forth too bright; My earth would ev'n presume t'eclipse thy light.

And if thy light be shadow'd, and mine fade, If thine be dark, and my dark light decay'd, I should be cloathed with a double shade.

What shall I do? O what shall I defire? What help can my diffracted thoughts require, That thus am wasted 'twixt a double fire?

In what a strait, in what a strait am I! 'Twixt two extremes, how my rack'd fortunes lie? See I thy face, or fee it not, I die.

O let the steams of my Redeemer's blood, That breathes from my fick foul, be made a cloud, To interpose these lights, and be my shroud.

Lord, what am I! or what's the light I have! · May it but light my ashes to their grave, And so from thence to thee; 'tis all I crave.

O make my light, that all the world may fee Thy glory by 't: if not, it feems to me Honor enough to be put out by thee.

O light

O light inaccessible, in respect of which my light is utter darkness; so resteet upon my weakness, that all the world may behold thy strength! O majesty incomprehensible, in respect of which, my glory is mere shame: so shine upon my misery, that all the world may behold thy glory!

## EPIG. 7.

Wilt thou complain, because thou art bereav'n Of all thy light? wilt thou vie lights with heav'n? Can thy bright eye not brook the daily light? Take heed; I fear, thou art a child of night.

MATTHEW V. 16.

Let your light so shine, that men, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Was it for this, the breath of heav'n was blown Into the nostrils of this heav'nly creature? Was it for this, that facred Three in One Conspire'd to make this quintessence of nature? Did heav'nly Prov'dence intend So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

Was man, the highest master-piece of nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copy'd from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this i to spend his light
In a dark lantern, cloisser'd up in night?

Tell me, recluse monastic, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapers may gain light from thee:
Is thy light less or worse for light ning mine?
If wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

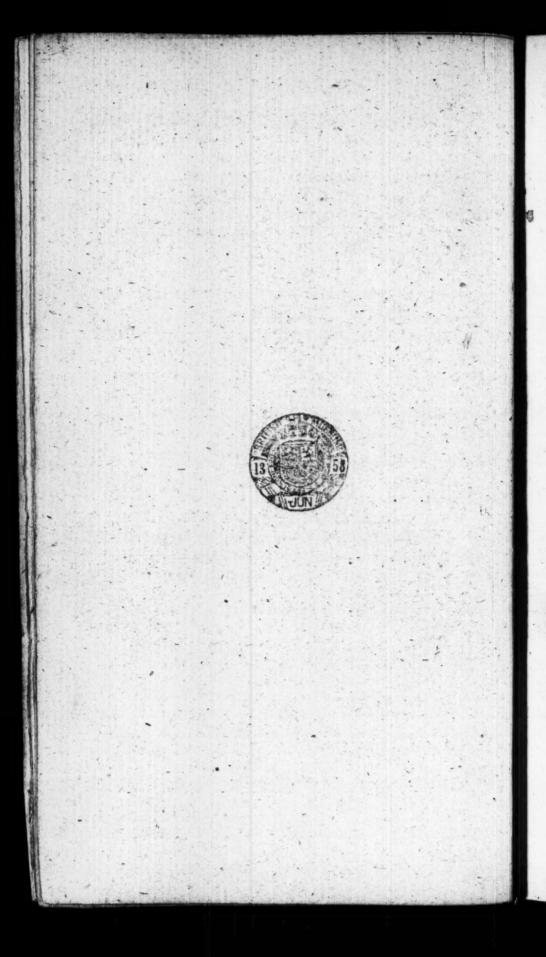
Why dost thou lurk so close? Is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy slame,
And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?
Or, being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come, sond taper, shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.
Remem-



Nec Virtus obscura petit.

Virtue can neer in this dark Shade delight:

Poor is that Worth which hides its useful Light.



Remember, O remember, thou wert set

For men to see the great Creator by;

Thy slame is not thine own; it is a debt

Thou ow'st thy Master. And wilt thou deny

To pay the int'rest of thy light?

And skulk in corners, and play least in sight?

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy slame
To the injurious waste of fortune's puss?
Ah! coward, rouse, and quit thyself for shame:
Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough:
Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

Make not thyfelf a pris'ner, that art free:

Why dost thou turn thy palace to a jail?

Thou art an eagle: and besits it thee

To live immured like a cloyster'd snail?

Let toys seek corners; things of cost

Gain worth by view: hid jewels are but lost.

My God, my light is dark enough at lightest,
Increase her stame, and give her strength to shine:
'Tis frail at best; 'tis dim enough at brightest;
But 'tis his \* glory to be foil'd by thine:
Let others lurk: my light shall be
Propos'd to all men; and by them to thee.

\* His; read its.

#### 268 HIEROGLYPHIC VIII.

#### S. BERN.

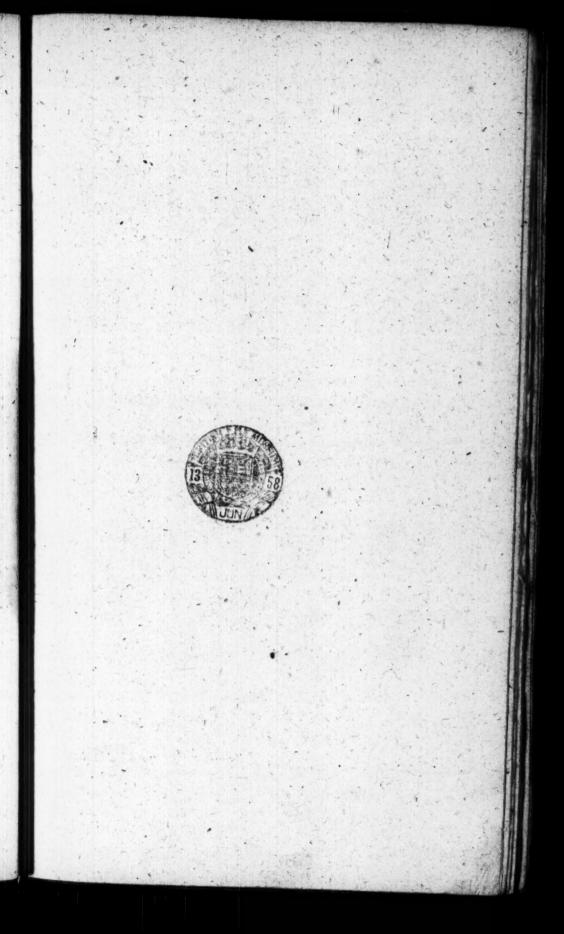
If thou be one of the foolish virgins, the congregation is necessary for thee; if thou be one of the wife virgins, thou art necessary for the congregation.

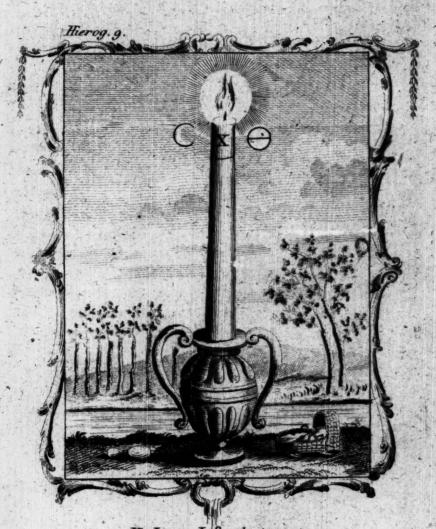
#### HUGO.

Monastics make cloysters to inclose the outward man:
O would to God they would do the like to restrain the inward man!

#### EPIG. 8.

Afraid of eyes? what, still play least in fight? 'Tis much to be presume'd all is not right: Too close endeavors bring forth dark events: Come forth, monastic; here's no parliaments.





Ut Luna, Infantia torpet.

Cold, like the Moon, are these thy Infant Days:

But Pharbus soon shall warm thee with his Rays.

JOB xiv. 2.

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. How westoned,

rinmon den Bebold and son son A

How thort a fpan Was long enough of old

To measure out the life of man; In those well-temper'd days! his time was then Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and The feet of the man

oof actualing managers fee On wheels more of talk an exclest wings

And what is that !

They come, and flide, and pals,

Before my pen can tell thee what. The posts of time are swift, which having run Their fev'n short stages o'er, their short-liv'd task is Ournew-pern liel done.

Awaine to Man A Our days

Begun we lend

To fleep, to antic plays of the state And toys, until the first stage end: Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give To unrecover'd loss: we rather breathe than live.

> And the second appropriate the second appropr We fpend

A ten years breath to the

are and decision with

Before we apprehend in the

What 'tis to live, or fear a death:

Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys, Which please our sense a while, and, waking, prove but

tovs.

Z 3

How

10 B 27 . 2. were the si has How vain it driet on the salt How wretched, is Poor man, that doth remain A flave to fuch a flate as this! His days are short, at longest; few, at most: They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out, or lost.

To thethe and stein der'e. dies ! I's time was then

s man to one the tag man :

Late among arcologing ou They be and , go that Ar govern The fecret springs That make our minutes flee On wheels more fwift than eagles' wings : Our life's a clock, and ev'ry gasp of breath Breathes forth a warning grief, till TIME shall strike la death. to ate if the walderlanding can

How foon Our new-born light Attains to full-age'd noon! And this, how foon to grey-hair'd night! We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast, Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast,

8. tago no viente anti-They end When fcarce begun; And, ere we apprehend That we begin to live, our life is done: Man, count thy days; and, if they fly too fast For thy dull thoughts to count, count ev'ry day the last.

Our could not be at steel and the rive which closed out took a which will be to the Our infancy is consumed in eating and sleeping; in all which time, what differ we from beasts, but by a possibility of reason, and a necessity of sin!

O misery of mankind, in whom no sooner the image of God appeareth in the act of his reason, but the devil

To led and front with the state.

blurs it in the corruption of his will!

# EPIG. g.

To the decrepit man.

Thus was the seventh part of thy sew days.

Consume'd in grief, in food, in toyish plays:

Know'st thou what sears thine eyes imparted then?

Review thy loss, and weep them o'er again.

Regular sing drives not enclose; but blind even

with berefines up shall manifely be the former

Arrich amen's pay out bas troub some real

solly or eller out on a religious

er King sergen data in land da ke k - sergen dap elimping da - p King sergen danah da adak mendida W

e de la company de la company

contention Job xx. astrong

His bones are full of the fin of his youth.

THE swift-wing'd post of Time hath now begund His second stage; The dawning of our age Is lost and spent without a sun; The light of reason did not yet appear Within th' horizon of this hemisphere.

2.

The infant Will had yet no other guide:

But twilight sense;

And what is gain'd from thence,

But doubtful steps that tread aside!

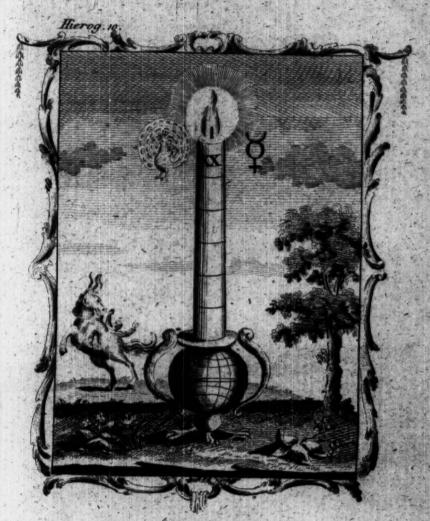
Reason now draws her curtains; her clos'd eyes

Begin to open, and she calls to rise.

Youth's now disclosing buds peep out, and shew Her April head; And, from her grass-green bed, Her virgin primrose early blows; Whilst waking Philomel prepares to sing Her warbling sonnets to the wanton spring.

His stage is pleasant, and the way seems short,
All strew'd with flow'rs;
The days appear but hours,
Being spent in time-beguiling sport.
Her griess do neither press, nor doubts perplex;
Here's neither sear to curb, nor care to vex.

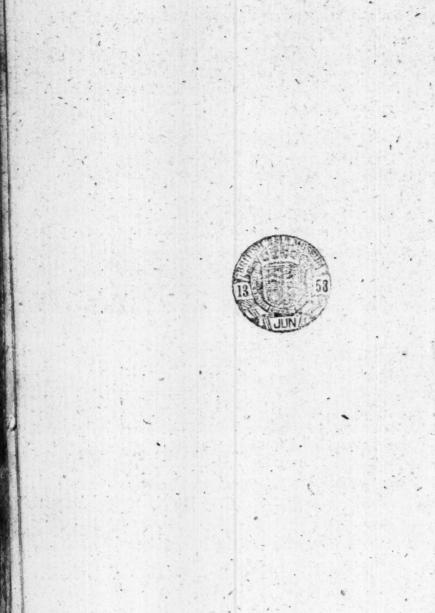
His



Proles tua, Maia, Juventus.

Now, Active, heedles, Volatile, and Gay,

Are Youth; the Offspring of the laughing May.



His downy cheeks grow proud, and now disdains
The tutor's hand;

He glories to command

The proud-neck'd fleed with prouder reins:
The strong-breath'd horn must now salute his ear.
With the glad downfall of the falling deer.

6

His quick-nose'd army, with their deep-mouth'd

Must now prepare

[founds,
To chase the tim'rous hare,

About his yet unmortgage'd grounds;
The ill he hates, is counsel and delay;
And fears no mischief but a rainy day.

The thought he takes, is how to take no thought

For bale \* nor blifs;

And late repentance is

He is thy parallel: his pa

The last dear pen'worth that he bought: He is a dainty morning; and he may, If lust o'ercast him not, be' as fair a day,

8.

Proud bloffom, use thy time: Time's headstrong horse Will post away.

Trust not the foll'wing day,
For ev'ry day brings forth a worse:
Take time at best: believe't, thy days will fall.
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all.

\* Bale; i. e. misery.

#### HIEROGLYPHIC X.

#### S. AMBROS.

Humility is a rare thing in a young man, therefore to be admired: when youth is vigorous, when frength is firm, when blood is bot, when cares are strangers, when mirth is free, then pride swelleth, and humility is defpised. Was the goal township of the mili

# EPIG. 10. WAR HALL

To the old man.

Arri late reponenteria

He-is a dainty moment; and he man, If lut o'dreat hen not, be' as fair a day,

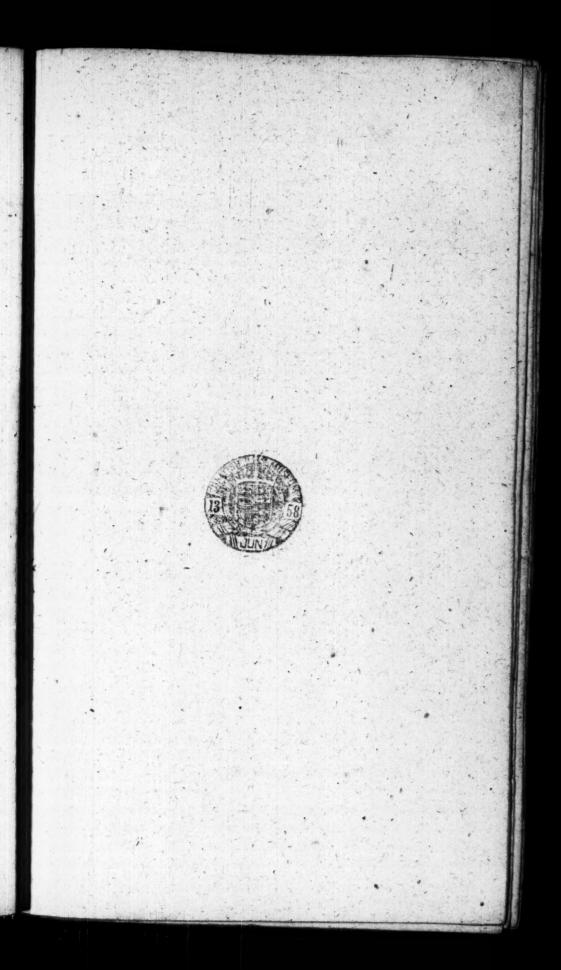
religior la timologica de la companya del companya del companya de la companya de

Date the of the best specifically distributed that Ha ho show of had hook and or to or merily

The left stear pan worth that he bought:

Proud blotting, whith time : Time's directions have

Thy years are newly grey, his newly green! His youth may live to fee what thine hath feen : He is thy parallel : his present stage And thine are the two tropics of man's age. The thought he takes, is how to take no theoght





Jam ruit in Venerem.

His Strength increasing, now. He burns to prove The pleasing Pains, and flattring Sweets of Love.

#### ECCLESIASTES xi. 9.

Rejoice, O young man, and let thy heart chear thee, but know, &c.

HOW flux\*, how alterable, is the date
Of transitory things!

How hurry'd on the clipping + wings.

Of Time, and driv'n upon the wheels of Fate!

How one condition brings

The leading prologue to another state!

No transitory things can last:

Change waits on Time, and Time is wing'd with hafte; Time prefent's but the ruin of Time past.

2.

Behold how change hath inch'd away thy span;
And how thy light doth burn

Nearer and nearer to thine urn!

For this dear waste, what satisfaction can

Injurious Time return

Thy shorten'd days, but this, the style of man?

And what's a man? A cask of care,

New tunn'd and working: he's a middle stair

Twixt birth and death; a blast of full-age'd air.

3.

His breast is tinder, apt to entertain

The sparks of Cupid's fire,

Whose new-blown flames must now inquire

A wanton julep out, which may restrain

The rage of his defire,

Whose painful pleasure is but pleasing pain :

\* Flux; i. e. flitting. - + Chipping; i. e. fwift-flying.

#### 276 HIEROGLYPHIC XI.

His life's a fickness, that doth rife From a hot liver, whilst his passion lies Expecting cordials from his mistress' eyes.

(B)

His stage is strew'd with thorns, and deck'd with
His year sometimes appears [flow'rs;
A minute; and his minutes, years:
His doubtful weather's sunshine mix'd with show'rs;
His traffick, hopes and fears;
His life's a medley, made of sweets and sours;
His pains reward his smiles and pouts;
His diet is fair language mix'd with flouts;
He is a nothing, all compos'd of doubts.

Do, waste thine inch, proud span of living earth,
Consume thy golden days
In slavish freedom; let thy ways
Take best advantage of thy frolick mirth;
Thy stock of time decays,
And lavish plenty still fore-runs a dearth:
The bird that's flown may turn at last;
And painful labor may repair a waste,
But pains nor price can call my minutes past.

#### SEN.

Expect great joy when thou shalt lay down the mind of a child, and deserve the style of a wise man; for at those years childhood is past, but oftentimes childishness remaineth; and, what is worse, thou hast the authority of a man, but the voice of a child.

#### EPIG. IL

The pult.

Of walk-look time

To the declining man.

Why stand'st thou discontented? Is not he As equal-distant from the top as thee? What then may cause thy discontented frown? He's mounting up the hill; thou plodding down.

And what we beat too much , we have lead cause

Our wrac is always from the interpretation of the interpretation o

[N.8]

Aa

DEUT.

SEN

DEUTERONOMY XXXIII. 25.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be.

ते काइस, तेवा तर दलीय औ

The post
Of swift-foot time
Hath now at length begun
The kalends of our middle stage:
The number'd steps that we have gone, do show
The number of those steps we are to go:
The buds and blossoms of our age
Are blown, decay'd, and gone,
And all our prime
Is lost:

And what we boall too much, we have least cause to boalt,

Ah me!
There is no rest:
Our time is always sleeing.
What rein can curb our headstrong hours?
They post away: they pass we know not how:
Our Now is gone, before we can say now:
Time past and suture's none of ours:
That hath as yet no being;
And this hath ceas'd
To be:

What is, is only ours: how short a time have we!

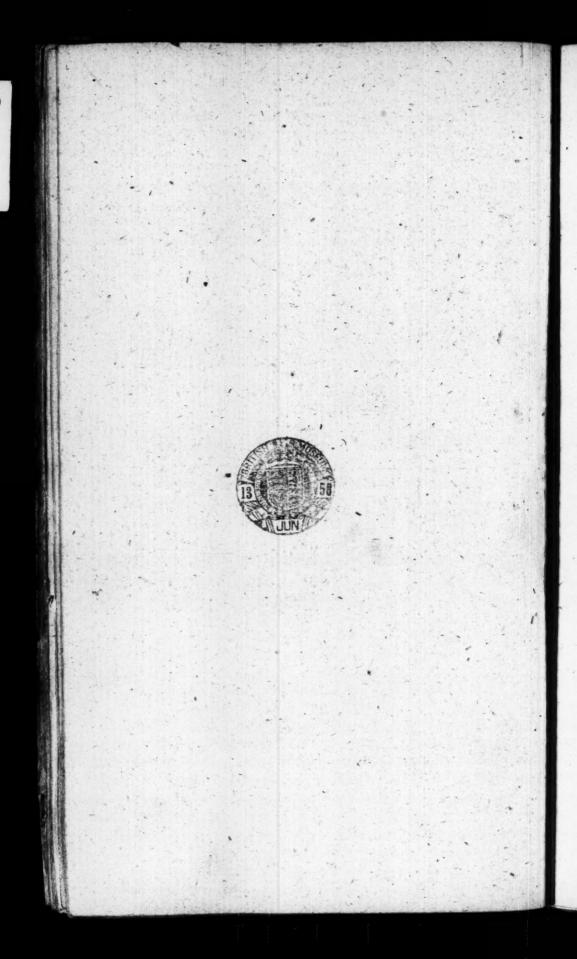
And

Hierog 12.

Ut Sol ardore virili.

Now like the Sun, He glows with manly Fire;

Invokes the Muse, and strikes the Thracian Lyre.



And now Apollo's ear

Will age of the free

Expects harmonious strains,

New minted from the Thracian lyre;

For now the virtue of the twi-fork'd hill

Inspires the ravish'd fancy, and doth fill

The veins with Pegasean fire:

And now those steril brains,

That cannot show

Nor bear

Some fruits, shall never wear Apollo's facred bow.

Excess

And surfeit uses

To wait upon these days;

Full feed and slowing cups of wine

Conjure the sancy, forcing up a sp'rit

By the base magic of debauch'd delight;

Ah! pity, twice-born Bacchus' vine

Should starve Apollo's bays,

And drown those muses

That blefs
And calm the peaceful foul, when storms of care op-

Strong light,
Boaft not those beams
That can but only rise
And blaze a while, and then away:
There is no solftice in thy day;
Thy midnight glory lies
Betwixt th' extremes
Of night,

A glory foil'd \* with shame, and fool'd with false [delight.

Soil'd; i. e. fullied.
A a 2

Hap

#### 280 HIEROGLYPHIC XIL

Hast thou climbed up to the full age of thy fete days? Look backwards, and thou shalt see the frailty of thy youth, the folly of thy childhood, and the waste of thy infancy: look forwards, thou shalt see the cares of the world, the troubles of thy mind, the diseases of thy body.

#### EPIG. 12.

And new those freed brains, That cannot show

To the middle-aged.

a Lichal Con.

Thou that art prancing on the lufty noon
Of thy full age, boast not thyself too foon:
Convert that breath to wail thy sickle state;
Take heed, thoul't brag too soon, or boast too late.

And calm the praceful foul, when florms of care on

Strong light.

Ah! pite, twices both disections, and the Should raive is postern bases, and the west that the contest

By the bate again of debited

South not those beens
That can out only vife
And blaze a while, and then avery
There is no fellice in cay clay;
There is no fellice in cay clay;
The midniche story lies

Betwire th extremes

sold die blood but gonal die \* bliol yola &

Come fruits, flin





Et Martem spirat et Arma.

And now, rejoicing in the land Alarms,

He pants for War, and sighs for Deeds of Arms.

He must increase, but I must decrease.

IME voids \* the table, dinner's done; And now our day's declining fun Hath hurry'd his diurnal load
To th' borders of the western road; To th' borders of the western road; Fierce Phlegon, with his fellow-steeds, Now puffs and pants, and blows and bleeds, And froths and fumes, rememb'ring still Their lashes up th' Olympic hill, Which having conquer'd, now disdain The whip, and champ the frothy rein, And with a full career they bend Their paces to their journey's end: Her better half; nature hath crost Our blazing taper now hath loft Her forenoon book, and clear'd that score, But scarce gives trust for so much more: And now the gen'rous sap forsakes Her feir-grown twig: a breath ev'n shakes. The down ripe fruit; fruit foon divorc'd From her dear branch, untouch'd, unforce'd. Now fanguine Venus doth begin To draw her wanton colours in. And flees neglected in difgrace, Whilft Mars supplies her bekewarm place: Blood turns to choler: what this age Loses in strength, it finds in rage: That rich enamel, which, of old, Damask'd the downy cheek, and told

· Voids; i. e. clears off.

#### 282 HIEROGLYPHIC XIII.

A harmless guilt, unask'd, is now Worn off from the audacious brow : Luxurious dalliance, midnight revels, Loose riot, and those venial evils Which inconfid'rate youth of late Could plead, now want an advocate: And what appear'd in former times Whifp'ring as faults, now roar as crimes; And now all ye, whose lips were wont Firee Phiegons To drench their coral in the font Of fork'd Parnaffus; you that be The fons of Phoebus, and can flee On wings of fancy, to difplay The flag of high invention; flay, Repose your quills; your veins grow sour, Tempt not your falt beyond her pow'r; If your pall'd fancies but decline, Cenfure will strike at ev'ry line, The total And wound your names; the pop'lar ear Weighs what you are, not what you were: Thus, hackney-like, we tire our age, Spur gall'd with change from stage to stage.

And strong of the factor of the control of the cont

Hard distributed stricted work

From do a rest from the door divorce

an har dear branch, uttemen'd, unforce'd.

#### HIEROGLYPHIC XIII.H 283

Seeft thou the daily light of the greater world? when attained to the highest pitch of meridian glory, it stayeth not; but by the same degrees it ascended, it descendeth. And is the light of the lesser world more permanent? Continuance is the child of eternity, not of time.

# Licianity sales of west adorbass practice of W EPAG. 13. in parales of the EPAG.

To the young man to aid discord

Young man, rejoice; and let thy rifing days
Chear thy glad heart: think'st thou these uphill ways
Lead to death's dungeon? No; but know withal,
A rising's but a prologue to a fall.

To take the alpoin the unit:

The deciling " frequenced knowled are a sid to the deciling " frequency which is entered to the first box-bill reveal by and the depoled throught bake hungry rivals, area at their beloved but.

Tuencarl bight Tame's his

And now the celd an on hal dews are feer.
To cohweb ever green;

And by the low-flight, in strict that appears.
The fall declinates error.
The tap of branches doler, fair transcribing.

And wain their winter limits;
And flormy blefts have force a the quaking trees.
To wrap their trembking limbs in fults of mony freeze.

t Careli i, a. black for

"Dodling; i. c. drudging.

### 284 HIEROGLYPHIC XIV.

Sligour retains JOHN XII. 35 de rate mede find

Yet a little while is the light with you. ect is alconded it

HE day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath No less than treble shade, made

And the descending damp doth now prepare T'uncurl bright Titan's hair ;

Whose western wardrobe now begins t'unfold Her purples, fringe'd with gold,

To cloath his ev'ning glory, when th' alarms Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

Cherevey gold hearts kninks thous nece up Nature now calls to supper, to refresh

The spirits of all flesh

The toiling plowman drives his thirfly teams,

To taste the slipp'ry streams:

The droiling \* fwineherd knocks away, and feafts

His hungry whining guests:

The box-bill ouzel +; and the dappled thrush, Like hungry rivals, meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen To cobweb ev'ry green;

And by the low-shorn rowens 1 doth appear .

The fast-declining year:

The faples branches doff & their fummer suits, And wain their winter fruits;

And flormy blafts have force'd the quaking trees To wrap their trembking limbs in fuits of mosfly freeze,

Droiling ; i. e. drudging. I Rowens ; i. e. short latter-grafs.

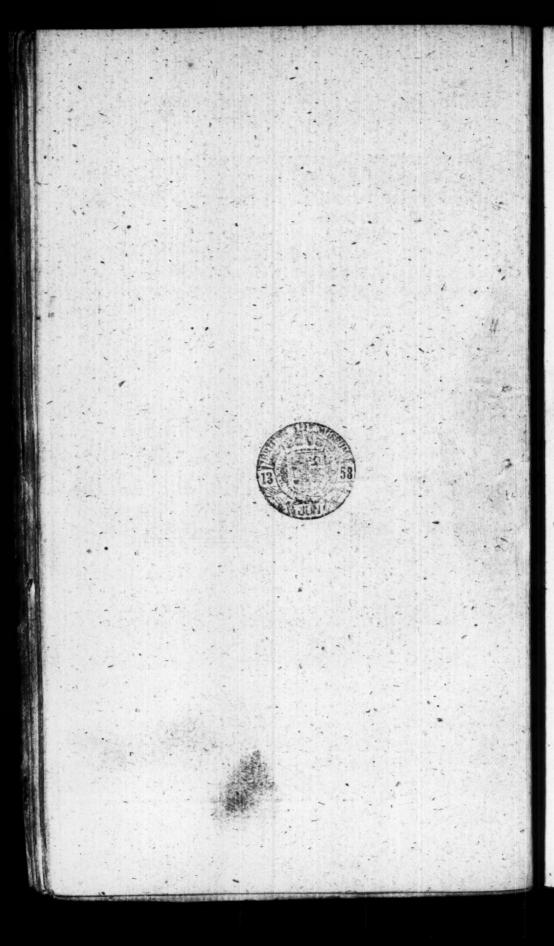
+ Quzel; i. e. blackbird. 5 Doff; i. e. cast off. \*



Invidiofa Senectus.

Envious Old Age obscures thy feeble Light,

And gives Thee Warning of approaching Night.



Our wasted taper now hath brought her light

Her sprightless same, grown great with snuff, doth Sad as her neighb'ring urn: [turn

Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains, Lights but to further pains;

And, in a filent language, bids her guest.

Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plow
Upon the furrow'd brow;

And snowy blasts of discontented care Have blanch'd the falling hair:

Suspicious envy, mix'd with jealous spite, Disturbs his weary night:

He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

6

Grey hairs, peruse thy days; and let thy past Read lectures to thy last:

Those hasty wings, that hurry'd them away, Will give these days no day:

The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire

Until her works expire:

That blast that nipt thy youth, will ruin thee;
That hand that shook the branch, will quickly strike
[the tree.

#### HIEROGLYPHIC XIV. 286

# uleil rad St. C.H.R.Y.S. requi ballow in O

Grey hairs are bonourable, when the behaviour fuits with grey hairs ? but when an antient man hath childish manners, he becometh more ridiculous than a child.

## SEN TEN THE THE

Thou art in vain attained to old years, that repeateft thy youthfulness.

# well wining and glosse condrige laters wolf EPIG. 14. OTHE SAL COLU

To the youth.

Seeft thou this good old man? He reprefents Thy future, thou his preterperfect tenfe: Thou go'ft to labours, he prepares to reft:
Thou break'ft thy fast, he sups; now which is best?

there will sail know; sayab will shower, sailed canit

Lines buffy winers that herey'd riven away,

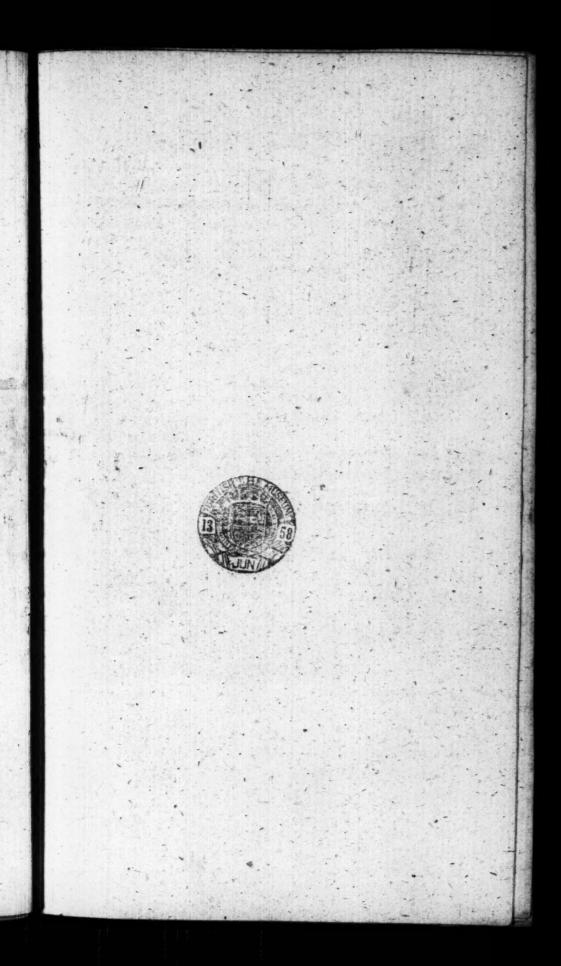
Read lectures to the latt:

Will give their days no day i alte configet whoels of nature foors to the



anni erini

hald woom but





Plumbeus in Terram.
The Sun now sets, all hopes of Life are fled;
And to the Earth We sink like Weights of Lead.

#### PSALM XC. 10.

The days of our years are threefcore years and ten.

SO have I seen th' illustrious prince of light
Rising in glory from his crocean bed,
And, trampling down the horrid shades of night,
Advancing more and more his conqu'ring head;
Pause first, decline, at length begin to shroud
His fainting brows within a coal-black cloud.

So have I seen a well-built castle stand
Upon the tip-toes of a lofty hill,
Whose active pow'r commands both sea and land,
And curbs the pride of the beleag'rers' will:
At length her age'd soundation fails her trust,
And lays her tott'ring ruins in the dust.

So have I feen the blazing taper shoot
Her golden head into the feeble air;
Whose shadow-gilding ray, spread round about,
Makes the foul face of black-brow'd darkness fair;
Till at the length her wasting glory sades,
And leaves the night to her invet'rate shades.

Ev'n so this little world of living clay,
The pride of nature, glorify'd by art,
Whom earth adores, and all her hosts obey,
Ally'd to heav'n by his diviner part,
Triumphs a while, then droops, and then decays;
And, worn by age, death cancels all his days.

\* Crocean ; i. e. faffron-colour.

#### 288 HIEROGLYPHIC XV.

That glorious sun, that whilom \* shone so bright, Is now ev'n ravish'd from our darken'd eyes:
That sturdy castle, mann'd with so much might, Lies now a mon'ment of her own disguise:
That blazing taper, that disdain'd the pust Of troubled air, scarce owns the name of snuss.

6.

Poor bedrid man! where is that glory now,
Thy youth so vaunted? where that majesty
Which sat enthrone'd upon thy manly brow?
Where, where that braving arm? that daring eye?
Those buxom tunes? those Bacchanalian tones?
Those swelling veins? those marrow-slaming bones?

Thy drooping glory's blurr'd, and proftrate lies, Grov'ling in dust; and frightful horror, now, Sharpens the glances of thy gashful eyes; Whilst fear perplexes thy distracted brow:

Thy panting breast vents all her breath by groams, And death enerves + thy marrow-wasted bones.

8.

Thus man that's born of woman can remain
But a short time: his days are full of sorrow;
His life's a penance, and his death's a pain;
Springs like a flow'r to-day, and fades to-morrow:
His breath's a bubble, and his day's a span;
'Tis glorious mis'ry to be born a man!

\* Wbilom ; i. e. heretofore. + Enerves ; i. e. enervates.



CYPR.

#### CYPR.

When eyes are dim, ears deaf, vifage pale, teeth decayed, Skin decayed, breath tainted, pipes furred, knees trembling, hands fumbling, feet failing; the sudden downfall of thy bouse is near at band.

#### S. AUGUST.

All vices wax old by age: covetoufness alone groweth young.

> EPIG. 15. AT SI To the infant.

What he doth spend in groans, thou spend'ft in tears: Judgment and strength's alike in both your years; He's helples; so art thou; what diff rence then? He's an old infant; thou, a young old man.

END of the HIEROGLYPHICS.

R.

8

h ons

# ERRATA in the EMBLEMS.

P. 59. 1. 15. for light, r. night.

98. 1. 9. for pulse. r. purse.

125, 1. 9. for pack'd, r. pack.

263. 1. 3d from the bottom, for will, r. will.



